







*Beethoven*  
THE SEARCH FOR REALITY

*By the same Author :*

*Landscape of Cytherea*

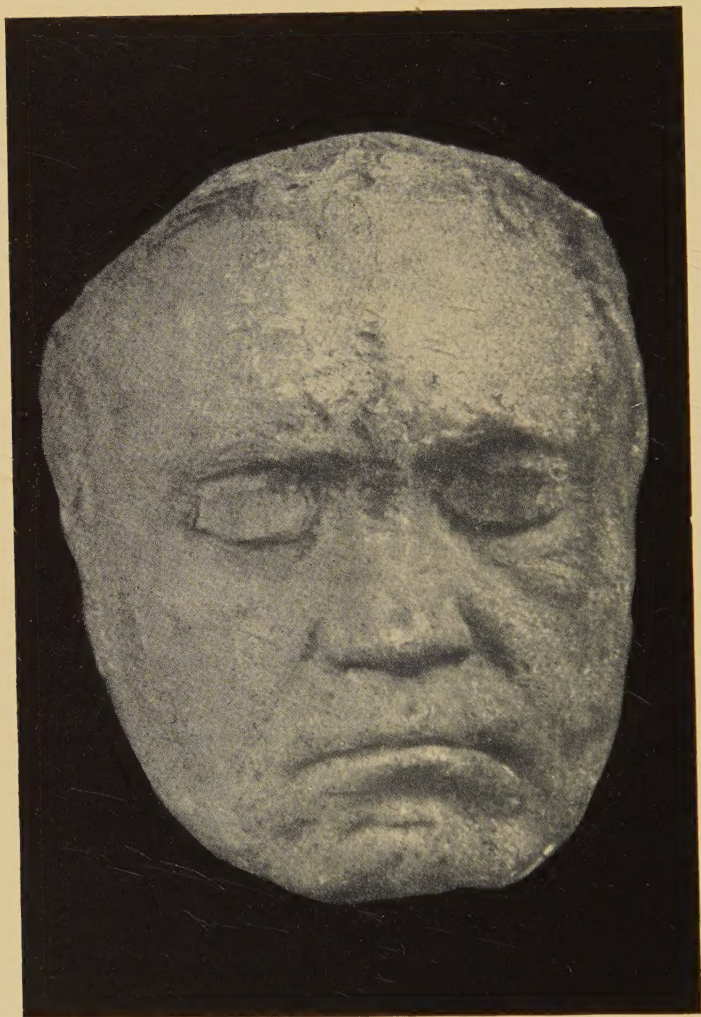
*The Seven Days of the Sun*

*The Man who ate the Popomack*

*Orpheus, or the Music of the Future*







BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42

*(Full view of life mask taken by Klein in 1812)*



BEETHOVEN  
*The Search for Reality*

W. J. TURNER

MCMXXVII  
ERNEST BENN LTD.  
BOUVERIE HOUSE, FLEET STREET

To  
*Cynthia*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN



## CONTENTS

INTRODUCTION .. .. .	11
LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS .. .. .	13
PORTRAITS OF BEETHOVEN .. .. .	13

### BOOK I

#### THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF BEETHOVEN

I BIRTH AND PARENTAGE .. .. .	17
II THE CHILD PRODIGY .. .. .	21
III FIRST JOURNEY TO VIENNA .. .. .	24
IV EARLY COMPOSITIONS AND PIANOFORTE PLAYING .. .. .	26
V SECOND JOURNEY TO VIENNA .. .. .	30
VI YOUTH IN VIENNA .. .. .	35
VII SUCCESS AS A VIRTUOSO .. .. .	37
VIII EARLY HABITS .. .. .	40
IX EARLY FRIENDSHIPS .. .. .	44
X RIVAL VIRTUOSOS .. .. .	47
XI FIRST SYMPHONY .. .. .	52
XII RELATIONS WITH VIENNA ARISTOCRACY .. .. .	54
XIII BEGINNING OF DEAFNESS .. .. .	57
XIV THE "IMMORTAL BELOVED" . .. .	65
XV RELATIONS WITH WOMEN .. .. .	74
XVI RIES BECOMES BEETHOVEN'S PUPIL .. .. .	78
XVII THE HEIGLNSTADT TESTAMENT .. .. .	79
XVIII RELATIONS WITH PUBLISHERS IN 1802 .. .. .	83
XIX RELATIONS WITH PUBLISHERS IN LATER YEARS .. .. .	85
XX THE "EROICA" SYMPHONY .. .. .	87
XXI QUARREL WITH VON BREUNING .. .. .	89
XXII FIDELIO .. .. .	91
XXIII KARL VAN BEETHOVEN .. .. .	95
XXIV INCIDENTS OF 1807-9 .. .. .	98

# BOOK I—continued

xxv	BEETHOVEN'S INTEREST IN LITERATURE .. ..	103
xxvi	BEETHOVEN AND RELIGION .. ..	105
xxvii	BEETHOVEN GRANTED AN ANNUITY .. ..	106
xxviii	CONDITIONS IN VIENNA IN 1809 .. ..	109
xxix	BEETHOVEN AND THERESE VON MALFATTI .. ..	110
xxx	BEETHOVEN AND BETTINA BRENTANO .. ..	113
xxxi	BETTINA'S CORRESPONDENCE WITH GOETHE .. ..	120
xxxii	BEETHOVEN MEETS GOETHE .. ..	127
xxxiii	AMALIE SEBALD AND THE "IMMORTAL BELOVED" .. ..	134
xxxiv	LAWSUITS AND CONCERTS .. ..	135
xxxv	REVIVAL AND REVISION OF "FIDELIO" .. ..	139
xxxvi	VISIT OF TOMASCHEK .. ..	144
xxxvii	INTERCOURSE WITH ENGLISH MUSICIANS .. ..	149
xxxviii	DOMESTIC TROUBLES .. ..	154
xxxix	TROUBLES WITH PUBLISHERS AND DOMESTICS .. ..	160
xl	INCIDENTS OF THE SUMMER OF 1817 .. ..	167
xli	PERSONAL ACCOUNTS OF BEETHOVEN IN 1817-18 .. ..	173
xlII	COMPOSITION OF THE HAMMERKLAVIER SONATA .. ..	177
xlIII	COMPOSITION OF THE MASS IN D .. ..	180
xlIV	INCIDENTS DURING THE COMPOSITION OF THE MASS IN D .. ..	183
xlV	THE YEARS 1822-1823 .. ..	188
xlVI	COMPOSITION OF THE NINTH SYMPHONY.. ..	194
xlVII	FIRST PERFORMANCE OF THE NINTH SYMPHONY AND THE MASS IN D .. ..	201
xlVIII	THE YEARS 1824-1825 .. ..	206
xlIX	BEETHOVEN AND HIS NEPHEW KARL .. ..	215
L	BEETHOVEN'S LAST ILLNESS AND DEATH .. ..	222



## BOOK II

### THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN

#### CHAPTER I

I	MUSICAL GENIUS..	..	..	..	..	..	229
II	MUSICAL MEMORY	..	..	..	..	..	232
III	MEMORY DEPENDENT ON PERSONALITY	..	..	..	..	..	235
IV	PERSONALITY DETERMINES FORM—BEETHOVEN'S ONE OPERA						236
V	BEETHOVEN AND THE OPERATIC FORM	..	..	..	..	..	237
VI	BEETHOVEN'S REJECTION OF "MACBETH" AND "FAUST" (COMPARISON WITH WAGNER)	..	..	..	..	..	239
VII	BEETHOVEN'S DEVELOPMENT TOWARDS THE ABSTRACT	..					243
VIII	BEETHOVEN'S INSTRUMENTAL SENSE	..	..	..	..	..	246
IX	SENSE OF MUSICAL COLOUR	..	..	..	..	..	247
X	THE MEANING OF "ABSTRACT"	..	..	..	..	..	250
XI	BEETHOVEN'S TWO PERIODS	..	..	..	..	..	252
XII	CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS FIRST PERIOD	..	..	..	..	..	254
XIII	COMPARISON OF BACH WITH MOZART	..	..	..	..	..	256
XIV	COMPARISON OF BEETHOVEN WITH BACH, MOZART AND WAGNER	..	..	..	..	..	257
XV	BEETHOVEN'S HEROIC IDEAL (FIRST PERIOD)	..	..	..	..	..	263
XVI	BEETHOVEN'S HEROIC IDEAL (SECOND PERIOD)	..	..	..	..	..	265
XVII	THE WORLD OF BEETHOVEN'S CREATION	..	..	..	..	..	268

## BOOK II

### THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN

#### CHAPTER II

I	THE HAMMERKLAVIER SONATA	..	..	..	..	270
II	THE MASS IN D (MISSA SOLEMNIS)	..	..	..	..	276
III	THE NINTH SYMPHONY	..	..	..	..	280
IV	THE LAST QUARTETS	..	..	..	..	285



# BOOK III

## IDEALS AND THE ARTIST

I	EDUCATION	..	..	..	..	..	..	291
II	MUSICAL KNOWLEDGE	..	..	..	..	..	..	294
III	MEMORY AND CREATION	..	..	..	..	..	..	295
IV	WHAT IS AN "IDEAL"?	..	..	..	..	..	..	298
V	IMPERMANENCE OF IDEALS	..	..	..	..	..	..	300
VI	IDEALS STIFLE FEELINGS	..	..	..	..	..	..	301
VII	THE ARTIST'S STRUGGLE AGAINST IDEALS	..	..	..	..	..	..	303
VIII	THE NEED TO DESTROY "FORMS"	..	..	..	..	..	..	307
IX	ART AND CONDUCT	..	..	..	..	..	..	311

## BOOK IV

### BEETHOVEN AND THE FUTURE

I	THE IMPORTANCE OF JOY	..	..	..	..	..	317
II	THE CHANGE SINCE BEETHOVEN	..	..	..	..	..	318
III	SCHOPENHAUER AND MUSIC	..	..	..	..	..	320
IV	SCHOPENHAUER'S FALLACY	..	..	..	..	..	323
V	RE-DISCOVERING THE SUBLIME	..	..	..	..	..	324
VI	RETURN TO SENSATION	..	..	..	..	..	326
VII	THE PROBLEM UNSOLVED	..	..	..	..	..	327
APPENDIX—CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF BEETHOVEN'S COMPOSITIONS							331
INDEX	..	..	..	..	..	..	339

## INTRODUCTION

As I believe that the man and the artist are one, I have prepared for books II, III and IV—which are the essential and novel part of this study of Beethoven—by giving in book I a preliminary concise biography of the composer in order that the reader may have a certain indispensable knowledge of the main outlines of Beethoven's life.

But I must emphasize the fact that here is only a fragment of what is known of Beethoven's life and character. Therefore I hope that my study will send every reader to Thayer's great work in three volumes, which is the fullest and most reliable biography of Beethoven in existence.

I wish to express my gratitude to Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons who have generously given me permission to quote from the excellent selection of Beethoven's letters, translated by J. S. Shedlock and published by them.\* All Beethoven's letters which appear in my biography in full, carrying the date at the head, are from this selection, which comprises 457 letters out of the thousand and more extant. Every one of the 457 letters in Messrs. Dent & Sons' selection contributes to our knowledge of Beethoven. The small proportion I have quoted are here because they serve best to fill in my narrative, not because they are intrinsically the most interesting.

It is necessary to warn the reader that Beethoven nearly always wrote in extreme haste and with great carelessness so that many elliptic and obscure passages occur in his writings.

\*A Selection of Beethoven's Letters with explanatory notes by Dr. A. C. Kalischer translated with a preface by J. S. Shedlock, B.A., selected and edited by Dr. Eaglefield Hull. (J. M. Dent & Sons., 10/6).

In addition to Thayer, Wegeler, Grove, Ries, von Lenz and Jahn I have consulted the following :

Die Erinnerungen an Beethoven gesammelt and herausgegeben von Friedrich Kerst (Julius Hoffman, Stuttgart, 1913).

Ludwig van Beethoven von W. A. Thomas-San Galli (R. Piper & Co., Munchen, 1913).

Beethoven et Wagner, Theodor de Wyzwa (Perrin & Co., Paris, 1914).

Briefe Beethoven's, hrsg. von L. Nohl (1865).

Neue Briefe Beethoven's, hrsg. von L. Nohl (1867).

Beethoveniana, Nottebohm (1872).

Beethoveniana, Nottebohm (1887).

Life of Beethoven, Schindler (1841).

Beethoven, sa vie, son œuvre, Wilder (1883).

Ludwig van Beethoven, Naumann (1872).

Beethoven, by Paul Becker, translated and adapted from the German, by M. M. Bozman (J. M. Dent & Sons, 1925).

W. J. T.



## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Plate

I	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42	..	..	..	Frontispiece
II	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 21	..	..	facing page	28
III	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 31	..	..	”	” 54
IV	{ BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 32	..	..	”	” 66
	{ COUNTESS GIULIA GUICCIARDI	..	..	”	” 66
V	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 34-35	..	..	”	” 90
VI	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42	..	..	”	” 118
VII	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42	..	..	”	” 130
VIII	AMALIE SEBALD	..	..	”	” 134
IX	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 44	..	..	”	” 144
X	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 45	..	..	”	” 154
XI	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 47	..	..	”	” 164
XII	COUNTESS THERESE VON BRUNSWICK	..	..	”	” 174
XIII	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42	..	..	”	” 180
XIV	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 53	..	..	”	” 194
XV	BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 54 (?)	..	..	”	” 204
XVI	DEATH MASK OF BEETHOVEN	..	..	”	” 224

## THE PORTRAITS OF BEETHOVEN

*All the portraits given in this volume were made during Beethoven's lifetime. The best is the mask which was specially taken for Klein's bust in 1812 when Beethoven was forty-two. This mask must not be confused with the death-mask which is valueless, as it was taken after the temporal bones had been sawed out. I have, however, reproduced it here. According to Schindler, the portrait by Schimon, painted in 1819, was a very good one, and showed Beethoven with one of his most characteristic expressions. The miniature by Hornemann painted in 1804, and given by Beethoven to Stephan von Breuning whose heirs still possess it, is also reputed to have been a good likeness. This is verified to some extent by its resemblance to the portrait by W. J. Mähler in 1804-5. The sketch, dated 1801, is perhaps the most interesting of all the portraits with the exception of the life-mask, and the bust made from the life-mask.*

*It is well to remember when looking at reproductions of these portraits, particularly those of the mask and the Klein bust, that actually Beethoven's face and features were small. The impression given by some of these reproductions is perhaps that of a large face; but this is incorrect. Beethoven was also below medium height, but strongly built; his hair, although thick, was very fine.*

*The overwhelming importance of sex is only denied by those who either lack vitality or, not being harmonious natures, satisfy a differentiated and degenerated sexual appetite promiscuously in sensation. For those, like Beethoven, who seek to integrate and give unity to all the emotional activities of their being, sex provides a fatal point of conflict with the world.*

*BOOK I*

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF  
BEETHOVEN





# BEETHOVEN

## CHAPTER I

### THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF BEETHOVEN

*Beethoven was, in fact, the personification of strength.* CASTELLI

#### I

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN, born on December 16th, 1770, at Bonn in the Rhineland, was the second son of Johann van Beethoven, Court Musician at Bonn to the Elector Max Friedrich of Cologne. Beethoven's grandfather, Ludwig van Beethoven, was born in Antwerp in 1712 and came from a Belgian family that lived in a village near Louvain at the beginning of the seventeenth century. He left Antwerp and became a singer at Louvain in 1731. In 1733, by a decree of the Elector Clemens August of Cologne, he became court musician in Bonn at a salary of 400 florins, which was large for those days. Beethoven's grandfather was a man of more than ordinary capacity, he remained in the service of the Elector for forty-two years and rose from the position of a bass singer to that of Kapellmeister or chief of the court musicians. In the Court Calendar of 1761 the Herr Kapellmeister Ludwig van Beethoven appears as third in the list of twenty-eight "Hommes de chambre Honoraires." From a petition to the Elector dated January 23rd, 1773, from Demmer, a chorister, quoted by Thayer, I take the following:

It being graciously known that the bass singer, van Beethoven, is incapacitated and can no longer serve as such, and the contra-bassist, Noisten, cannot adapt his

voice : therefore, this my submission to your Reverend Electoral Grace that you graciously be pleased to accept me as your bass singer with such gracious salary as may seem fit.

In the memorandum accompanying this petition is a note to the effect that Demmer "has paid 6 rth. to young Mr. Beethoven for 3 months." This young Mr. Beethoven is Johann, the son of the Kapellmeister, born in Bonn in 1739, and the payment was for musical instruction given to Demmer.

Ludwig died in 1773, aged sixty-one. He was "short, muscular, with extremely animated eyes." His wife, Maria Josepha Poll, was nineteen when he married her, and in her later life was addicted to drink, a fact which possibly had its influence on her son Johann, the father of Beethoven. Johann married, in 1767, Maria Magdalena Kewerich, the daughter of the head cook in the palace of Ehrenbreitstein. She had become a widow at nineteen years of age, but was without children.

Beethoven's father, Johann, is generally described as a dissolute, handsome, good-for-nothing man who only kept his position as court musician through his father's influence. In an official report in 1784 he is referred to as "of tolerable conduct." A contemporary describes him as "a tall handsome man, who wore powdered hair in his later years." Fischer, in whose house the Beethoven family lived for a time, describes him as "of medium height, longish face, broad forehead, round nose, broad shoulders, serious eyes, face somewhat scarred, thin pigtail."

In 1784 the Archduke Max Franz, youngest son of the Empress Maria Theresia of Austria, became Elector of Cologne and in a report made to him, Beethoven's father is referred to as follows :

J. van Beethoven, age 44, born in Bonn, married ; his wife is 38 years old, has three sons living in the

electorate, aged 13, 10 and 8 years, who are studying music, has served 28 years, salary 315 florins. "His voice is very much worn, has been long in the service, very poor, of fair deportment."

In 1787 Johann appealed for an advance of 100 thalers on his salary on account of his poverty due to the long continued sickness of his wife who died on July 17th of that year, aged forty years. Two years later, on a petition from Beethoven, half of Johann's salary was from thence forward paid direct to his son, now aged nineteen, who had become the real head of the family. In 1792 Johann van Beethoven died, aged fifty-three, and the Elector hearing the news, wrote in a letter to Court Marshal von Schall: "The revenues from the liquor excise have suffered a loss in the deaths of Beethoven and Eichoff."

It is clear that Beethoven's father, as his son grew up and his own responsibility lessened, took things more easily and exercised less self-control. On one occasion Beethoven rescued his intoxicated father from a police officer. But it is also clear that up to his wife's death in 1787, by which time Beethoven was seventeen, Johann managed to keep his head above water. Thayer and Beethoven's other biographers have, in my opinion, made far too much of Johann's weakness for drink. For those who can read between the lines it is evident that Beethoven's father was a man of more than average intelligence, and since his musical gifts were mediocre and he was thus debarred from advancement in his profession—while at the same time being moody and capricious of nature and not a man of routine—it was perhaps reprehensible but hardly surprising that in a small provincial town he should find relaxation in drinking. He was one of those men of more temperament than talent, whose "instability" is sexually attractive to women and who seem liable to produce children of genius, or of remarkable gifts. It is curious how many great men have had fathers of this type.

Fischer relates that Johann gave his son daily lessons on the violin, and that once on coming in unexpectedly and hearing Ludwig playing without notes he exclaimed: "What stupid stuff are you scraping at now; you know I can't bear it; play the notes, or all your scraping will be futile." On another occasion, hearing his son improvise on the pianoforte, he said to him: "You've not reached the point of playing out of your head yet; practice the pianoforte and violin thoroughly; learn to play the notes accurately, and when you can do that then you'll have to work with your head hard enough, but you've not reached that stage yet." The same authority says that Johann many times prophesied a great future for his son. "My son Ludwig, who is my sole consolation, progresses in music and composition at such a rate that he astonishes everybody. My Ludwig, I perceive, will in time become a great man in the world."

Fischer also says that the three sons of Johann, namely, Ludwig, Kaspar and Nikola, were very heedful of their parent's reputation and honour. "If their father, through the opportunity offered by company—which did not often happen—had drunk a little too much and his sons perceived it, they were all three greatly concerned, and managed with the finest art to prevent him making any display, cajoling him to go home quietly, and he would submit. He had no bad temper in drink, but was gay and lively and so we in the house were hardly aware of these incidents." This puts Johann in quite a different light from the lurid cinematographic glare in which some biographers and commentators have placed him. There is evidence that he was very severe in keeping Ludwig hard at work from his very early childhood and, like many unsuccessful, disappointed, undisciplined men, a hard taskmaster to his children.

Beethoven's mother, Maria Magdalena Kewerich, married at seventeen to a valet of the Elector of Treves, married Johann van Beethoven at the age of twenty-one. Johann's



father was displeased at his son's marrying a widow and a woman of a class below his own. She is described as being "always serious," but amiable, pious and gentle. She was slender and handsome, and Cäcilia Fischer, who could not remember ever hearing Maria van Beethoven laugh, describes her as clever and strong-minded. Incidentally, she remarks that the married life of the Beethovens was peaceful and that their rent and bills were paid regularly and on the day. This again corrects the distorted picture of Beethoven's home life produced by excessive emphasis laid on his father's predilection for drink. There are imperfections in every family, and home-life is generally a trial, but it is perhaps only when the father is consciously virtuous that it becomes definitely unpleasant and baneful in its effect on the children.

We may now take leave of Beethoven's father with the odd reflection that none of our biographers, who unanimously despise him and adversely criticize him, ever begot in word or deed anything half as good as Johann's son Ludwig.

## II

In the *Kölnische Zeitung* of December 18th, 1870, there was reproduced, from the original, an advertisement, of which the following is an extract :

To-day, March 26th, 1778, in the musical concert-room, in the Sternengasse, the Electoral Court Tenor, Beethoven, will have the honour to produce two of his pupils, Mlle. Averdounck, Court Contralto, and his little son of six years. The former will have the honour to contribute various beautiful arias, the latter various clavier concertos and trios.

Actually Ludwig was eight, not six years old, but his father deliberately made him out to be younger than he was. Beethoven, however, never became a child prodigy, which is proof

—seeing the poverty of his family and his father's eagerness to push him forward—that his musical talents as a boy were not as extraordinary as Mozart's and Liszt's were. Beethoven's first serious teacher was C. G. Neefe, who came from Saxony ; he was a composer with a reputation, and must have been a musician of considerable gifts for, although a Protestant, he was appointed court organist at Bonn in 1781. Under the date of March 2nd, 1783, Neefe wrote to Cramer what is the first notice of Beethoven to appear in print. It was published in *Cramer's Magazine* that year.

Louis van Beethoven, son of the tenor singer . . . a boy of eleven years (actually thirteen) and of most promising talent. He plays the clavier very skilfully and with power, reads at sight very well and . . . plays chiefly "The Well-Tempered Clavichord" of Sebastian Bach which Herr Neefe put into his hands. . . So far as his duties permitted, Herr Neefe has also given him instruction in thorough-bass. He is now training him in composition, and for his encouragement has had nine variations for the pianoforte, written by him on a march—by Ernst Christoph Dressler—engraved at Mannheim. This young genius deserves to be helped to enable him to travel. He will surely become a second Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, if he continues as he has begun.

Beethoven never became a second Mozart, and there is nothing prodigious in his composing a set of variations at the age of thirteen. Those who know anything of training children know that astonishing numbers of children can be trained to do remarkable musical feats of sight-reading, playing on instruments and composing at this and even earlier ages, and that nothing is ever heard of these children musically in their adult years. It has been well said that it is easy to be a genius at twenty ; what is difficult and rare is to be a genius at forty or fifty. It would also be true to say that childhood is a state of genius. Beethoven himself in later years remarked to

Czerny that in his youth he practised day and night ; but at another time he said to Czerny that he was indolent and not very well disciplined as a boy, and that his musical education had been very bad. "However," he added, "I had a talent for music." Czerny adds that it was touching to hear the earnest tone in which he said this, as if no one else had ever noticed it. Beethoven himself complained that he could never learn to play the violin, but he soon became famous for his extemporizing, and according to Czerny—himself an extremely gifted musician—it was "astounding how quickly he could read and play compositions at sight, even in manuscript and from full scores." It is clear that Beethoven had an extremely idiosyncratic and mixed talent for music and that in some respects many obscure and unimportant musicians have no doubt surpassed him, as Teleman surpassed Handel—being able, as Handel himself complained, of composing in eight parts as easily as he (Handel) could write a letter.

Beethoven became assistant organist to Neefe in the year 1784, and cembalist in the theatre orchestra in 1783. Thayer has compiled a list of the operas performed at the Bonn theatre during the years 1779 and 1787. As many as seventeen would be performed during a single season, and the season 1781-2 included six operas by Grétry ; 1782-3 included operas by Puccini, Grétry, Hiller, Salieri, Cimarosa, Monsigny, Gluck and Mozart's "Die Entführung aus dem Serail." In the period from 1783-1785 the following operas were given at Bonn : Gluck's "Alceste" and "Orpheus," five operas by Paisiello and four operas by Salieri, in addition to a number of French and other operas. At the theatre the following plays were also performed : Sheridan's "School for Scandal," Shakespeare's "Lear" and "Richard III" and German plays by Schiller, Lessing, etc. It is therefore clear that the opportunities not only for musical culture but for general culture were far higher at the small town of Bonn\* in

\*The population of Bonn in 1789 was 9,560.

Beethoven's youth than they are to-day in the great cities of Birmingham and Manchester, which are immensely richer and more populous.

### III

In 1787 Beethoven went to Vienna. Thayer suggests that he was sent by his father—who had not renounced his commercial dream of making him a child (!) prodigy—in order to get pianoforte lessons from Mozart. Whatever the reason, the German authority Jahn analyses the contemporary evidence of what happened and gives the following information :

Beethoven was taken to Mozart, and at his request played something which he, taking it for granted that it was a show piece, prepared for the occasion, praised, but, rather indifferently. Beethoven observing this, begged Mozart to give him a theme for improvisation. He always played well when excited, and inspired, too, by the presence of the master . . . he played in such a style that Mozart, whose attention and interest grew more and more, finally went to some friends who were sitting in an adjoining room and said earnestly, "Keep your eyes on him, some day he will make the world talk about him."

It is said on the authority of Ries, that Mozart gave Beethoven some lessons in composition. All that is certain is that Beethoven met Mozart, and no doubt the latter would have detected qualities in his playing which were more significant than the superior virtuosity of such contemporary child prodigies as Hummel and Scheidl (aged ten) ; but not such as would be likely to cause comment in the contemporary Viennese newspapers, as the precocity of the latter two children did.

Beethoven returned to Bonn in 1787, and a letter to Schaden, dated September 15th, 1787, explains the reason of his return in this, the earliest letter of his extant :



I can easily imagine what you think of me, and I cannot deny that you have good cause for not having a favourable opinion of me. In spite of that I will not offer any excuse until I have shown the causes whereby I hope that my excuses will be accepted. I must acknowledge that since I left Augsburg my happiness and with it my health began to fail; the nearer I approached my native city the more frequent were my father's letters urging me to travel faster . . . as my mother's health was far from satisfactory. I hurried as fast as I could, for I myself became unwell. The longing once more to see my sick mother caused me to make light of all obstacles and helped me to overcome the greatest difficulties. I found my mother still alive, but in the weakest possible state; she was dying of consumption and the end came about seven weeks ago, after she had endured much pain and suffering. She was to me such a good lovable mother, my best friend. Oh! who was happier than I when I could still utter the sweet name of mother, and heed was paid to it; and to whom can I say it now?—to the dumb picture resembling her, the creations of my imagination. Since I have been here I have enjoyed only a few pleasant hours; during the whole time I have been troubled with asthma, and I much fear it will lead to consumption. I also suffer from melancholy, which for me is almost as great an evil as my illness itself. Imagine yourself now in my place, and I hope you will forgive my long silence. As you showed extraordinary kindness and friendship at Augsburg in lending me three carolins, I must beg you to be patient with me. My journey was expensive, and here I have not the slightest hope of earning anything; the fates have not been favourable to me here in Bonn. . . .

Beethoven's mother was only forty at her death. Shortly afterwards Beethoven's only sister, Margaret, died, aged one and a half.

About this time Beethoven's chief friends in Bonn were the von Breunings, a family of wealth and of good social position, and Wegeler, a medical student, who later, in 1802, married

Eleonore von Breuning. To the Breuning's house came men of distinction—intellectual and social—and Madame von Breuning was the most potent influence in Beethoven's early life. Schindler relates that Beethoven used to say the members of this family were his guardian angels. Madame von Breuning perceived, as women of a fine type are quicker to do than men, the rare qualities of genius. "She understood," said Beethoven, "how to keep the insects off the flowers." Schindler says he meant "by 'insects' certain friendships which had already begun to threaten danger to the natural development of his talent . . . who encouraged him in illusions rather than set before him the fact that he had still to learn everything that makes a master out of a disciple."

#### IV

In 1790 Haydn visited Bonn, but there is no record that Beethoven met him there. Beethoven, as well as being court organist, was now a viola player in the theatre orchestra directed by Reicha. Mozart's "Don Giovanni" was given three times and his "Figaro" four times in 1790, and Beethoven must have played in all these performances.

There is no doubt that Beethoven began composing early, and investigations by Thayer and others have established the following as having been composed at Bonn :

Cantata on Death of Joseph II, composed 1790.

Cantata on Elevation of Leopold II, composed 1790.

Two Airs for Bass Voice, with orchestral accompaniment, composed 1790.

Ritterballet, composed 1790-1791.

Trio for Pianoforte, Flute and Bassoon, composed 1790.

Prelude in F. minor for Pianoforte, composed 1787.

Various Songs, composed 1787 onwards.

Trio in E. flat Op. 3 for Violin, Viola and Violoncello,

composed 1792 (probably revised before publication in 1797).

Two Preludes through the twelve Major Keys for Pianoforte or Organ, published by Hofmeister as Op. 39. (Thayer says they were written as exercises for Neeffe).

Variations on Righini's "Venni Amore" composed 1790.

In addition to these and others, whose date is doubtful, it is certain that a number of compositions published after Beethoven's final departure for Vienna in 1792 were begun or sketched out while he was still in Bonn. For example, the three trios, Op. I, published in 1795, were played before Haydn in 1793, or in the first month of 1794, and were probably begun in Bonn and considerably revised. Nearly all Beethoven's important works underwent revision, and he was in the habit of not publishing them until several years after composition. But even after consigning the conception and first execution of a number of the early Vienna compositions to the Bonn period it remains true that up to the age of twenty-two Beethoven's musical compositions were remarkably few and unimportant in comparison with the majority of great composers. The traditional view that among musicians he is a striking example of slow development is substantially true, although Wagner developed even more slowly.

Of Beethoven's adolescence in Bonn we know very little. He had an early passion for Jeannette d'Honrath and Fraulein Westerhold, two, according to Wegeler, among the many of his transient but violent love affairs. Both these young women married well. Wegeler, referring to Seyfried's statement that Beethoven never married and was never in love, says :

The truth, as my brother-in-law Stephan von Breuning and Ferdinand Ries and Bernard Romberg and myself came to know it, is that there never was a time when Beethoven was not in love, and generally in the highest

degree. In Vienna, while I lived there, Beethoven was always involved in some love affair and occasionally made conquests which would have been very difficult if not impossible to many an Adonis.

In 1791 Beethoven with about twenty-five other musicians went a journey up the Rhine to Mergentheim, to provide musical entertainment for the Elector Max. At Aschaffenburg he heard the Abbé Sterkel play. Sterkel was a famous pianist in the service of the Elector of Mayence, and Wegeler says : " Beethoven had not heard a great or famous pianist, did not know of the finer nuances in the use of the instrument ; his own playing was rude and hard." The latter statement sounds like an exaggeration, because there is on record a letter by a musical dilettante named Carl Ludwig Junker—published in Bossler's *Musical Correspondence* (November 23rd, 1791) who heard Beethoven play. Junker heard the musician give a concert which began with a symphony of Mozart and declared that such exact playing and careful observation of *piano*, *forte*, *rinforzando*, etc., had never been heard before except in Mannheim. He then adds :

I heard Bethofen (sic) play. True, he did not perform in public ; probably the instrument here was not to his mind. It is one of Spath's make, and at Bonn he plays upon one by Stein. But what was infinitely preferable to me, I heard him extemporize in private . . . the greatness of this amiable, light-hearted man, as a virtuoso, may, in my opinion, be safely estimated from his almost inexhaustible wealth of ideas, the altogether characteristic style of expression in his playing and the great execution which he displays. I know therefore no one thing which he lacks that conduces to the greatness of an artist. I have heard Vogler upon the pianoforte . . . but Beethoven, in addition to the execution, has greater clearness and weight of idea and more expression—in short, he is more for the heart—equally great therefore as an *adagio* or *allegro* player. . . Yet he is exceedingly modest and





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 21  
(*From a miniature by Gerhard von Kugelgen 1791*)





free from all pretension. He, however, acknowledged to me that upon the journeys which the Elector had enabled him to make he had seldom found in the playing of the most distinguished virtuosos that excellence which he supposed he had a right to expect. His style of treating his instrument is so different from that usually adopted that it impresses one with the idea that by faith of his own discovery he has attained that height of excellence whereon he now stands.

There is nothing really inconsistent in these two accounts. Beethoven's playing at the age of twenty-one must have been fairly mature, and it was probably remarkable then, as later, for its fiery intensity and power of expression. At the same time it was probably lacking in delicacy of nuance and subtlety and in these respects he may well have learned something from Sterkel, for Beethoven remained throughout his life inferior to one or two of the greatest virtuosos in certain qualities. Carl Czerny, the famous pianist and pedagogue, teacher of Liszt, was taken when he was ten years old (1801) to Beethoven by his father and a violinist named Krumpholz. He played Mozart's C major Concerto (K. No. 503) and relates :

Beethoven soon became attentive, drew near and played with his left hand the orchestral part where I only had the accompaniment in the solo part. . . . When I finished Beethoven turned to my father and said : " The boy has talent. I myself will teach him and take him as a pupil."

Czerny remarks :

If Beethoven's playing was distinguished for immense power, character and unheard of bravura and facility, so Hummel's (Hummel was a pupil of Mozart), on the contrary, was the model of the highest clearness and cleanness, elegance and sweetness. . . . Hummel's ad-

mirers declared that Beethoven maltreated the pianoforte, that he lacked cleanness and clearness, that his use of the pedal made a confused noise and that his compositions were far-fetched, extravagant and without melody and without order. Beethoven's followers declared that Hummel lacked fantasy, that his playing was as monotonous as a barrel-organ. . . and that his compositions were made-up bits of Haydn and Mozart.

## V

Between July and August 1792 Beethoven left Bonn for Vienna and never returned. It was probably due to the recommendation of Count Waldstein that the Elector Max agreed to allow Beethoven to go to Vienna to study with Haydn, and it was the Elector's intention to help him financially. Beethoven received twenty-five ducats after his arrival in Vienna and several quarterly payments of his salary. But in October 1792 the French revolutionary armies were nearing the Rhine. They entered Mayence on the 22nd, and on the 31st the Elector of Cologne left Bonn. Many of the richer inhabitants deserted the principal Rhine towns, and Beethoven soon ceased to receive money from the Elector's exchequer. An autograph album presented to Beethoven by some of his friends before he left Bonn for Vienna is now in the Imperial Library,\* Vienna, and contains, among other items, a quotation from Herder on friendship ("friendship grows like the evening shadow with the setting of the sun of life") contributed by Eleonore von Breuning and an inscription from Count Waldstein which was published by Schindler, and reads as follows :

Dear Beethoven !—You are going to Vienna to fulfil your long-frustrated wishes. The genius of Mozart is mourning and weeping over the death of her pupil. She

\*This was before the war of 1914-1918.

found a refuge but no occupation with the inexhaustible Haydn ; through him she wishes to form a union with another. With the help of diligent labour you will receive Mozart's spirit from Haydn's hands.

Your true friend,  
WALDSTEIN.

Bonn, October 22nd, 1792

"A refuge but no occupation with the inexhaustible Haydn" has a very queer ring. It suggests that in the opinion of some amateurs Haydn was incapable of rising to Mozart's level—which is an interesting piece of contemporary criticism. It was Beethoven's intention to return to Bonn after a period of study in Vienna, but he arrived in Vienna about November 10th, 1792, after a journey of about twenty-five hours on the post road, and never saw Bonn again.

Beethoven had not been more than a month in lodgings in Vienna when his father died. He sent a petition to the Elector that payment of the portion of his father's salary (100 thalers) which had been set aside for him to spend on his brothers' education and keep should be continued ; but there is no record that after the second quarter of the year 1793 he ever received any money from Bonn, and from that time onwards he was dependent upon his own earnings and on his Vienna friends. He lodged first in an attic and then on ground floor apartments in the Alservorstadt.

Beethoven went to Vienna to study with Haydn, but Haydn who was then sixty-one years old had just returned from his first successful visit to London and was busy preparing for his second visit. Also at his age Haydn was not likely to have much of his valuable time to spare from his own work on teaching composition to a young man, however talented. Haydn must have been impressed by his powers, or he would never have taken him as a pupil, and Fischenich, on January 26th, 1793, in a letter to Charlotte von Schiller from Bonn, says : "Haydn has written here that he would soon put him

at grand operas and soon be obliged to quit composing." I confess I do not understand what this statement means, but to Thayer apparently it was quite intelligible; he refers to it without comment merely as proof of the strong impression that Beethoven's powers, "both as virtuoso and composer, had made upon Joseph Haydn immediately after reaching Vienna," and Thayer's editors do not comment on it. In a memorandum book kept by Beethoven at this time there are the following two entries on October 24th and 29th, 1793 :

22X Chocolate for Haidn and me  
Coffee 6X for Haidn and me

so that Beethoven was still taking lessons from Haydn at that date and encouraging his teacher in the well-known manner of pupils by treating him at cafés to coffee and chocolate. Nevertheless, Beethoven was dissatisfied with his instruction from Haydn, and Joseph Schenk, a well-known opera composer, born in 1761, relates how at the end of July 1793 the Abbé Gelinek informed him that Beethoven had been learning counterpoint under Haydn for more than six months and was making no progress, and that Baron von Swieten kept urging him to the study of counterpoint and enquiring how he was getting on, and showed such displeasure that Beethoven was just where he had been at the beginning that Gelinek asked whether Schenk would help Beethoven in his studies. An appointment was made for Schenk to hear Beethoven play, and he describes how Beethoven extemporized for half-an-hour and made an unforgettable impression upon him. Schenk agreed to give him instruction on the understanding that it should be a close secret between them.

As I was now certain that my pupil was unfamiliar with the rules of counterpoint, I gave him Joseph Fux's *Gradus ad Parnassum*. . . In order to keep our secret I recommended him to copy out again all his exercises



after they had been corrected in my handwriting, so that Haydn should not see the unfamiliar writing . . . from the beginning of August 1793 till the end of May 1794 without interruption I gave my good Louis lessons, by which time he had finished double counterpoint in the octave and went to Eisenstadt. If His Royal Highness The Archduke Maximilian, Elector of C., had sent his protégée to Albrechtsberger at once then his studies would have suffered no interruption.

Actually, Haydn in January 1794 transferred his pupil Beethoven to the famous theorist Albrechtsberger, owing to Haydn's departure for England ; so that Schenk's suggestion that there was a break in Beethoven's studies is pure imagination, due to Schenk having confused the years when writing those reminiscences in his biography, for he states that Beethoven came to him from 1792-1793, whereas the actual years, as stated above, were 1793 and 1794, and so part of Schenk's instruction overlapped with that by Albrechtsberger. It is not known why Beethoven did not accompany Haydn to London, but he probably welcomed the opportunity of becoming more independent by staying in Vienna. According to Nottebohm, who made a painstaking examination of the manuscript exercises extant among Beethoven's posthumous papers, the only trace of his first year with Haydn are exercises in simple counterpoint on six plain chants in the old modes. Nottebohm further says that out of the mass of exercises and studies found among Beethoven's papers only the smallest portion can be traced back to his studies with Albrechtsberger. Nevertheless, it is clear that Beethoven studied hard with Albrechtsberger ; in Beethoven's memorandum book there is the following note, which must be assigned to the years 1794 or 1795 :

Schuppanzigh 3 times a W.  
Albrechtsberger 3 times a W.

Nottebohm reckons that Beethoven studied with Albrechtsberger for about fifteen months ; Seyfried says two years ; in any case, it is clear that he worked hard, from the fact that there are exercises in counterpoint, in two- three- and four-part fugue, double counterpoint in the different intervals, double fugue, triple counterpoint and canon. It has been suggested that Albrechtsberger's exercises were strewn with sarcastic marginal notes by the young and impatient Beethoven, but Nottebohm says that he found not a single marginal note of this kind ; they show, on the contrary, " that Beethoven was deeply immersed and interested." Thayer states that on the margin of one exercise Beethoven writes an unprepared seventh-chord with a suspension and adds the query : " Is it allowed ?" In addition to Haydn, Schenk and Albrechtsberger Beethoven received intermittent instruction, especially in vocal and dramatic composition, from Mozart's famous rival the Imperial Kapellmeister A. Salieri. This lasted certainly until 1802 ; some commentators have said 1809, on the strength of a statement by Moscheles, who, in his diary under the date 1808, writes :

. . . How astonished I was when one day, calling on the Hofkapellmeister Salieri, who was not at home, I saw a note on his table on which was written " The pupil Beethoven was here."

But this does not mean that Beethoven was *still* taking lessons from Salieri. The very fact that Salieri took the trouble to write " the pupil Beethoven " instead of simply " Beethoven was here " shows that the real meaning of this note is : " The famous Beethoven, who was once my pupil, has been here ?"

Ries, who was Beethoven's pupil, and contributed, with Dr. Wegeler, many interesting facts to the Biographical Notices on Ludwig van Beethoven, published in 1838, says, referring to

Beethoven's instruction by Albrechtsberger and Schenk, that they agreed about Beethoven's obdurateness as a pupil :

Each said that Beethoven was so self-willed and headstrong that he had to learn by hard experience much that he refused to accept in theory. Albrechtsberger and Schenk were especially of this opinion. Beethoven could not tolerate the dry learning of the former and the unimportant dramatic formulas (according to the Italian school) of the latter.

It is clear that Beethoven was keen to learn all that the past had to show him, but that he had no intention of being blinded and fettered by this knowledge, and it is also probable—indeed certain—that Beethoven won his freedom slowly and that at the age of twenty-four he was far from having all the conscious independence of thought that he showed to his own pupil Ries many years later.

## VI

We get a picture of Beethoven at this period from Frau von Bernhard, the daughter of von Küssow of Reval :

When he came to us he used to put his head through the door and make sure that no one whom he disliked was there. He was small and unsightly, with a red pock-marked face. (Beethoven as a boy was nicknamed the Spaniard on account of his dark complexion.) His hair was very dark . . . he spoke in dialect . . . He was very proud ; I have seen how the mother of Princess Lichnowsky, Countess Thun, went on her knees before him as he sat upon a sofa, to beg him to play, but Beethoven would not. . . I was often invited to the Lichnowskys to play (Frau von Bernhard was an excellent pianist). . . I still remember how Haydn and Salieri used to sit on a sofa on one side of the small music room, both always carefully dressed in the old style with hair-bag, shoes and

silk stockings, whilst Beethoven was accustomed to come almost carelessly dressed in the freer upper Rhineland style.

Beethoven at this time took dancing lessons and spent the greater part of his money on clothes. He was taken into Prince Lichnowsky's house as a guest, and Wegeler says he found him there in 1794 and again in 1796. Beethoven writes to Eleonore von Breuning in 1793, requesting that he may be lucky enough to possess again a waistcoat worked by her in goat's wool and sends her the Variations on Mozart's "Se vuol ballare," dedicated to her and published by Artaria in 1793 as Op. 1. In a letter to Simrock, the music publisher in Bonn, dated Vienna, August 2nd, 1794, he says :

It is very warm here ; the Viennese are afraid that it will soon be impossible for them to have any more ice-creams ; for, as the winter was mild, ice is rare. Many persons of *importance* have been arrested ; they say there was fear of a *revolution* breaking out—but it is my belief that so long as an Austrian can get his brown beer and sausages there will be no revolution. The gates in the suburbs are ordered to be closed at ten o'clock at night. The soldiers have loaded guns. One dare not speak too loud, otherwise the police will accommodate you for the night. Are your daughters already grown up, train one to be my bride, for if I am in Bonn unmarried, I shall certainly not stop so long. . .

Some time between 1794 and 1796 Beethoven wrote a very characteristic letter to Wegeler, with whom he had quarrelled. I will quote it in full, because it expresses vividly Beethoven's habitual contrition after outbursts of temper, neglect of, or lack of consideration for his friends :

My dearest ! best ! In what a horrid light you have shown me to myself. I acknowledge it. I do not deserve your friendship. You are so noble, so kind ; and the



first time I compared myself with you I fell far below you! Ah, for weeks I have pained my best and noblest friend. You believe that I have lost some of my goodness of heart, but, thank Heaven, it was not deliberate malice that made me act as I did towards you ; it was my inexcusable thoughtlessness which prevented me from seeing the matter in its true light. Oh, how I am ashamed, not only for your sake but also for my own. I scarcely dare ask for your friendship again. Oh, Wegeler, my only consolation is that you have known me almost from my childhood and—let me say it for myself—I was always good and strove to be upright and true in my dealings—otherwise how could you have loved me. Could I have changed so terribly in such a short time ? Impossible that these feelings for goodness and righteousness could have suddenly died within me. No, Wegeler, dear and best one, venture again to throw yourself entirely into the arms of your Beethoven. Trust in the good qualities you once found in him. I will guarantee that the pure temple of rarest friendship which you will erect will stand for ever firm ; no chance, no storm shall ever strike its foundations—firm—eternal—our friendship—forgiveness—forgetting—revival of dying, sinking friendship. Oh, Wegeler ! do not cast off this hand of reconciliation ! Place yours in mine—O God !—but no more ; I am coming to throw myself in your arms, to sue for my lost friend. And you will give yourself to me, your penitent, loving, evermindful.

Beethoven.

I have only just now received your letter on my return home.

## VII

In 1795 Beethoven published by subscription, through Artaria, the three trios in E flat, G and C minor which he had played before Haydn at Prince Lichnowsky's about two years before. An advertisement inviting subscriptions appeared in



the *Wiener Zeitung* on May 16th, 1795. He had 123 subscribers, mostly among the Viennese aristocracy, for 241 copies. This brought him a good profit.

In this year his instruction under Albrechtsberger ceased, and what further study he did—and his manuscript books prove it to have been considerable—he did alone, except for certain instruction in quartet writing from E. A. Förster. Beethoven was now playing a great deal at the homes of the Viennese aristocracy, but he soon began to find this irksome. Wegeler says: “He often came to me and complained that he was compelled to play until the blood burned beneath his finger nails.” Although there probably never has been before or since a society so cultured and appreciative of music as existed in Vienna in those days, there were of course exceptions, and Ries relates an amusing incident that links the Vienna of 1800 with the London of 1927. Beethoven procured Ries an engagement with Count Browne at Baden:

One day I happened to play a march which had come into my head, and an old Countess went into ecstasies over it, believing it to be something new by Beethoven, and I, for fun, did not disillusion her. Unluckily Beethoven himself arrived the next day at Baden. When in the evening he came into the room at Count Browne's, the old Countess began to rave about the wonderful march. Imagine my embarrassment. Knowing Beethoven could not bear this old Countess, I drew him aside and whispered to him that I had been pulling her leg. Luckily he took it in good part, but my embarrassment increased when I had to play the march again with Beethoven standing by. The Countess now burst into the most extravagant praise of his genius, to which he grimly listened until at last he burst suddenly into loud laughter. Later he said to me. “See, my dear Ries, these are the great connoisseurs who deliver such sharp and weighty judgments on all music. One need only give them the name of their pet; more they don't require . . .”

On another occasion, while Beethoven was playing some marches for four hands with Ries, the young Count P—— (perhaps Palffy) in the doorway of the adjoining room spoke so loudly and freely with some beautiful woman that Beethoven, after several fruitless attempts to procure silence, suddenly jumped up and said aloud : “ I will not play for such swine.”

Both these incidents belong to a somewhat later period than 1795, but Beethoven very quickly showed his exceedingly independent spirit and there is a remarkable incident belonging to the early period between 1795 and 1798, which reveals his character plainly. It is related by von Griesinger as follows :

When we were both young, I still an attaché and Beethoven only famous as a pianist, his compositions being little known, we were once at Prince Lobkowitz's house, and a gentleman who passed for a great connoisseur began a conversation with Beethoven about the social position and disposition of the artist. “ I wish,” said Beethoven, with genial frankness, “ that I were relieved from all trafficking with publishers and could find someone who would assure me a certain annual income for life for which he would have the right to publish all that I composed—and I should not be idle. I believe Goethe has this arrangement with Cotta ; and, if I am not mistaken, Handel's London publisher did the same.”

“ My dear young man,” replied the gentleman, “ you must not complain ; you are neither a Goethe nor a Handel, and it is not to be expected that you will become one, for such geniuses are not born again.”

Beethoven clenched his teeth, gave the man one contemptuous look and did not speak to him again. Later he spoke violently of the man's impudence. Prince Lobkowitz attempted to make peace, and said : “ Dear Beethoven, the gentleman did not mean to insult you ; it is merely that most people cannot believe that a young contemporary will ever go so far in his art as the old or

dead who have already achieved fame." "True, unfortunately, your Highness," replied Beethoven, "but with men who do not believe in me because I am not yet famous I cannot associate."

In 1795 Beethoven made his first public appearance in Vienna as a virtuoso. It was a concert in the Burg theatre for the benefit of widows of the Tonkünstler Gessellschaft, and Beethoven played his concerto in B flat (Op. 19). It was published by Hofmeister, in 1801, and Beethoven, in a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel on April 22nd, 1801, says: "I simply want to draw your attention to the fact that one of my first concertos will be published by Hofmeister, which is not among my best works." At a second concert, on March 31st, 1795, he played between a performance of Mozart's "La Clemenza di Tito," arranged by Mozart's widow, the Mozart D minor concerto for which he wrote cadenzas. On December 16th, 1795, the *Wiener Zeitung* announced a concert to be given two days later by "Hr. Kapellmeister Haydn," at which "Hr. van Beethoven will play a concerto of his own composing." At this concert three new symphonies by Haydn, composed in London, were played for the first time in Vienna.

## VIII

Beethoven's incapacity to tolerate any sort of external restraint showed itself very early. He was living in Prince Lichnowsky's house, but he complained to Wegeler that the Prince's dinner hour being four o'clock :

Now every day I must be home at half-past three to change my clothes, shave and so on—I can't stand it.

Consequently, says Wegeler, he took his meals at restaurants having no idea of money or of being economical. Later on he left the Prince's house, and throughout his life he had what

Seyfried calls "the strange passion" for frequently changing his lodgings. On his first arrival in Vienna, in 1792, he lodged in the Alservorstadt; in 1794, in the household of Prince Lichnowsky, Alserstrasse, 45; in 1795, in the Ogylyischen Haus in the Kreuzgasse; later, in Mastasiogasse No. 35; in 1799, in Tiefen Graben, Greinersches Haus, No. 235. This continual migration only ceased at his death:

Scarcely was he in possession of one lodging than something displeased him and he made himself footsore in search of another. It often happened that he had taken several lodgings at the same time, and as he was a second Hercules of indecision, he could never succeed in deciding to which he should give the preference.

We owe this interesting observation to Seyfried, who knew Beethoven well between 1800 and 1806. Wagner had the same kind of restlessness, as readers of his autobiography will remember, and probably most men of artistic genius suffer from it. It is the physical accompaniment to their creative energy. But what is even more interesting in the passage I have quoted is this first reference to Beethoven's indecision. Beethoven has always been considered (and justly) as the supreme example, among artists, of force of character and heroic will. When we find some intimate friend, such as Schindler, remarking briefly: "Beethoven showed his usual vacillation," we may get something of a shock. But there is abundant evidence that in practical affairs and in everyday conduct Beethoven was almost a martyr to indecision.

Indecision results from lack of strong feeling or of intellectual conviction, and in affairs where an ordinary man would have felt strongly one way or the other or at least had a prejudiced and made-up mind, Beethoven felt nothing at all and had a completely open mind. To any one living at Beethoven's pitch of intense mental and emotional concentration many of the problems which excited those around him would seem



hardly comprehensible. We have only to imagine ourselves asking Einstein whether he would vote for a metal or a paper coinage, or whether a man should or should not marry his deceased wife's sister, to realise the proper nature of Beethoven's indecision in numerous matters, on which his friends and the general current of affairs pressed him to make up his mind, when he had no mind one way or the other and only wished to be allowed to drift undisturbed. It is characteristic of all men of great imaginative power that they instinctively conserve their energy for what is really important to them. They can also foresee results so far ahead and get so interested, not merely in following them out to their logical conclusion, but in creating the results imaginatively—a process which may be inexhaustible—that they forget that the initial step either to the right or to the left has never been taken, and at last, when they have explored the consequences on both sides as far as they are able, there is often no longer any incentive or reason for taking that initial step at all. Thus Beethoven, as Thayer declares, "often in the multitude of counsellors became the victim of utter irresolution when decision and firmness were indispensable and essential to his welfare." But we may doubt whether on such occasions his welfare was really at stake, since "welfare" probably did not mean the same to Beethoven as to Thayer or to Beethoven's own friends.

At the end of the year 1795 Beethoven's two brothers, Kaspar and Johann, came to live in Vienna, and so the last family link with Bonn was broken. It is in this year, too, that we hear of Beethoven's first proposal of marriage. Magdalene Willmann, a beautiful and accomplished singer, came with her brother Max and his wife from Bonn to sing at Venice in the carnival of 1794, and after leaving Venice they went to Vienna. Beethoven, who had known them in Bonn, resumed an old friendship and asked her to marry him. "This fact," says Thayer, "was communicated to me by a daughter of



Max Willmann still living in 1860, who had often heard her father speak of it. To the question why her aunt did not accept the offer of Beethoven, Madame S—— hesitated a moment, and then, laughing, said ‘ Because he was so ugly and half crazy.’ ” A few years later Magdalene married, and she died in 1801.

In 1796, on January 8th, Beethoven played a pianoforte concerto at a concert given by a singer, Signora Bolla, at the Redoutensaal. Early this year he apparently went with Prince Lichnowsky to Prague, where he gave a concert. There is no record of his visit to Dresden or Leipsic, but he went to Berlin, where he played several times before the King Friedrich Wilhelm II. His programme included the two sonatas in F and G minor for pianoforte and ‘cello, Op. 5, composed for Dupont, violoncellist to the King, who was a cultured musician and himself often played the ‘cello in quartets. Friedrich Wilhelm II had considerable influence on the musical taste of Berlin. He was responsible for Gluck’s and Mozart’s operas being performed there. On this occasion he gave Beethoven a gold snuff-box filled with *louis d’or*. According to Ries, Beethoven later declared that it was no ordinary snuff-box but of a kind that might have been given to an ambassador. In Berlin Beethoven heard the Singakademie of about ninety voices in a mass by Fasch in sixteen parts, in “ Davidiana,” a collection of versets by Fasch, and in a Psalm in eight parts. He improvised at the concert and later, in 1810, told Elizabeth Brentano (afterwards Madame von Arnim) that his hearers did not applaud, but were moved to tears, and added ironically : “ That is not what we artists wish—we want applause.” A similar story is told by Czerny, who says :

His improvisation was most brilliant and striking ; in whatever company he was he could work on his hearers so as to bring tears to their eyes, and many would break out into loud sobbing. For there was something wonderful in his expression, in addition to the beauty and

originality of his ideas, and in the spirited style in which he rendered them. When he had ended such an improvisation he would break out into loud laughter and mock his listeners for having been so moved. "You are fools," he would say. Often he would feel insulted by this form of sympathy, and would declare: "Who can live among such spoiled children?"

Czerny also states that Beethoven made no grimaces—"not the slightest"—when playing; that he used the pedal a great deal and that he was the greatest sight-reader of his time. "He took in at a glance any new work, and his judgment was always sound, but (especially in his young years) very sharp, biting and uncompromising." I insert here a further statement of Czerny's about Beethoven's method of composition.

Beethoven had no regular hours of working—forenoon, afternoon, early and late at night—and often he disturbed his neighbours at midnight with playing, singing, humming; his voice was shocking . . . he considered the sonata No. 21 Op. 57 to be his best up to the time of writing Op. 106. The third section most probably depicts a natural scene, perhaps the sea on a stormy night, and, far-off, a cry of distress. It is certain that Beethoven was stimulated to many of his finest works through similar scenes encountered in reading or created by his own fantasy.

## IX

The years 1796 and 1797 were occupied with playing, teaching and composing; it is also possible that at this time Beethoven was studying operatic composition with Salieri. In the spring of 1797 Artaria published the trio Op. 3, the quintet Op. 4, two violoncello sonatas Op. 5, and the pianoforte sonata for four hands Op. 6 and twelve variations on a Russian

Dance, which were dedicated to Countess Browne. He received from Count Browne the present of a horse, and Ries says :

He rode the animal several times and then forgot all about it—and even worse, forgot its food also. His servant realising this, began hiring out the horse for his own benefit, and in order not to attract Beethoven's attention to the fact kept dark all accounts for fodder. At length, however, Beethoven was reminded of the animal's existence by being presented with a huge bill.

In October 1797 Artaria advertised the pianoforte sonata Op. 7, and the serenade Op. 8. This year also saw the publication of the song "Adelaide." The modesty of the artist when in contact with another artist, and not with the outside world, shows itself in Beethoven's letter to the poet Matthison when sending him a copy of the song on August 4th, 1800.

You are herewith receiving from me a composition which has been in print for several years, but concerning which you probably, to my shame, know nothing. Perhaps I can excuse myself and explain how it came about that I dedicated something to you which came warm from my heart yet without letting you know anything about it, by saying that at first I did not know your address. Also it was partly timidity, fearing that I had been over hasty in dedicating something to you without knowing whether it met with your approval. Even now, indeed, I send you "Adelaide" with diffidence. You yourself know what changes a few years produce in an artist who is constantly advancing ; the greater the progress he makes in his art the less do his old works satisfy him. My most ardent wish is gratified if the musical setting of your heavenly "Adelaide" does not altogether displease you, and if thereby you feel moved soon again to write another poem of similar kind and not finding my

request too bold at once send it to me, I will, then put forth my best powers to come near to your beautiful poetry. . . In playing over "Adelaide" think sometimes of your sincere admirer.

Beethoven.

As very little is known of Beethoven's early life in Vienna a biography at this period becomes little more than a record of concerts and anecdotes. At a concert given by Schuppanzigh, on April 6th, 1797, he played the pianoforte part in his quintet for pianoforte and four wind instruments Op. 16, and on October 1st he wrote in the album of Lenz von Breuning the lines from Schiller's *Don Carlos* :

*Truth is for the wise  
Beauty for the feeling heart  
They belong to each other.*

It was during this year that Bonaparte was invading Austria, having overrun the Tyrol and Carinthia in March 1797, but the treaty of Leoben suspended hostilities for the time being. Beethoven now had numerous pupils of high rank, among them being Countess Babette Keglevitch, to whom he dedicated the sonata in E flat, Op. 7. His time was probably taken up mainly with teaching and playing, but in addition to the compositions I have already named he was writing a good deal of dance music for the Redoutensaal—waltzes, minuets, *ländler*s, etc., and from about this period date sketches for a symphony in C minor. Professor Fritz Stein, of the University of Jena, announced in 1909 that he had discovered the complete parts of a symphony in C, on the violin parts of which was written "par Louis van Beethoven," in the collection of music of the Academy Concerts founded in 1780. Dr. Hugo Riemann, who inspected this score, stated that the symphony might well be by Beethoven. Its themes, he says, suggest partly Haydn and partly the Mannheim school, while the



instrumentation resembles Mozart's rather than that of Stamitz or Cannabich.\*

The footing in Viennese society which Beethoven had gained—chiefly through his personality and his powers as a virtuoso—is shown by his friendship with the court secretary, Baron von Zmeskall. The following letter is one of a number of notes written to the Baron about the year 1798 :

Dearest scavenger of a Baron, Je vous suis bien obligé pour votre faiblesse de vos yeux. For the rest, take care in future when I am in a jolly mood, as is sometimes the case, not to spoil it ; for yesterday, through your Zmeskalldomanovezian chatter, I became quite sad. The devil take you ; I don't want to know anything about your whole system of ethics. *Power* is the morality of men who stand out from the rest, and it is also mine. And if you begin to-day I will worry you until you find everything I do good and praiseworthy, for I am coming to the Swan ; I should prefer the Ox, but that depends upon your Zmeskalian Domanovezian decision (*réponse*). Adieu. Baron Ba . . . ron ron/nor/orn/rus/onr.

## X

Early in 1798 General Bernadotte, afterwards King of Sweden, came to Vienna as French Minister from the Paris Directory. Beethoven became friendly with Bernadotte, who had with him the famous violinist, Joseph Kreutzer, and according to Schindler it was Bernadotte who really first inspired him with the idea of the "Eroica" symphony. An account of his playing at this time is given by the composer Tomaschek (1774-1850) :

In 1798, when I was studying law, Beethoven, the giant among pianoforte players, came to Prague. He

\*Dr. Thomas San-Galli believes that this symphony is perhaps by Beethoven's grandfather, Louis.



gave a well-attended concert in the Konviktsaal, playing his C major concerto, Op. 15, and the adagio and the graceful rondo in A from Op. 2, and a free fantasia on a theme out of Mozart's *Titus*, "Ah tu fosti il primo ogetto" given him by Countess Sch . . . Beethoven's magnificent playing, and particularly the bold flight of his fantasy, stirred me to a most unusual degree; indeed, I felt inwardly so deeply overcome that I did not touch the pianoforte for several days. . . I heard Beethoven at his second concert, when his playing and also his composition did not make the same overwhelming impression. This time he played his concerto in B. . . I admired his powerful and brilliant playing, but his bold digressions from one movement to another, whereby the organic connection, the gradual development of idea, was omitted, did not escape me. Such faults often weaken his noblest works conceived in too great exuberance. The strange and original seem to have most importance for him in composition. This is confirmed by an answer which he gave to a lady who asked him if he often heard Mozart's operas—that he did not know them and did not listen to other music willingly, as he did not wish to lose his originality.

This latter remark of Beethoven's was probably made with his tongue in his cheek.\* Czerny relates how once Beethoven picked up the score of Mozart's six quartets at Czerny's and taking up the fifth in A, said: "That's a work! There Mozart said to the world, 'See what I could do if the time for appreciating such things had come.'" The widow of the pianist Cramer also, according to Thayer, related a story that once Beethoven and Cramer were walking together at an Augarten concert, hearing a performance of Mozart's pianoforte concerto in C minor (K. 491), when Beethoven suddenly

\*Seyfried who knew Beethoven well relates that he often visited the opera with Beethoven in Vienna, (this was when Beethoven was in his early thirties,) and that Beethoven, when satisfied with the music, would remain firm'y planted close to the orchestra rails and there he would remain motionless and dumb, until the very last notes were played. If he were not pleased he would leave at the end of the first act.

stopped, and "drawing his companion's attention to the simple but beautiful motive which is first introduced near the end, exclaimed: 'Cramer, Cramer, we shall never be able to do anything like that.' As the theme was repeated and came to a climax, Beethoven, swinging his body to and fro marked the time and in every possible manner manifested a delight rising to enthusiasm."

In 1799 Beethoven had a conspicuous rival as a virtuoso in Joseph Wölfl, two years his junior, and a pupil of Mozart's. In the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* No. 33, of April 22nd, 1799, appeared the following note:

Opinion here on the superiority of the one to the other is divided. However, it seems that the larger party inclines to the side of Wölfl. I will endeavour to describe each one's qualities without taking sides. Beethoven's playing is extremely brilliant, but less delicate, and at times becomes indistinct. He is at his best in free fantasy. Here it is extraordinary with what lightness and firmness in the succession of ideas Beethoven not only varies a given theme impromptu by figuration (with which many a virtuoso makes his fortune—and wind) but genuinely develops it. Since Mozart's death, who for me in this respect always remains the *non plus ultra*, I have never found this art possessed by any one to the degree that Beethoven possesses it. Here Wölfl is inferior. But Wölfl surpasses him in this that with sound learning and of true worth as a composer he plays passages which seem impossible with an ease, precision and clarity that astonish one (helped no doubt by the large size of his hands), and that his *adagio* playing is so insinuating and pleasing that one can not only marvel but enjoy. That Wölfl has an advantage over Beethoven on account of his pleasing and unpretentious behaviour compared with the latter's somewhat lofty tone is only natural.

Seyfried, in referring to the rivalry between Beethoven and Wölfl, speaks of Beethoven "as even then having a tendency

in his improvisations to the 'mysterious and gloomy'; otherwise his account concurs in essentials with that quoted above, although written in Seyfried's characteristically high-flown style. Schindler says that Cherubini characterized Beethoven's playing as "rough." What he and other critics who preferred the playing of Wölffl and Hummel really meant by this epithet was that Beethoven's playing was unconventional and unrefined. A more valid criticism was that made by Cramer (1771-1858), who was Beethoven's own favourite pianist. Cramer—we are told by Czerny—complained that Beethoven's playing was "one day intellectually brilliant and full of characteristic expression and the next moody and disordered even to confusion." Ignaz Pleyel (1757-1831), who heard Beethoven play in Vienna in 1805, wrote in a letter :

He has endless dexterity, but belongs to no school, and his skill is not perfect, that is, his playing is not clean. He has much fire, but schlägt etwas zu sehr drauflos.\* He overcomes great difficulties, but not absolutely cleanly. However, his improvisation gave me much pleasure. He does not improvise coldly, like Wölffl. He does everything that comes into his head and masters it. Frequently he did astounding things. But one must not consider him as a pianist, as he has dedicated himself to composition, and it is very hard to be both a composer and a virtuoso.

To Cipriani Potter, who suggested, in 1817, to Beethoven that Moscheles was at that time the first pianist in Vienna, Beethoven replied: "Don't ever speak again of such passage players," and said that he preferred Cramer to all other pianists.

Besides Cramer, Beethoven met in the year 1799 Domenico Dragonetti, one of the greatest double-bass players in the

\*Thunders too much.

history of music. Thayer relates the following story told by Dragonetti to Samuel Appleby :

Beethoven had been told that his new friend could execute violoncello music upon his huge instrument ; and one morning when Dragonetti called at his room he expressed a desire to hear a sonata. The contra-bass was sent for, and the sonata No. 2 of Op. 5 was selected. Beethoven played his part with his eyes immovably fixed upon his companion, and in the finale when the arpeggios occur was so delighted and excited that at the close he sprang up and threw his arms around both player and instrument.

As Thayer says : “ The unlucky contra-bassists of orchestras had frequent occasion during the next few years to know that this new revelation to Beethoven of the powers and possibilities of their instrument was not forgotten.” For example, the famous passage in the scherzo of the C minor symphony was probably one of the fruits of this knowledge. We cannot but regret that the valve horn was not in existence in Beethoven’s time, because he was severely handicapped by the limitations of the horn of his day. The German critic, Paul Bekker, remarks :

It was part of a curious contradiction in Beethoven’s character as an artist—as, for example, his absolute respect for the traditional range of tone for the violins in an orchestra—that he, who in most matters saw beyond the mere possibilities of the moment, did not grasp the idea of writing the brass parts to correspond with his intention, leaving them confidently to advancing technique for actual fulfilment.

This failure, however, was not a failure of musical imagination, for Beethoven accepted the horn as it had existed for generations. To him it was an absolute limitation which he did not question, it was not a matter of the player’s skill or of



his musical intelligence. In these matters Beethoven was so far-seeing that even Sir George Grove could write in his dictionary, more than a quarter of a century after Beethoven's death, that he could give no opinion on the "Grosse Fuge" because it was never played. This is almost as true to-day, for most quartets still find it beyond them.

## XI

About 1799 Beethoven was composing his first symphony, which was performed on April 2nd, 1800. At the age of twenty-nine he was beginning the most fruitful ten years of his life. The two concertos (Op. 19 in B flat and Op. 15 in C) were revised and published in 1798, the three sonatas Op. 10 were also finished and published in 1798, and the *Sonata Pathétique* in C minor Op. 13 was published in 1799 by Eder, in Vienna, and afterwards by Hofmeister. The two sonatas Op. 14 dedicated to Baroness Braun were also published by Mollo in December 1799. The first public sign of his great creative activity was the first concert given entirely on his own behalf in Vienna. The following is taken from the actual programme :

To-day, Wednesday, April 2nd, 1800, Herr *Ludwig van Beethoven* will have the honour to give a grand concert for his benefit in the Royal Imperial Court Theatre beside the Burg. The pieces which will be performed are the following :

1. A grand symphony by the late Kapellmeister Mozart.
2. An aria from *The Creation* by the Fürstliche Kapellmeister Herr Haydn, sung by Mlle. Saal.
3. A grand concerto for the pianoforte played and composed by Herr *Ludwig van Beethoven*.
4. A septet most humbly and obediently dedicated to Her Majesty the Empress and composed by Herr



*Ludwig van Beethoven* for four stringed and three wind instruments played by Messrs. Schuppanzigh, Schindlechter, Bäs, Nickel, Matanschek and Dietzel.

5. A duet from Haydn's "Creation," sung by Mr. and Mlle Saal.
6. Herr *Ludwig van Beethoven* will improvise on the pianoforte.
7. A new grand symphony with complete orchestra composed by Herr *Ludwig van Beethoven*.

Tickets for boxes and stalls are to be obtained from Herr van Beethoven at his lodging in the Tiefen Graben No. 241, third storey, and of the box-keeper.

Prices of admission are as usual.

The concert begins at half past 6 o'clock.

The critics thought there was too much use of wind-instruments in the symphony, and the *Allg-Musik-Zeitung* said: "The music sounded more as if it were written for a military band than for an orchestra." But the septet became immediately popular, and was ever afterwards a thorn in Beethoven's side, for he came to dislike it intensely and could not bear to hear it praised.

It was in 1800 that Beethoven had one of his last encounters with a rival virtuoso. A celebrated pianist named Steibelt came to Vienna from Paris, and Beethoven's friends were fearful that his great renown might damage Beethoven's reputation. Ries relates :

Steibelt did not visit him ; they met first one evening at Count Fries's, where Beethoven played for the first time his new trio in B flat for pianoforte, clarinet and violoncello Op. 11. In this the pianist cannot show exceptional powers. Steibelt listened with some condescension, made Beethoven a few compliments and believed the battle won. He played a quintet of his own composition, extemporised and made great effect with his *tremulandos*, which at that time were quite new.

Beethoven could not be brought to play again, and eight days later there was a second concert at Count Fries's. Steibelt once more played a quintet with much effect and had besides a brilliant but studied (as one could feel) improvisation on the actual theme on which Beethoven's variations in his trio were written. This annoyed Beethoven and his admirers. Beethoven now went to the pianoforte to improvise; he went in his usual, I might say, ungracious way to the instrument, as if half driven, took up the 'cello part of Steibelt's quintet, laid it (purposely?) upside down on the desk and drummed out with one finger from the first bars a theme. Offended and irritated, he now improvised in such a way that Steibelt left the room before he had finished and would never again meet him; in fact, made it a condition that Beethoven should not be invited if his presence was desired.

## XII

A word is necessary at this point on Beethoven's behaviour as a young man in Viennese society and among his friends and fellow artists. Ries says :

Etiquette and all that pertained to it Beethoven never learnt and never wished to learn. Thus he caused the greatest embarrassment to the Archduke Rudolph's circle when he originally entered it. Some wished to instruct him forcibly how to behave with respect. However, this he would not suffer. He promised indeed to improve, but it remained a promise. At length, one day when they tutored him, as he expressed it, he hurried angrily to the Archduke and said outspokenly that he had all possible respect for his person, but that all the instructions with which he was daily plagued were not in his line. The Archduke laughed good humouredly and recommended that in future Beethoven should be allowed to go his own way undisturbed.



BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 31

*(Sketch by Schaffner after Stainbauer 1801)*





Czerny declares that in Beethoven's youth "up till the age of thirty his dress was elegant and his manners courtly." A number of persons who saw him in later years, even long after his fortieth year, have described him as being fashionably dressed. Rochlitz, for example, who saw him several times in 1822, says, on the occasion of their third meeting: "this time he was neat and clean; yes, even elegant." But it is also clear that Beethoven was on other occasions quite careless of his dress; when preoccupied with his ideas and feelings he would forget all about his appearance. He was often missing for days from his lodgings, and once, during the composition of his Mass in D, he was even arrested as a tramp. "Of time," says Dr. Weissenbach, who knew Beethoven in 1814, "he seemed to take no other notice than that given him by the sun and stars." Czerny says that from his youth Beethoven, although he had intrigues to fight against, enjoyed the respect and support of the highest aristocracy, and that he became isolated only later through his hypochondria and deafness. All accounts agree that he was proud, reserved and stiff in general company, but among his intimates he was amusing, lively, talkative, droll and fond of making sarcastic witticisms on the subject of social and political prejudices. An infantry bandmaster of Vienna, named Friedrich Starke, records that "Beethoven was far from proud; he was exceptionally genial and warm-hearted towards those in whom he found honesty and sincerity." Beethoven enjoyed the society of those fellow artists and musicians who were well-disposed towards him, but his women friends were nearly all among the higher social circles, and he once remarked "It is good to move among the aristocracy, but it is first necessary to make them respect one." A great deal of Beethoven's early social success was due to his personality, because, according to Czerny, his pianoforte compositions were not popular (even as late as 1810) with contemporary virtuosos, who played Dussek, Cramer, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia, Hummel, Clementi and Steibelt in pre-

ference to Beethoven. Until he was nearly forty and his deafness was beginning to grow serious, Beethoven saw a great deal of Viennese society, and his friendship with Prince Lichnowsky, the Archduke Rudolph and others was often a source of vexation. As is the custom with the rich and idle, they were always thoughtlessly and with the best intentions making all sorts of demands upon his time against which he chafed inwardly. Röckel relates how one morning he found a carriage outside Beethoven's house in which a lady was sitting and on reaching the fourth floor he saw Prince Lichnowsky himself disputing with a servant at Beethoven's door. The servant explained that he dare not let any one enter, his master was busy and had instructed him to allow nobody in, no matter who it was. Röckel however, who had access, informed Beethoven that Prince Lichnowsky was outside. Although in a bad temper, Beethoven could not deny him admission any longer. The Prince and his wife had come to invite Beethoven to come for a drive, and at length he consented ; but, says Röckel, " I saw when he entered the carriage that his face had a gloomy expression."

Another incident is worth relating here. It is told by Wilhelm Rust (1787-1855), Max Ring (1817-1901), and by Dr. Anton Weiser (1777-1826). In 1805 Beethoven visited Prince Lichnowsky's country seat, Schloss Grätz, near Troppau. The steward told Max Ring that Beethoven used to wander through the park in the wildest weather and at other times would sit shut in his room the whole day long without seeing anybody or speaking a word. It was after the battle of Austerlitz, and the Prince had invited a French General " a great gentleman and music-lover " and some French officers to a musical party, in the hope of letting them meet Beethoven and hear him play. At table one of the officers asked Beethoven " if he also understood the violin." Weiser, who was present, saw that this irritated Beethoven, who did not think the question worthy of an answer. When the time came to play

Beethoven was missing. The Prince sent a servant for him, but Beethoven refused to play before Frenchmen. There was a terrible scene. Beethoven immediately left the house on foot, in spite of heavy rain, carrying under his arm the manuscript of the "Appassionata" sonata in F minor, Op. 57, which suffered considerably from the rain. The next day Beethoven had to get a pass back to Vienna, which, without the Prince, was difficult to obtain; however, he succeeded, and then wrote to Lichnowsky:

Prince! what you are, you are through accident and birth. What I am, I am through my own efforts. There are princes and there will be thousands of princes more, but there is only one Beethoven.

An interesting anecdote of about the year 1808 is told by Wilhelm Rust, which proves that Beethoven did not always show his genial side to fellow musicians. It is also a good example of his caustic humour. A young man, says Rust, played before him and when he had finished Beethoven said to him:

You will have to play a long time yet before you learn to comprehend that you can't play at all.

### XIII

We now come to a critical period of Beethoven's life and, unfortunately, we meet with nothing but confusion and obscurity, just when we most need clarity and certainty.

In a letter to the publisher, Hofmeister which both Dr. Kalischer and Dr. Thayer date January 15th (or thereabouts) 1801, Beethoven writes congratulating him on his idea of publishing the works of Sebastian Bach. In the course of this letter he offers a septet and a symphony for twenty ducats each, a concerto for ten ducats "because it is not one of my best

works," and a grand solo sonata (allegro, adagio, minuetto and rondo) for twenty ducats—"this sonata is A 1, dearest brother!" It was the sonata in B flat, Op. 22. Beethoven proceeds:

the full sum would therefore be 70 ducats for all four works. I do not understand any other money than Viennese ducats; how many thalers and gulder that amounts to is no affair of mine, for I am a bad business man and mathematician.

This finishes that disagreeable business. I call it so, because I wish things were otherwise in the world. There ought to be an art depot in the world where the artist need only bring his work and take what he needs. As it is, one must be half a business man, and how can one understand—good God! that's what I call a nuisance. As for the Leipzig O\* let them talk; their twaddle will never make anybody immortal, neither can they take immortality away from any for whom Apollo has destined it.

The critics (the Leipzig oxen) found even these early works by Beethoven bizarre, strange, overloaded with difficulties and unnatural.†

Beethoven follows this letter with another dated April 22nd, 1801, in which he gives Hofmeister the order in which the works are to be placed—the sonata to be Op. 22, the symphony, Op. 21, the septet, Op. 20 and the concerto Op. 19. In this letter occurs the sentence: "Perhaps, too, it is the only sign of genius in me that my things are not always in the best of order." On the same day he writes to the publishers Breitkopf and Härtel, in reply to a request for compositions, that he has nothing at the moment. He then refers to their new musical paper the *Musikalischer Zeitung*, and says:

\*Critics of the *All. Musik Zeit.*, Leipzig.

†"A striving for strange modulations, a distaste for customary combinations, a piling up of difficulties on difficulties until one loses all patience and enjoyment."



Advise your critics to exercise more care and good sense with regard to the productions of young authors, for many a one may be thereby dispirited who otherwise might have risen to higher things ; for myself, though far from thinking I have attained such perfection as to be beyond blame, the howls of your critics at first against me was so humiliating that when I began to compare myself with others I could scarcely blame them. I remained quiet and thought they do not understand. And I had all the more reason for being quiet when I saw how men were lavishly praised who are held in little account *in loco* and are here almost forgotten . . . but *pax vobiscum*—peace be with you and me—I would not have mentioned a syllable about it, had it not been done by you yourselves.

At the end of this letter Beethoven suggests publishing one of his works by subscription for the benefit of the surviving daughter of J. S. Bach, making one of his habitual puns : “ Answer quickly how this can best be done before this daughter of Bach dies, before *this brook* dries up and we can no longer supply it with water ? ” In these letters Beethoven seems quite cheerful, yet a month later, in June 1801, he wrote three important letters, one to his friend Amenda and two to Dr. Wegeler, in which there is the first mention of his deafness. From these I must quote largely :

My dear, my good Amenda, my beloved friend, I received with deep emotion, with mixed pain and pleasure your last letter. To what can I compare your fidelity, your attachment to me. Oh, how pleasant that you have always remained so true to me, and I know that you of all men are the most reliable. You're no Viennese friend, no, you are one of those such as come from my native land. How often do I wish you were with me, for your Beethoven is most unhappy and at strife with nature and its creator, often cursing the latter for exposing his creatures to the merest chance which may crush

and destroy the most beautiful buds. Know that my noblest faculty, my sense of hearing, has greatly deteriorated. When you were with me I noticed signs of it, but said nothing; now it has become worse and it remains to be seen whether a cure is possible. The cause of it is the state of my bowels. So far as the latter are concerned, I am almost well, but I fear my hearing will not improve, because such diseases are the most difficult to cure. What a sad life is mine! I must avoid all that is dear to me, and then to be among such wretched egotistical beings as . . . etc. I must say that among all Lichnowsky is the best. Since last year he has settled an income of 600 florins on me, which, together with the good sale of my works, enables me to live without anxiety. I can sell everything I write five times over and at a good price. I have composed a good deal, and as I hear you have ordered a pianoforte from . . . I will send you some things in the packing case. To my consolation a man has come here with whom intercourse is a pleasure and without selfishness.\* He is one of the friends of my youth. I have often spoken to him of you and told him that since I left my fatherland you are the one my heart has chosen. Even he does not like . . . the latter is and always will be too weak for friendship. I consider him and . . . only as instruments on which to play when it pleases me; they cannot become witnesses of my inner and outer activity nor participate in my feelings. I value them according as they are useful to me. Oh, how happy I should be now if I had my perfect hearing, then I would hurry to you. As it is I must refrain from everything, and the most beautiful years of my life must pass without bringing forth what, with my strength and talent, I ought to have achieved. I must have recourse to a sad resignation. I have, it is true, resolved not to worry about all this, but how will that be possible? Yes, Amenda, if in six months time my malady shows itself to be beyond cure then I shall claim your help. You must leave everything and come to me. My malady

\*Stephan von Breuning or Reicha.

afflicts me least in playing and composing, most in conversation with others, and you must be my companion. I am convinced fortune will not fail me. With what can I not compete? Since you went away I have written all kinds of music except operas and church music.

Yes, do not deny me, help your friend to bear his troubles and his affliction. I have also greatly improved my pianoforte playing. I hope this journey may also improve your fortune; afterwards you will always remain with me. I have received all your letters, and in spite of having answered so few, I have you always in mind and my heart beats as tenderly for you as ever. I beg of you to keep what I have told you about my deafness a great secret; *confide it to no one, whoever it may be*. Write to me very often. Your letters, however short, do me good and comfort me. I expect soon to get another from you, my dear friend. Don't lend your quartet to anyone, because I have made many changes in it, having only just learned how to write quartets properly, as you will see.

Now farewell, my dear good friend. If you think I can do anything for you here I need not of course remind you to address yourself to me.

Your faithful truly loving

L. v. Beethoven.

On June 27th, 1801, Beethoven wrote to much the same effect to Wegeler, including, however, various details of the measures he had taken under medical advice to cure his deafness and his attacks of colic. His general condition got better, but his deafness remained. He says :

For the last two years I have avoided all society, for it is impossible for me to say to people "I am deaf." Were my profession any other it would not matter, but in my profession it is a terrible thing, and my enemies who are not few, what would they say to this? To give you an idea of this singular deafness, I tell you that in the theatre I am obliged to lean forward close to the

orchestra to understand what is being said on the stage. When I am at a little distance I cannot hear the high tones of the instruments and voices. In conversation it is not noticed by some people, for as a rule I am absent-minded and they attribute it to that. Frequently I can scarcely hear any one speaking to me. I hear the tones but not the words; yet as soon as anyone shouts it is unbearable. Heaven knows what will become of me! Vering says *there will be an improvement if not a perfect cure*. I have often—cursed my existence. Plutarch taught me resignation. If nothing else is possible I will defy my fate, although there will be moments in my life when I shall be the most wretched of God's creatures—

\* \* \* \* \*

I live only in my music; before one thing is finished I start another. As I compose at present I frequently work at three or four things at the same time . . . . .

The deafness was at first intermittent. Ries says: "As early as 1802 Beethoven suffered from deafness at various times, but the affliction each time passed away." It must have varied very considerably at different periods according to his state of health, because Czerny remarks that, "Beethoven in the year 1814 still heard quite well," and elsewhere he relates a story of the year 1808, when Beethoven, with Countess Erdödy and other ladies, were walking in the country "they heard some village musicians and laughed over their false tones especially those of the 'cellist who, seeking the C major chord, produced something like the following:



"Beethoven used this figure for the Credo of his first Mass which he was then writing." On another occasion Czerny



says: "in the year 1811 and 12 I studied with him frequently and he corrected with the greatest exactitude, as well as he had done ten years earlier. From that time until about the year 1816 it became more and more difficult to make oneself understood without shouting. But it was about the year 1817 that his deafness first became so bad that he could no longer hear music."

Beethoven had extraordinary resilience, and after a paroxysm of despair he would quickly become cheerful. In fact, cheerfulness was his normal state until the latter part of his life—with occasional relapses into gloom and melancholy.

Quite early he ceased to trouble further about cures for his deafness. He refused to follow the prescriptions of Father Weiss (a priest who had made many cures) when there was no improvement after the first few occasions, when Weiss put drops into his ears; and on a page of sketches for the Rasoumovsky Quartets Op. 59, dated about 1806, there is written in pencil a note which Thayer deciphers:

Even as you have plunged into the whirlpool of society, you will find it possible to compose *operas* in spite of social obstacles.

Let your deafness no longer remain a secret—not even in art!

On the cause of Beethoven's deafness Thayer is silent, although he practically dismisses as absurd the explanations given by various people—except Dr. Weissenbach's theory that it was a result of typhus which Beethoven had some time about 1784 or 1785. That Beethoven ever had typhus is pure conjecture, but as there is no record of Beethoven's having had smallpox, except the marks left by the disease on his face, Thayer thinks the fact that there is no record of his having had typhus does not disprove the theory. The strangest explanation is that given by Beethoven himself in 1815 to an

English friend, Charles Neate, who advised him to try English specialists. According to Neate, Beethoven said that when he was writing an opera "not *Fidelio*," he was disturbed at work by a tenor, and, jumping up in a rage, "I threw myself on the floor as actors do (here Beethoven illustrated his action with a gesture) and when I arose I found myself deaf, and have been so ever since. The physicians say the nerve is injured." Thayer's comment is: "That Beethoven really related this extraordinary story cannot be questioned—what is to be thought of it is a very different matter."

A French psychologist, Vieille, of Lyon, says that Beethoven was the son of an alcoholic and that he suffered from sclerotic otitis, an inflammation of the ear which led to complete deafness. Dr. Theodore von Frimmel, a physician and Beethoven enthusiast, published in the Austrian-Hungarian *Art Chronicle*, of May 1880, the following comment on Beethoven's fatal illness: "The immediate cause of Beethoven's death was a hardening of the liver (cirrhosis hepatis) followed by dropsy. As a consequence Beethoven during the last weeks of his life was in a very emaciated condition."

Although Beethoven's principal biographer, Thayer, carefully refrains from giving us his own opinion as to the cause of Beethoven's deafness and the subsequent degeneration of his internal organs at so comparatively early an age as fifty-six, it has been suggested that Beethoven either inherited or acquired syphilis. If acquired, it must have been in his early youth, since the first symptoms of his deafness occurred about the age of twenty-eight. What is quite certain is that the nature of his deafness precludes the possibility of its having been caused by an external injury to the ear.

I consulted a leading English medical authority on the subject of Beethoven's deafness, and he kindly sent me a book, *L'Hérédité Musicale*, by Dr. L. Vezoux, published in Paris, 1926, in which the evidence about Beethoven's deafness is summed up and the opinions of six medical authorities given.

The evidence seems to give no support to the theory that it was due to congenital or acquired syphilis.

I may say, for what my opinion as a layman is worth, that I am not impressed by Dr. Vezoux's book, which strikes me as extremely superficial. There is no doubt that Beethoven suffered from otosclerosis, since both ears were affected, and there is no history of acute ear disease on either side or any discharge from his ears.\* There is also the evidence that in order to hear the piano he used to put a wooden stick on it and put his forehead at the other end of the stick. This indicates that his bone conduction was very good, which in itself is rather against the theory that the deafness was syphilitic in origin. On the other hand, the diseased state of Beethoven's internal organs at death was not normal, and could hardly have been due to mere disorderly eating and drinking. He drank wine moderately and only occasionally (and then slightly) to excess. He never composed after drinking.

#### XIV

A second letter to Dr. Wegeler is dated by Kalischer and Nohl as November 16th, 1800, or possibly 1801, and Thayer dates it November 16th, 1801. In this letter Beethoven again refers to his deafness and stomach trouble and describes a treatment ordered by Vering. Then comes the following passage :

My life is somewhat more pleasant for I mix in society. You can scarcely imagine how lonely and sad my life has been during the past two years. My weak hearing haunted me everywhere, and I ran away from people and was forced to appear like a misanthrope, though that is far from being my character. This change has been

\*One observer remarks that he noticed cotton wool in Beethoven's ears stained yellow ; but this stain may have been from some oil which Beethoven had put into his ears.

brought about by a dear, enchanting girl, who loves me and whom I love. Once again after two years I have had a few happy moments, and for the first time I feel that marriage might bring me happiness. Unfortunately she is not of my station in life, and now—I certainly could not marry at this moment—I must hustle about bravely. If it were not for my deafness I should long ago have travelled over half the world, and that I must do. There is no greater pleasure for me than that of practising and revealing my art. Do not believe that I would feel happy with you. What indeed could make me happier? Even your solicitude would give me pain. Every moment I should read commiseration on your faces, and that would make me still more miserable. What was my lot in my beautiful native country? Nothing except the hope of a better state which I should already have won if it had not been for this affliction. Oh, if I could be rid of it and embrace the world. My youth I feel is only now beginning, and have I not always been ill? Both my bodily and mental strength have been increasing steadily for some time. Every day I approach nearer to the goal which I feel but cannot describe. It is only through this that your Beethoven can live. Do not talk of rest. I know of none but sleep, and am vexed enough that I must give more time to it than formerly. If I were but half free of my infirmity, then as a mature man I should come to you and renew the old feelings of friendship. You will see me as happy as my lot can be here below. Not unhappy, no. That I could never endure. I will seize fate by the throat. It shall never wholly overcome me. How beautiful life is. Would I could have a thousand lives. I feel I am not fit for a quiet life . . . . .

Here we have the first mention in Beethoven's correspondence of any serious love affair. Partly on account of this letter various biographers and commentators such as Kalischer and Nohl have ascribed the famous three letters to the "Immortal Beloved" to the month of July 1801. These three letters are not dated by Beethoven. They read as follows :





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 32

*(After a miniature by Christian Hornemann in 1802, given by Beethoven  
to Stephan von Breuning)*



COUNTESS GIULIA GUICCIARDI

1784-1856



*On the 6th July in the morning.*

My angel, my all, my very self,

A few words only to-day and in pencil (with your pencil). Not until to-morrow will my room be definitely engaged. What unworthy waste of time. Why this deep sorrow where necessity speaks? Can our love endure otherwise than through sacrifices, except through restraint in our demands. Can you help not being wholly mine? Can I not being wholly yours? Oh, gaze at nature in all its beauty and comfort yourself with that which is inevitable—love demands everything and that rightly. *Thus it is with me as far as concerns you and you with me.* Only you forget that I must live for myself and for you. If we were wholly united you would feel the pain of it as little as I should. My journey here was terrible. I did not arrive until four o'clock yesterday morning, and as horses were short, the mail post went by another route, but what an awful one. At the last stage but one I was warned against night travelling and an alarming forest; but that only encouraged me, and I was wrong. The coach, of course, must break down on the dreadful road—a bottomless mud swamp. Without the postillions with me I should have been stuck in the road. Esterhazy, travelling by the usual road, had the same fate with eight horses as I had with four—yet I got some pleasure from it, as I always do from successfully overcoming difficulties. Now a quick change from without to within. We shall probably soon see each other; besides, I cannot tell you all that has passed through my mind during the last few days about my life—were our hearts closely united I should not have thoughts of this kind. My heart is full of many things to say to you—ah, there are times when I feel that speech is powerless. Be cheerful—remain my true, my only treasure, my all, as I am yours. The gods must send the rest. What they say is and must be.

Your faithful

Ludwig.

*Monday evening, July 6th.*

You are suffering, my dearest love. I have only just found out that letters must be posted very early on Mondays and Thursdays—the only days when the post goes from here to K.\* You suffer. Ah, wherever I am you are there also with me. I will arrange for both of us so that I shall live—and with you. What a life!!!! Such it is!!!! without you. Pursued by the kindness of men, which I little deserve and as little care to deserve. Humility of man towards man—it pains me—and when I consider myself and the Universe, what I am and what is he whom we call the greatest; and again this shows the divine in man. I weep when I think that you will probably not get the first news from me until Saturday evening. Much as you love me, my love for you is stronger; but never conceal your thoughts from me. Good night. As I am taking the baths I must go to bed (two words are here scratched through). Oh, God, so near, so far. Is not our life a truly celestial edifice, firm as the vault of heaven.

*Good morning, on July 7th.*

While still in bed my thoughts go out to you, my Beloved One, sometimes joyful and sometimes sorrowful, waiting to learn whether fate will take pity on us. For I must live wholly with you or not at all. Yes, I have made up my mind to wander into distant lands until I can fly to your arms and say that there I am really at home. With you about me I can send my soul into the realm of spirits. Yes, unhappily it must be so. You will be all the more calm and resolved as soon as you know my faithfulness towards you. No one else can ever possess my heart—never—never—Oh, God, why must one part from what one so loves. And yet my life in V (ienna) is a wretched one at present. Your love has made me one of the happiest and yet the most miserable of men—at my age I need a steady quiet life. Is that possible in our situation? My angel, I have just heard that the mail post

\*The fact that Countess Therese von Brunswick's family had a Chateau at Korompa in Hungary is, to my mind, evidence in support of the theory that these letters were addressed to her.



goes every day, and I must stop at once so that you may receive the letter immediately. Be calm. Only by calm consideration of our existence can we attain our purpose to live together—be calm—love me—to-day—yesterday—what tearful longings for you—you—you—my life—my all—farewell—and continue to love me—never misjudge the faithful heart

of your beloved

Ever yours,

L.

Ever mine,

Ever each others.

In spite of a century of investigation, it still remains uncertain to whom Beethoven addressed this three-part letter. This uncertainty is largely due to the fact that the year is omitted. Kalischer dates the document 1801, and therefore connects it with the "dear fascinating girl" of Beethoven's letter in November 1801 to Wegeler. Obviously if the true date is 1801, the two persons must be the same, and they must be the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, who was about seventeen years old in the year 1801. She came to Vienna with her family in July 1800, and she was soon afterwards a pupil of Beethoven's and a friend of the Brunswicks. The three letters were found by Stephen von Breuning soon after Beethoven's death, during a search for bank bonds known to have been possessed by Beethoven. Schindler and Holz were present at the time, and Schindler assumed from the beginning that they were written to Giulietta Guicciardi. But Thayer believes they were written to the Countess Therese von Brunswick, and dates the letter 1806. His argument is as follows: A reference to the almanac shows that July 6th fell on a Monday only in the years 1795, 1801, 1807 and 1812. The year 1801, which is the natural year to assume—he excludes on the following grounds: "If the reader will turn back and carefully peruse the two (letters to Wegeler) he will see that all possibility of a journey to some distant watering place requiring the use of four post horses,

whether in Hungary or elsewhere, in the interval between those letters is absolutely excluded by their contents. The conclusion is unavoidable that the diary was not written in 1801."

Personally I cannot follow Thayer's argument here. The contents of the two letters do not seem to exclude the possibility of a journey during those four and a half months. But there are weightier reasons for not dating the letter 1801, which I will mention later. In the year 1807 Beethoven spent the months of June and July in Baden, so the letter could not have been written in that year. The year 1812 must be rejected, says Thayer, because he wrote a letter to Baumeister on June 28th from Vienna and arrived in Teplitz on July 7th. Here again I must note my dissent before continuing Thayer's argument.\* We are left with no year available unless we assume that Beethoven made a mistake either in the date or in the day of the week. Thayer assumes that he made an error of one day, and that the letter was written in 1806, the 6th of July in that year falling on a Sunday. But there is a letter from Beethoven to the publishers Breitkopf and Härtel, dated Vienna, July 5th, 1806, which, if correctly dated, disposes of Thayer's argument, as Beethoven could hardly have got from Vienna to the Hungarian watering-place by the morning of July 6th. Thayer was convinced that the "Immortal Beloved" was the Countess Therese. He says of the Brunswicks:

They were the earliest and warmest friends of Beethoven in Vienna; they "adored" him, said their cousin the Countess Gallenberg; Beethoven wrote the song "Ich Denke Dein" in the album of the sisters and dedicated it to them when he published it in 1805. He received from Therese her portrait in oil; visited the Brunswicks in the autumn of 1806, and composed the

\*My own opinion is that the letters were written to Therese von Brunswick from Teplitz in July, 1812. See p. 134 and p. 174.

sonata Op. 57, which he dedicated to the brother ; . . . wrote to Countess Franz, " Kiss your sister Therese," while on another visit to them, and in the autumn of 1809, composed the sonata Op. 78, dedicated to the sister. A few months later the marriage project fell through.

Thayer's theory was to some extent supported by his belief that Beethoven made an offer of marriage to someone in 1809 ; but it has since been proved, according to Riemann, by an examination of Clementi's letters (which were not available to Thayer) that Beethoven's offer of marriage was not in 1809 but in 1810, and was made to Therese von Malfatti.

Of course, this does not disprove the possibility of the letters to the " Immortal Beloved " having been written to Therese von Brunswick. A careful perusal of all the theories suggests that while the letter to Wegeler in 1801 undoubtedly referred to Countess Giulietta Guicciardi, it is possible but unlikely that the letters to the " Immortal Beloved " were also written in 1801 and were addressed to her. What was thought to be the chief support for the Guicciardi theory is to be found in the conversation between Schindler and Beethoven recorded in the note-books in which Beethoven used to carry on conversation in his later years when he had become completely deaf. This conversation occurs in Book D, 10th February, 1823. In it Schindler tells Beethoven that he went to see Count Gallenberg—who married Giulietta Guicciardi in 1803, and who was now co-director of the Italian opera in Vienna—in order to get from him the score of " Fidelio ". Schindler writes :

Gallenberg presents his compliments and will send you the score if they have two copies ; should this not be the case, we will have the score copied for you. I am to go back to him in two days . . . He (Gallenberg) did not inspire me with any great respect for him.

(*Beethoven*)—I was his invisible benefactor through others.

(*Schindler*)—He ought to know that, so that he might show more respect for you than he seems to have.

(There is a digression about food and other matters. Then Beethoven takes the pencil and writes) :

So it seems you found Gallenberg none too favourably disposed towards me ; this, however, does not matter to me. Yet I should like to know how he expresses himself.

(*Schindler*)—He replied to me that he thought you yourself must have the score ; but when I assured him that you really had not got it he said that its loss was the consequence of your irregular habits and constant wandering about.

What business is that of people, and, moreover, who will trouble what such people think ?

What are you thinking of doing about the matter at Steiner's ? Will you still keep silence ? Dr. Bach also recently asked me about this.

I thought you wished to get the score for yourself because you did not keep a copy.

Also to give away the five-part Fugue for nothing ! My dear friend and teacher. That is far too generous for such unworthy men. You will only be laughed at.

Now follow Beethoven's words regarding Giulietta Guicciardi. He asks Schindler if he had seen Gallenberg's wife, and then says in French—the conversation took place probably in a public inn :

J'étois bien aimé d'elle et plus que jamais son époux. il étoit pourtant plutôt son amant que moi, mais par elle (many scratchings out and changes) j'en apprinois de son misère et je trouvais un homme de bien qui me donnait la somme de 500 fl. pour le soulager. Il étoit toujours mon ennemi et c'étoit justement la raison que je fusse tout le bien que possible.



(*Schindler*)—That is why he said to me, “He is an unbearable fellow.” Out of pure gratitude probably. But, Master, forgive them, for they know not what they do.

Mad. la Comtesse ?

était elle riche ?

elle a une belle figure jus qu’ici.

Mon. G. ?

est ce qu’il y a long temps qu’elle est mariée avec Mons. de Gallenberg ?

(*Beethoven*)—elle est née Guicciardi

Ell’ était prise (?) qu’ épouse de lui avant [son voyage : (*Schindler*)] de l’Italie— [arrivé a Vienne (*Schindler*)] elle cherchait moi pleure-ant, mais je la meprisois.

(*Schindler*)—Hercules at the parting of the ways !

(*Beethoven*)—Had I chosen to give away my vital power with *my life*, what would have remained for that which is noble, better ?

This, while it proves that there was a love affair between Beethoven and Giulietta Guicciardi—which is further proved by the fact that a medallion portrait of her was found amongst Beethoven’s effects after his death—does not prove that she was the recipient of the “Immortal Beloved” letters. In fact, to me it suggests the contrary, because the tone of those letters is hardly compatible with Beethoven’s remarks to Schindler and with his final statement “Had I chosen to give away my vital power,” etc., even if we allow for the effect of the passage of time. The only other memento of any woman found among Beethoven’s effects at his death was a portrait in oil of Countess Therese von Brunswick, inscribed on the back :

To the Unique Genius

To the Great Artist

To the Good Man.

From T. B.

Visitors to Beethoven's lodgings during the last years of his life record the fact that there were two oil portraits hanging there ; one of them was a portrait of his grandfather and the other was undoubtedly this portrait of Therese von Brunswick. It is obvious, therefore, that an attachment of some sort existed between Beethoven and Therese von Brunswick ; but so far it has not been possible to prove that the letters were addressed to her.

## XV

It is convenient at this point to describe Beethoven's relations with women generally. It is known that he made two definite offers of marriage, one to the singer Maria Willman in 1795, and one to Therese von Malfatti in 1810. In addition to this he at least considered the possibility of marrying the Countess Giulietta Guicciardi and also (more seriously) the recipient of the "Immortal Beloved" letters. Dr. Riemann's theory is that these letters were written in 1812 to the Countess von Brunswick ; but another investigator, Dr. San-Galli, argues that the recipient was Amalie Sebald, whom Beethoven first met in 1811. There are a number of letters from Beethoven to Amalie Sebald dated Teplitz, September, 1812, which show that they were intimate. This is the most important of them :

Teplitz, 16th September, 1812.

I, a tyrant?! Your tyrant! Only misunderstanding can make you say this, as if even your judgment indicates no sympathy with me. I do not blame you on that account. It is rather a piece of good fortune for you. Since yesterday I have not been wholly well, since this morning I am worse ; something indigestible which I have taken is the cause. Irascible nature in me seizes hold, so it appears, of the bad as well as the good ; do not apply this, however, to my moral nature. People say nothing, they are only people ; they see in others mostly what they are them-

selves, and that is nothing at all ; no more of this, the good, the beautiful needs no people. Without any assistance it is there, and that appears after all to be the reason of our agreement. Farewell, dear Amalie. If the moon shines this evening as brightly as the sun in daytime, you will see the smallest of small beings at your house.

Your friend,  
Beethoven.

Although the tone of this letter does not immediately suggest that Amalie Sebald was the recipient of the "Immortal Beloved" letters, yet there is no doubt that Beethoven was deeply attracted by this young girl, who was lovely and charming and about twenty-five years old at this date. Amalie went to Berlin and married Counsellor Krause about the year 1815. It is thought possible that Beethoven's *Liederkreis an die ferne Geliebte* of the year 1816 had reference to her. In this same year Beethoven writes to his former friend and pupil Ries, "All kind messages to your wife. Unfortunately I have none ; I found one who will, however, never be mine." Beethoven also in conversation with Giannatasio del Rio in 1816 spoke in a somewhat similar vein. His daughter Fanny gives the following account of what Beethoven said :

Five years ago he had made the acquaintance of someone, union with whom would have been the highest happiness he could have in life. There was no longer any thought of it, almost an impossibility, a mere chimera, yet he felt as he did the first day. This harmony he had not yet found. Yet it did not get as far as a proposal ; he, however, could not get it out of his thoughts.

There is no evidence that Amalie Sebald was the person referred to in this conversation, but it is a fact that Beethoven remembered Amalie Sebald for many years, that a reference to her occurs in his conversation books in the year 1823, and that

she and Bettina Brentano became acquainted with Beethoven for the first time in the years 1810 and 1811, whereas he had known Therese von Brunswick for many years. In their later years, Countess Guicciardi-Gallenberg and Countess Therese von Brunswick were very guarded in their statements about Beethoven. Countess Gallenberg, in an interview with Jahn on November 14th, 1852, said that Beethoven was very exacting as a teacher and easily became angry, and then would throw down his music and tear it. He took no pay, sometimes he went to his pupils, sometimes they came to him.

He did not like to play his own compositions but would only improvise. At the slightest disturbance he would get up and go away. Count Brunswick, who played the 'cello, adored him, as did his sisters, Therese and Countess Deym. . . Beethoven was very ugly but noble, fine-feeling, and cultured.

Marie La Mara, in a book entitled *Beethoven's Unsterbliche Geliebte*, published by Breitkopf and Härtel in 1909, relates that she called on a Fraulein Karoline Languider, who was a very old friend of the Gallenbergs and had lived with them and with the Countess Marie Brunswick. She gave the following information :

I do not think that the schwärmerei for Countess Giulietta Gallenberg-Guicciardi—though it may have been warm and wonderful, for she was a very elegant woman of the world—ever took root in Beethoven's heart as deeply as did the later love of Countess Therese Brunswick, which led to an engagement. That was undoubtedly his profoundest love, and the reason it did not result in marriage was due, it is said, to the—how shall I put it?—real artistic nature of Beethoven who, in spite of his great love, could not make up his mind to get married. It is said that Countess Therese took it greatly to heart.



A man of so complex and exacting a character as Beethoven was not likely to submit for any length of time to that degree of self-surrender which a grand passion in the ordinary sense requires, but there is abundant evidence to prove that Beethoven was very unhappy in his isolation. He was extremely fond of the society of women of beauty and culture, and very susceptible. His pupil Ries says:

Beethoven was very fond of women's company, especially if they were young and beautiful, and generally if we passed a charming young girl he would turn round and throw a sharp glance at her, and laugh or grimace if he saw that I had noticed him. He was frequently in love, but generally only for a short time. Once when I had teased him about his conquest of a pretty woman he said that she had held him enchained for the record time, i.e., seven whole months.

One must always take into account Beethoven's sarcastic and mocking way of talking, and although exceptionally frank and unreserved with people he liked, his moods changed with extraordinary rapidity. An interesting story, told by Ries, may be related here :

One evening coming back from Baden I went to him to continue my lessons. I found with him a beautiful young woman sitting on his sofa. As my visit seemed inappropriate I wished to go away ; but Beethoven stopped me and said " Play something." He and the young woman remained sitting behind me. After I had been playing for some time, Beethoven called out " Ries, play something passionate." Shortly after this he called again " Something melancholy," then " Something sentimental," and so on. From what I heard I could gather that he had offended the lady and wished to put her into a good humour. At last he sprang up and called out " That is something noisy by me." I had as a matter of fact been playing some pieces out of his own works in order to

please him. The lady then went out and, to my great astonishment, Beethoven did not know who she was.

Fanny, the daughter of Giannatasio del Rio, in whose care Beethoven left his nephew in February, 1816, relates that her sister once had a short but interesting conversation with Beethoven about love and marriage :

As he was in all things an exceptional man, so his ideas were also unusual. Any kind of tied relationship between people, he said, was unpleasant to him. I understood him to mean that he did not wish men and women's freedom to be in any way restricted, and that it was to him much more interesting if a woman would give him her love and, with it, her highest powers without being bound to him. In the relationship of marriage, so it seemed to me, he thought the freedom of the woman was limited. He then told us what a friend had once said, that "one might marry without any question of love, and be quite happy and have many children." We girls were even less of this opinion than Beethoven, who only said that he did not know. It was merely his experience that he had never known any marriage where, after some time, either one or the other had not come to regret the step taken—and of the young women whom he, in earlier times, had thought it would be the greatest good fortune to possess he had later come to realise how extremely lucky he was that none had become his wife, and how good it was that his desire had not been fulfilled. My sister made the remark that he loved his art more than any woman, to which he replied that she was quite right, and further, that he could not love any woman who did not know how to value his art.

## XVI

In the year 1801, Beethoven composed the C sharp minor sonata, Op. 27, No. 2, popularly known as the Moonlight Sonata, which he dedicated to Countess Giulietta Guicciardi.

The Andante in D minor of the sonata, Op. 28, composed about the same time, was according to Czerny, a favourite of Beethoven's, and he would often play it for his own pleasure. About 1800-1801 Ferdinand Ries, a boy of about fifteen, whose father was an old friend of the Beethoven family in Bonn, became a pupil of Beethoven. We are indebted to Ries for a great many facts about Beethoven. He and Czerny were Beethoven's only professional pupils. Ries says that Beethoven was very patient with him as a teacher. He was not annoyed by technical mistakes, but became very angry at faults of expression, because the latter betrayed lack of knowledge, feeling and attention.

In the year 1802, Beethoven spent the summer at Heiglstadt, where he wrote a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel, complaining of the prevailing rage for transcribing pianoforte pieces to stringed instruments. He says :

I strongly assert that only Mozart himself could arrange his pianoforte music for other instruments, and the same of Haydn—and without placing myself on a level with these two great men, I make the same assertion with regard to my pianoforte sonatas ; not only would whole passages have to be omitted or entirely re-written, but additions would have to be made, and here lies the true obstacle—to overcome which one must be either the master himself or at least possess equal skill and inventive power. I changed one of my sonatas into a quartet for strings, which I was pressed to do, but I am sure that no other man could have accomplished the task as I have done.

## XVII

Beethoven had been advised to withdraw to Heiglstadt for the sake of his health by Dr. Schmidt ; but he must have become profoundly depressed there, because, in October of that year, he wrote the famous Heiglstadt testament, which

was first published about six months' after Beethoven's death in the Leipzic *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung* (October 17th, 1827). The original is now in the Hamburg Town Library. This document reads as follows :

For my brothers Karl and — \*Beethoven.

Oh ye men who regard or declare me to be malignant, stubborn or cynical, how unjust are ye towards me. You do not know the secret cause of my seeming so. From childhood onward, my heart and mind prompted me to be kind and tender, and I was ever inclined to accomplish great deeds. But only think that during the last six years, I have been in a wretched condition, rendered worse by unintelligent physicians. Deceived from year to year with hopes of improvement, and then finally forced to the prospect of *lasting infirmity* (it may last for years, or even be totally incurable). Born with a fiery active temperament, even susceptible to the diversions of society, I had soon to retire from the world to live a solitary life. At times, even, I endeavoured to forget all this, but how harshly was I driven back by the redoubled experience of my bad hearing. Yet it was not possible for me to say to men : Speak louder, shout, for I am deaf. Alas, how could I declare the weakness of a *sense* which in me *ought to be* more acute than in others—a sense which *formerly* I possessed in highest perfection, a perfection such as few in my profession enjoy, or ever have enjoyed ; no I cannot do it. Forgive, therefore, if you see me withdraw, when I would willingly mix with you. My misfortune pains me doubly in that I am certain to be misunderstood. For me there can be no recreation in the society of my fellow creatures, no refined conversation, no interchange of thought. Almost alone, and only mixing in society when absolutely necessary, I am compelled to live as an exile. If I approach near to people, a feeling of hot anxiety comes over me lest my condition should be noticed—for so it was during these past six months which I spent in the country. Ordered by my intelligent physi-

\*This was left blank by Beethoven.



cian to spare my hearing as much as possible, he at least fell in with my present frame of mind, although many a time I was carried away by my sociable inclinations. But how humiliating was it, when someone standing close to me heard a distant flute, and I heard *nothing*, or a *shepherd singing*, and again I heard nothing. Such incidents almost drove me to despair; at times I was on the point of putting an end to my life—*art* alone restrained my hand. Oh! it seemed as if I could not quit this earth until I had produced all I felt within me; and so I continued this wretched life—wretched, indeed, with so sensitive a body, that a somewhat sudden change can throw me from the best into the worst state. *Patience*, I am told, I must choose as my guide. I have done so—lasting, I hope, will be my resolution to bear up until it pleases the inexorable Parcae to break the thread. Forced already in my 28th year\* to become a philosopher, it is not easy; for an artist more difficult than for anyone else. O Divine Being, Thou who lookest down into my inmost soul, Thou understandest; Thou knowest that love for mankind and a desire to do good dwell therein. Oh, my fellow men, when one day you read this, remember that you were unjust to me, and let the unfortunate one console himself if he can find one like himself, who in spite of all obstacles which nature has thrown in his way, has still done everything in his power to be received into the ranks of worthy artists and men. You, my brothers, Carl and——, as soon as I am dead, beg Professor Schmidt, if he be still living, to describe my malady; and annex this written account to that of my illness, so that at least the world, as far as is possible, may become reconciled to me after my death. And now I declare you both heirs to my small fortune (if such it can be called). Divide it honourably and dwell in peace, and help each other. What you have done against me, has, as you know, long been forgiven. And you, brother Karl, I especially thank you for the attachment you have shown towards me of late. My prayer is that your life may be better, less

\* Beethoven was actually 32, but for a long time he believed he was born in 1774.

troubled by cares, than mine. Recommend to your children *virtue*; it alone can bring happiness, not money. I speak from experience. It was virtue which bore me up in time of trouble; to her next to my art, I owe thanks for my not having laid violent hands on myself. Farewell, and love one another. My thanks to all friends, especially *Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt*. I should much like one of you to keep, as an heirloom, the instruments, given to me by Prince Lichnowsky, but let no strife arise between you concerning them; if money should be of more service to you, just sell them. How happy I feel that, even when lying in my grave, I may be useful to you.

So let it be. I joyfully hasten to meet death. If it come before I have had opportunity to develop all my artistic faculties, it will come, my hard fate notwithstanding, too soon, and I should probably wish it later—yet even then I shall be happy, for will it not deliver me from a state of endless suffering? Come when thou wilt, I shall face thee courageously—farewell, and, when I am dead, do not entirely forget me. This I deserve from you, for during my lifetime I often thought of you, and how to make you happy. Be ye so.

Ludwig van Beethoven.

Heiglstadt, the 6th October, 1802.

(Black seal).

(On the 4th side of the great Will sheet).

Heiglstadt, October, 1802. Thus I take my farewell of thee—and indeed sadly—yes, that fond hope which I entertained when I came here, of being at any rate healed up to a certain point, must be entirely abandoned. As the leaves of the autumn fall and fade, so it has withered away for me; almost the same as when I came here do I go away—even the High courage which often in the beautiful summer days gladdened me, that has vanished. O Providence, let me have just one pure day of *joy*; so long it is since true joy filled my heart. Oh, when, oh,

when, Oh Divine Being, shall I be able once again to feel it in the temple of nature and of men.

Never—no—that would be too hard.

For my brothers Carl and—to execute after my death.

## XVIII

In spite of the depression which this testament reveals, Beethoven composed during this summer his second symphony in D Op. 36. Other compositions of this period were the two Sonatas in G major and D minor, Op. 31. Ries relates that when the proof of the Sonata in G major arrived Beethoven was writing at his desk and he asked Ries to play the Sonata through. The publisher, Nägeli, had introduced four extra bars in the first allegro. When Ries played these Beethoven jumped up in a rage, rushed up to the pianoforte and pushed him away, shouting, "Where the devil do you find that?" Beethoven suffered a great deal from the carelessness of his publishers, and in a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel, dated Vienna, November 13th, 1802, he writes :

I hasten to tell you what is of great importance. Know that that *arch swindler*, Artaria, when I was away in the country for my health, begged a quintet from Count Fries to reprint *under the pretext* that it was already printed and was to be had there ; theirs was faulty, and until some days ago they wished to delude the public with it. Good Count Fries, taken in and not reflecting whether or not there was some dirty trick, gave it to them. He could not ask me, I was not there. Fortunately, however, I became aware of the matter in time. This was on *Tuesday of this week*. In my zeal to save my honour, and to prevent as speedily as possible any loss to you, I offered these contemptible fellows two new works if they would suppress the whole edition, and a cool-headed friend who was with me asks me "Why ever do you want to *reward these rascals*?" So the matter was settled under condi-

tions ; for they protested *that whatever was published by your firm would be reprinted by them*. So these noble minded rascals decided for the term of three weeks if your copies appeared here, then only to publish their copies. (For they maintain that Count Fries had made them a present of the copy). With this limit, the contract was to be drawn up and, in return, I was to give them a work which I value at lowest at forty ducats. Before, however, this contract was signed my brother appears on the scene, as if sent from heaven. He hastens to Count Fries ; the whole matter is the greatest swindle in the world. I will tell you in my next letter how cleverly they kept you away from Count Fries and all the rest. I, myself, now gave to Fries the enclosed *Revers* to serve as proof that I did everything to protect you from loss, and this account of the whole affair may likewise show you that for me no sacrifice was too great to save my honour and protect you from loss. From the *Revers* you will at the same time see what measures you have to take. I think you ought to send copies here as soon as possible and, if you can, at the same price *as that of the rascals*. Sonnleithner and I will, in addition, take all measures which seem to us good, so that their whole edition may be destroyed. Know well, Mollo and Artaria are really only *one firm*—i.e., *a whole family of rascals*. They have not forgotten the dedication to Fries, for my brother saw it on the title page. The *Revers* I myself copied, for my poor brother was so busy, but will do his very best to save you and me. Besides, in the confusion, he lost a favourite dog which he named his darling. He deserves a special letter of thanks from you. I have already done so for myself. Only think, from Tuesday *up to date yesterday evening* I have been solely occupied with this business, and the bare idea that this rascally trick may suffice to let you feel how unpleasant it was to have to deal with such wretched fellows.

L. v Beethoven.



## REVERS

The undersigned undertakes herewith under no pretext to issue or to sell here or elsewhere the Quintet by L. van Beethoven received from Count Fries until the original edition has been in circulation *here* in Vienna for fourteen days.

Vienna, September 12th, 1802.

(Signed) ARTARIA COMP.

At the same time Beethoven published an announcement in the press stating that his original Quintet in C major was published by Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipsic, and that it had nothing to do with the edition prepared by Artaria and Mollo, the latter edition being faulty and incorrect.

## XIX

In his later years Beethoven did not observe the scrupulousness in his dealings with his publishers with which he began. He suffered a good deal from errors in engraving, and had to take immense pains in correcting proofs. For example, he called for proof copies of the French edition of the C minor Op. 111 Sonata no less than three times. In the negotiations for the publication of his Mass in D he indulged in an extraordinary amount of bargaining, and played off one publisher against another, in a manner that would have done credit to a Shylock. He originally promised the Mass in D in October 1820, to Simrock, who kept 100 *louis d'or* on deposit for the purpose of acquiring the Mass. A year later Simrock reminded him of his promise, and Beethoven at last told Brenzano on May 9th, 1822, that Simrock would have it in June 1822, stating, at the same time, that he had had better offers elsewhere, but had refused them in order to keep his word to Simrock. Nevertheless, in March of that year, Beethoven was offering the Mass to the publisher, Schlesinger of Berlin. He tells Schlesinger that he must have an early answer because

there are two other publishers who want it, but that it would grieve him very much if Schlesinger did not have it. On July 26th he wrote to Peters of Leipsic offering them the Mass, and saying that Schlesinger would get nothing more from him for he had played him a Jewish trick ; but that even apart from that he was not among those who might have received the Mass. Then he negotiated with Schott and Sons of Mayence, and in his correspondence with this firm, he states that Schlesinger is not to be trusted, and that he did not deign to answer Schlesinger's request for the Mass, as he had " cast them out long before." In spite of this, Beethoven allowed Schlesinger to publish two of his last quartets. In September, 1822, Beethoven wrote to Simrock, saying that four other publishers had offered him a thousand florins convention coin for the Mass, and that if he would pay as much he could have it : " I hope, my dear Simrock, whom I consider the richest of all these publishers, will not permit his old friend to go elsewhere for the sake of a few hundred florins." Actually a thousand florins was the price he had asked the other publishers, and ultimately this price was paid by Schott & Sons. Correspondence between Beethoven and his various publishers makes amusing reading. It is obvious that Beethoven when in need of money would begin negotiations for a composition long before it was ready, and this applies particularly to a work of such great dimensions as the Mass, since Beethoven was never satisfied with first drafts, and sometimes would go on rewriting and polishing a work for years. It must be admitted that Beethoven's financial morals were dependent on circumstances. Thayer says :

He was never louder in his protestations of business morality than when he was promising a Mass to four of the great publishers practically at the same time and giving it to none of them ; never more apparently frank than when he was making ignoble use of the gentleman, whom he himself describes as one of the best friends on

earth, as an intermediary between himself and another friend, to whom he was bound by business ties and childhood associations which challenged confidence; never more obsequious (for even this word might now be used in describing his attitude towards Franz Brentano) than after he had secured a loan from an old friend in the nature of an advance on a contract which he never carried out; never more apparently sincere than when he told one publisher (after he had promised the Mass to another) that he should be particularly sorry if he were unable to give the Mass into his hands; never more forcibly and indignantly honest in appearance than when he had informed still another publisher that the second had importuned him for the Mass ("bombarded" was the word), but that he had never even deigned to answer his letters.

It must be remembered that in 1822 Beethoven was suffering from ill-health, and had the responsibility of his dead brother's son, Karl, whom he had adopted as his own, on whose account he was anxious to save money. Beethoven once described publishers in a letter to Holz, dated August 24th, 1825, as "those hell-hounds who lick and gnaw my brains." A man, unhappy and isolated as Beethoven was in his last years, would naturally see everything exclusively from his own point of view, and having suffered so much at the hands of fate, he was not likely to be considerate in his business dealings of men whom he considered to be parasites living upon his brains.

## XX

In 1803 Beethoven composed his third symphony in E flat, Op. 55 known as the "Eroica." At the rehearsal of this symphony, Beethoven's pupil Ries received a severe reprimand from Beethoven. Beethoven makes the horn suggest the theme several bars before its re-entry in the second part, and

when the horn entered correctly at this point Ries, thinking that the player had made a slip and had come in a few bars too soon, said, as he stood beside Beethoven, "Can't the damned hornist count?" He adds: "I very nearly received a box on the ears, and Beethoven did not forgive the slip for some time." The "Eroica" symphony did not please when first performed in the Theater-an-der-Wien on Sunday evening, April 7th, 1805. Czerny told Jahn that someone in the gallery called out on this occasion, "I will give a kreutzer if the thing will stop." There was a general complaint that it was too long, and the critics objected to it as showing a "wild striving after originality." The Leipsic publishers, Breitkopf and Härtel, refused to publish it and returned the score to Beethoven. Beethoven took this very mildly, and in a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel, dated Vienna, July 5th, 1806, he says:

As soon as you have come to an agreement with my brother (who was travelling to Leipsic and taking with him the score of the pianoforte concerto in G. Op. 58 and other works) I will send you the complete piano score of my opera—you can also have the full score of it. I hear that the symphony which I sent you last year (the "Eroica") and which you returned to me, has been *severely criticised*; I have *not read the article*. If they think to harm me they are mistaken—all the more as I have made no secret of the fact that you had returned to me this symphony with other compositions. Remember me kindly to von Rochlitz. I hope his bad temper towards me has somewhat toned down. Tell him that I am not so ignorant of foreign literature as not to know that von Rochlitz has written some very fine things, and if I should ever come to Leipsic I am convinced that we should become very good friends, his criticisms notwithstanding and without prejudice. . . . .

The musical critic, Rochlitz, and his paper, the *Allg. Mus. Ztg.*, later became warm admirers of Beethoven's work.



## XXI

Some time before this Beethoven had a serious quarrel with his old Bonn friend, Stephan von Breuning, with whom for a time he shared lodgings. Owing to some misunderstanding or mere carelessness, proper notice was not given to the agent of the landlord Esterhazy. In a letter to Ries, dated July 1804, Beethoven says :

As Breuning did not refrain, in the presence of you and of the landlord, from representing me as a wretched, beggarly, mean man, I therefore choose you first to give my answer by word of mouth to Breuning ; but only concerning one and the first point in his letter which I only answer because this should vindicate my character in your eyes. Tell him therefore that it did not occur to me to reproach him for the delay in giving notice ; further, that if Breuning were really to blame in this matter, to live in peace with mankind is far too sacred a thing, and far too much to my liking, for me to injure one of my friends for a few hundreds or even more. You know yourself that I jokingly accused you as the cause of the notice being given too late . . . . Then at table my brother began to say that he thought the fault was Breuning's ; I denied this, and at once said that you were the guilty person. I meant it was quite clear that I did not lay the blame on Breuning. Thereupon Breuning sprang up like a madman and said he would call the landlord. This behaviour, whose like I have never seen amongst all men with whom I am constantly associating, made me lose self-command. I likewise jumped up, knocked my chair over, went away, and never returned. This induced Breuning to give such an account of me to you and to the landlord, and likewise to send me a letter which I have only answered by silence. To Breuning I have nothing more to say. His way of thinking and acting as regards myself shows that there ought never to have been friendly relationship between us, and also that there certainly never will be. Herewith I wish to make known to

you that your testimony has lowered my whole way of thinking and acting. . . . . I am sick of this place, tired of it. . . . . I want at once to settle down in Döbling. Say and show him (B's brother) nothing of what is written about Breuning on the other page. I want in every way to show him that I am not so small-minded as he is . . . .

From Baden, on July 24th, 1804, Beethoven again wrote to Ries :

The Breuning affair probably surprised you. But, dear friend, believe me my flash of temper was only a final outburst of many unpleasant incidents connected with him in the past. I have the power of concealing and suppressing my sensitiveness with regard to a number of things ; but if I am once roused at a time when I am susceptible to anger, then I speak straight out, more so than any other person. Breuning certainly possesses excellent qualities, but he thinks himself altogether free from faults. Yet those which he thinks to detect in others are for the most part the very ones which he himself has in the highest degree. He is small-minded, a quality which from childhood I have despised. My critical faculty almost warned me beforehand of what would happen with Breuning, for his ways of thinking, acting, feeling are utterly different, and yet I believed that even these difficulties could be overcome—experience has shown that I was mistaken. And now all friendship is at an end . . . .

In spite of this quarrel, Beethoven and Breuning met again, and later on in the same year Beethoven wrote the following letter to Breuning :

My good, dear, Stephan. Let what for a time passed *between us* lie for ever hidden behind this picture.\* I know it, I have broken *your heart*. The emotion which you must

\* The miniature of Beethoven by Hornemann.



BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 34-5

*(Portrait by W. J. Mähler in 1804-5)*





certainly have noticed in me was sufficient punishment for it. It was not a feeling of *malice* against you ; no, for then I should be no longer worthy of your friendship. It was passion on *your* part and on *mine*—but mistrust of you arose in me. Men came *between* us who are not worthy either of you or of me. My portrait has long been intended for you, you know well that it was intended for someone, and to whom better could I, with warmest feeling, give it than to you, faithful, good and noble Stephan. Forgive me if I did hurt your feelings ; I was not less a sufferer myself through not having you near me during such a long period ; then only did I really feel how dear to my heart you are and ever will be.

Your

(Without signature)

Do fly to my arms again as in former days.

## XXII

In 1803-1804 Beethoven began the composition of his opera "Fidelio." An opera by Paer on the same text, known as "Leonore," was produced in Dresden in October, 1804. The commission to compose the opera was given to Beethoven by Baron von Braun, who was Intendant of the Theater-an-der-Wien. In the summer of 1804 Beethoven retired to Hetzen-dorf, having by this time already completed a great number of sketches for the music of "Fidelio." The manuscript of the sketch book, which was in possession of the Mendelssohn family in Berlin, shows that Beethoven composed the numbers of the opera more or less chronologically as they came in the text, which was written by Sonnleithner. Beethoven was in the habit of scribbling remarks upon his manuscript, and on a page of this sketch book is written the following remark—" June 2nd. Finale always simpler. All pianoforte music also. God knows why my pianoforte music always makes the worst impression especially when it is badly played."

In spite of the seeming spontaneity and lyrical freshness of the music of "Fidelio," the sketch book proves that every number was the fruit of arduous toil. Jahn says :

I have found no instance among those of Beethoven's sketch books which I have examined where one was not obliged to admit that the material ultimately chosen was the best . . . . There are occasions where whole sections have been written down in a breath and have remained unchanged ; but by the side of such pieces they are examples of tireless, detailed, and inconclusive workings out ; of turning not only single themes and motifs this way and that, but even the smallest fragments of them in order, out of all possible manipulations, to procure the best. One is astonished at this ceaseless experimenting, and cannot imagine how it would be possible to create an organic whole out of such scraps. Yet if one compares the finished work with the medley of sketches, one is overcome with wonder at the creative mind which saw its task so clearly and surely, that out of all these sketches and fragmentary details, the whole grows and develops naturally from its roots. And if the sketches often give an impression of uncertainty and groping, one has still to admire the extraordinarily keen self-criticism which, after everything has been tried, retains with absolute certainty the best.

As an example of Beethoven's tireless workmanship it is interesting to note that, in the sketch book for "Fidelio," there are no fewer than eighteen different beginnings to Florestan's air "In des Lebens Frühlingstagen."

"Fidelio" was produced in Vienna on November 20th, 1805. During the rehearsals several characteristic incidents occurred. Mähler, who painted several portraits of Beethoven, relates that at one of the rehearsals the third bassoon was absent, which greatly annoyed Beethoven ; but Prince Lobkowitz who was present, thinking to smooth things over, made light of the matter, which so enraged Beethoven that on his

way back to his lodgings after the rehearsal, as he passed the Lobkowitz Palace, he turned aside and shouted in at the great door of the Palace : "*Lobkowitzian Ass !*"

Before the theatre rehearsals had begun, Prince Lichnowsky and some friends went to Beethoven's house to hear him play some of the music. Beethoven insisted on his pupil Ries leaving the room, because Ries had, some little time previously, played a composition of Beethoven's to Prince Lichnowsky without Beethoven's permission. All appeals by Prince Lichnowsky and others to persuade Beethoven to allow Ries to remain were fruitless. The opera was produced under the most extraordinary conditions. On October 20th, 1805, Napoleon took the city of Ulm. General Bernadotte entered Salzburg on October 30th. By this time numbers of the wealthy classes were fleeing from Vienna. The Empress of Austria left on November 9th. On November 13th, Murat and Lannes, with 15,000 troops, entered Vienna. Napoleon made his headquarters at Schönbrunn on the 15th. Murat took possession of the Palace of the Archduke Albert, and General Hulin was quartered in the Palace of Prince Lobkowitz. The opera produced in the midst of this turmoil was not a success, although a great many French troops attended the performances. In December, when conditions were a little calmer, an evening was arranged by Beethoven's friends at the Palace of Prince Charles Lichnowsky, in order that Beethoven should be persuaded to agree to a number of cuts and alterations. The tenor, J. A. Röckel, gives the following account of this party :

After I had been introduced to the Prince and Princess, Beethoven laid his score before the Princess, who took her place at the pianoforte and the performance began. The first two acts, in which I had nothing to do, were played through from the first to the last note. Seeing that it was already late, Beethoven was pressed to give up some of the least important numbers ; but he de-

fended every bar with such conviction and power that I felt like sinking at his feet. But when we came to the chief purpose of the performance—i.e., to get him to agree to the cuts in the introduction and the reduction of the first two acts to one act, he cried out “not a single note” and wished to take the score away. The Princess, however, put her hands together as in prayer and looked at him with such beseeching mildness that his anger melted at her glance and, resigned, Beethoven took his place again. . . It was past midnight when we had finished. “And the revision, the cutting?” asked the Princess, looking at Beethoven. “Don’t ask it of me,” he replied sadly; “not a note must go.” “Beethoven,” she cried, with a deep sigh, “then your great work must remain unknown and disgraced.”

Ultimately Beethoven was persuaded to the necessary revision, and later on at supper, after one o’clock, Röckel says he was in the highest of spirits, and seeing Röckel opposite him intent on eating some French dish, asked him what it was he was eating, and when Röckel replied he did not know, Beethoven roared out, “He eats like a wolf—without knowing what, ha—ha—ha.” According to Thayer, Röckel gave the following as three condemned numbers of the opera :

1. The great aria of Pizarro, with chorus ;
2. A comic duet between Leonore and Marcelline, with violin and ’cello solo ;
3. A comic terzet between Marcelline, Jacquino and Rocco.

The opera “Fidelio” underwent a great deal of revision. It appeared originally in November 1805 in three acts. At the revival in 1806 the three were reduced to two acts, and at the third revival in 1814 the form of two acts was retained although many alterations were made. This was its final form. The first overture to “Fidelio,” written in 1804 and 1805, is that known to-day as the “Leonore No. 2.” The “Leonore”



overture No. 1 was written in the year 1807, for the proposed performance of "Fidelio" in Prague. It is simpler than the other two overtures, and was published by Haslinger as Op. 138 in 1832. The overture "Leonore No. 3" was composed for the performance in 1806, and was published by Breitkopf and Härtel in 1810. The overture "Leonore No. 2," which was played at the first performance of the opera in 1805, was not published by Breitkopf and Härtel until 1853. The fourth overture known as "Fidelio" was composed for the performance in 1814. Breuning helped in the revision of the text for the second performance in 1806. When it was proposed to revive "Fidelio" in 1814 Beethoven insisted on many changes being made, and Tritschke, who was employed as stage-manager and poet at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, was asked to revise the book.\* It may be noted here, as an extenuation of Beethoven's later dealings with the publishers for his Mass in D, that certain publishers hired copyists who stole the text and music of "Fidelio" in 1814 and made large sums from it.

Beethoven spent the autumn of 1806 in Silesia with Prince Lichnowsky. There is a story that, on being told by his friend the violinist Krumpholz that Napoleon had won the battle of Jena on October 14th, 1806, Beethoven angrily said, "It is a great pity that I do not understand the art of war as well as I do the art of music. I would conquer him." A list of works sketched during the year 1806 includes the Rasoumowsky quartets Op. 59 and the fourth symphony B flat Op. 60.

### XXIII

It may be noted here that Beethoven's nephew Karl was born on September 4th, 1806. He was the only child of Beethoven's brother, Karl Kaspar. This brother died of consumption on November 20th, 1815, aged forty-one. He was a cashier in the R. I. Bank and Chief Treasury. He had married Theresia

\*See page 139.

Reiss, a daughter of a rich upholsterer. In Karl Kaspar's will there is the following clause :

I appoint my brother Ludwig guardian, since my deeply beloved brother has often helped me with true brotherly love in the most conscientious and noble manner I ask in full confidence and trust in his noble heart, that he shall bestow the love and friendship he has often shown to me upon my son Karl, and do all that is possible to advance the intellectual training and future welfare of my son. I know that he will not deny me this request.

But Karl Kaspar added a codicil, dated November 14th, 1815, which reads as follows :

Having learnt that my brother Herr Ludwig van Beethoven desires after my death to take wholly to himself my son Karl, and wholly withdraw him from the supervision and training of his mother, and since my brother and my wife are not on good terms, I have found it necessary to add to my will that I by no means wish my son to be taken away from his mother ; but that he shall always and for so long as his future career permits remain with his mother, to which end the guardianship of him is to be exercised by her as well as my brother. The object which I have in view in appointing my brother guardian of my son can only be obtained by unity. Therefore, for the well being of my child, I recommend submission to my wife and more moderation to my brother. God permit them to be harmonious for the sake of my son's welfare. This is the last wish of the dying husband and brother.

Karl van Beethoven.

Beethoven disliked his brother's wife, partly because she had been unfaithful to him, having had an intrigue with a medical student. He described her as the "Queen of the Night." Since years of Beethoven's life were wasted in the quarrel with this woman over the guardianship of Karl, her son and his

nephew, it is advisable to give a short account of it here. In 1816 Beethoven appealed to the Upper Austrian Landrecht to have the guardianship of his nephew transferred solely to him, on the ground that the boy's mother was an unfit person. A decision was given in his favour, and an order was made on the 19th January, 1816, empowering Beethoven to take possession of Karl, who was still with his mother. Beethoven sent his nephew to a private school directed by Giannatasio del Rio. He petitioned the Landrecht to prohibit Karl's mother from communicating with her son ; but this was granted with the reservation that the mother should be allowed to visit her son in his leisure hours without disturbing his education. In January 1818 Beethoven removed Karl, who was now twelve years old from Giannatasio, and engaged a tutor for him. Although Beethoven, in a letter to Streicher, dated January 1818, admitted that a mother "even a bad one, remains a mother," yet he was very headstrong and jealous, and endeavoured constantly to prejudice Karl against his mother. Consequently, in September 1818, Madame van Beethoven petitioned the Landrecht to remove the guardianship from Beethoven. The petition was rejected ; but at the end of the year 1818 Karl ran away from Beethoven, and the mother made a fresh petition. In the course of Beethoven's examination before the Landrecht he stated that he got his nephew back from his mother with the aid of the police, and that the boy's means of subsistence were half of his mother's pension and the interest on two thousand florins. Up to that time Beethoven himself had paid the difference between this sum and the expense of Karl's education and upbringing. In the cross-examination of Karl, aged twelve years, he was asked why he had left his uncle, and he replied that it was because his mother had told him that she would send him to a public school, and he did not think he would progress under private instruction. He said his uncle treated him well, and that he would rather live at his uncle's if he had a companion ; his

uncle was hard of hearing and he could not talk with him. The boy was asked whether his uncle admonished him to pray, and he replied yes, that he prayed with him every night and morning. During this process the question was raised whether Beethoven was of noble birth or not, and as it was decided that he was not, the matter was transferred to a lower court. This lower court took the side of Madame van Beethoven. In 1819 Beethoven retained the right to look after the education of his nephew; but in March 1819 he was persuaded to resign his guardianship, and at the suggestion of Beethoven the court appointed Counsellor Matthias von Tuscher guardian of the boy on March 26th. In May of that year Beethoven appealed to the Archduke Rudolf to use his influence to aid him in getting his nephew sent far away from his mother's influence; but his plan to send his nephew out of the country was frustrated. Later in 1819 Tuscher resigned his guardianship, and Beethoven gave notice to the court that he himself would resume the guardianship, and made application to be recognised as sole guardian. This was not granted, and an appeal to a higher court was made in the year 1820. Beethoven's case was prepared by Dr. Bach, and after a great deal of litigation, the Court of Appeal ultimately gave its decree in Beethoven's favour. Karl's mother now appealed to the Emperor, who upheld the decision of the Court of Appeal, and on July 24th, 1820, Beethoven finally won his case. All his friends were delighted when this litigation was at last over. It cost Beethoven a great amount of energy, and his relations with his nephew, who had become the sole object of Beethoven's emotions, were a source of constant worry and distress. It is possible that this business was partly responsible for Beethoven's non-productiveness during the years 1816-1820.

#### XXIV

In 1809 the French bombarded Vienna, and Beethoven took refuge in a cellar, where he covered his head with pillows in



order not to hear the noise of the guns. In this year he published the 5th symphony in C minor Op. 67, and the 6th symphony in F Op. 68. These two symphonies had been composed during the two previous years. Two interesting letters of this period, which was the most productive of Beethoven's career, may be quoted here as giving some indication of his private life. The first is to Therese von Malfatti, who was born about the year 1791. Beethoven was introduced to her father, Dr. von Malfatti, by Baron Gleichenstein. The following letter is dated by Dr. Kalischer about 1807.

You receive herewith, honoured Therese, what I promised, and had it not been for unavoidable difficulties you would have received more so as to show you that I always offer more to my friends than I actually promise. I hope and have every reason to believe that you are nicely occupied and pleasantly entertained—but I hope not too much, so that you may also think of us. It would probably be expecting too much of you or over-rating my own importance if I ascribed to you “people are not only together when they are together; even he who is far away, who has departed is still in our thoughts.” Who would ascribe anything of this kind to the lively Therese who takes life so easily?

Pray do not forget the pianoforte among your occupations or, indeed, music generally. You have such fine talent for it. Why not devote yourself wholly to it? You who have such feeling for all that is beautiful and good. Why will you not make use of this in order that you may recognise in so beautiful an art the higher perfection which sheds its rays even on us. I am very solitary and quiet although lights (possibly “poets” for the German word is either *Lichter* or *Dichter*) now and again might awaken me; but since you all went away from here I feel in me a void which cannot be filled; my art, even, otherwise so faithful to me, has not been able to gain any triumph. Your piano is ordered and you will soon receive it. What a difference you will have found between the

treatment of the theme I improvised one evening and the way in which I wrote it down for you recently. Explain that to yourself, but do not take too much punch to help you. How lucky you are to be able to go so soon to the country; I cannot enjoy that happiness until the 8th. I am as delighted as a child at the thought of wandering among bushes, in the woods, among trees, herbs, rocks. No man loves the country more than I; for do not forests, trees, rocks, re-echo that for which mankind longs. . . Soon you will receive several compositions of mine in which you will not have to complain much about difficulties. Have you read Goethe's *Wilhelm Meister*, the Schlegel translation of Shakespeare; one has much leisure in the country, and it will perhaps be agreeable to you if I send you these works. I happen to have an acquaintance in your neighbourhood so perhaps I shall come early one morning and spend half-an-hour at your house and be off again; notice that I shall inflict on you the shortest *ennui*.

Commend me to the good wishes of your father, your mother, although I can claim no right for so doing—and the same also to cousin M. Farewell, honoured Therese. I wish you all that is good and beautiful in life. Keep me, willingly, in remembrance—forget my wild behaviour. Be convinced that no one more than myself can desire to know that your life is joyous, prosperous, even though you take no interest in

Your most devoted servant and friend

Beethoven.

N.B. It would really be very nice on your part to send me a few lines to say in what way I can be of service here.

Although this letter is dated by Kalischer as 1807, it is possible that it ought to be dated later. Beethoven's proposal of marriage to Therese von Malfatti was made in 1810. I will refer to this question again when dealing with that proposal. The second letter is to Marie Bigot and her husband. Marie Bigot, née Kiene, was born at Colmar in 1786. She married in

1804 and came to Vienna. Soon after 1809 she and her husband went to Paris. She became well known there as a teacher of the pianoforte, but died in 1820.

To the married couple Bigot.

*(Probably Summer 1808).*

Dear Marie, Dear Bigot,

Only with the deepest regret am I forced to perceive that the purest, most innocent, feelings can often be misconstrued. As you have received me so kindly, it never occurred to me to explain it otherwise than that you bestowed on me your friendship. You must think me very vain or small-minded, if you suppose that the civility itself of such excellent persons as you are, could lead me to believe that—I had at once won your affection. Besides, it is one of my first principles never to stand in other than friendly relationship with the wife of another man. Never by such a relationship (as you suggest) would I fill my breast with distrust against her who may one day share my fate with me—and so taint for myself the most beautiful, the purest life.

It is perhaps possible that sometimes I have not joked with Bigot in a sufficiently refined way; I have indeed told both of you that occasionally I am very free in speech. I am perfectly natural with all my friends, and hate all restraint. I now also count Bigot among them, and if anything I do displeases him, friendship demands from him and you to tell me so—and I will certainly take care not to offend him again—but how could good Marie put such bad meaning on my actions.

With regard to my invitation to take a drive with you and Caroline, it was natural that, as Bigot, the day before, was opposed to your going out alone with me, I was forced to conclude that you both probably found it unbecoming or objectionable—and when I wrote to you I only wished to make you understand that I saw no harm in it. And so when I further declared, that I attached great value on your not declining, this was only that I might induce you to enjoy the splendid, beautiful day; I was thinking more of your and Caroline's pleasure than of my

own, and I thought, *if I declared that mistrust on your part or a refusal would be a real offence to me*, by this means almost to compel you to yield to my wish. The matter really deserves careful reflection on your part, how you can make amends for having spoilt this day so bright for me, owing as much to my frame of mind as to the cheerful weather. When I said that you misunderstand me, your present judgment of me shows that I was quite right, not to speak of what you thought to yourself about it. When I said that something bad would come of it, if I came to you, this was more as a joke. The object was to show you how much everything connected with you attracts me; so that I have no greater wish than to be able always to live with you; and that is the truth. Even supposing there was a hidden meaning in it, the most holy friendship can often have secrets, but—on that account to misinterpret the secret of a friend because one cannot at once fathom it—that you ought not to do. Dear Bigot, dear Marie, never, never will you find me ignoble. From childhood upwards I learnt to love virtue—and all that is beautiful and good—you have deeply pained me; but it shall only serve to render our friendship ever firmer. To-day I am really not well, and it would be difficult for me to see you. Since yesterday after the quartets, my sensitiveness and my imagination pictured to me the thought that I had caused you suffering. I went at night to the ball for distraction, but in vain. Everywhere the picture of you all pursued me; it kept saying to me, they are so good and perhaps through you they are suffering. Thoroughly depressed I hastened away—write to me a few lines.

Your true friend Beethoven embraces you all.

In 1809 Beethoven wrote the concerto for the pianoforte in E flat major Op. 73 and projected music to Goethe's Egmont. This incidental music consisted of ten numbers, including the overture, and was offered to Breitkopf and Härtel, in a letter dated the 6th June 1810, for the sum of 1400 gulden in silver money.



## XXV

In spite of the fact that on his first arrival in Vienna his friend Dr. Wegeler had vainly tried to persuade Beethoven to attend lectures on Kant, Beethoven was well read in contemporary literature. Goethe, Schiller and Klopstock were his favourite authors. Rochlitz relates a conversation which he had with Beethoven in the summer of 1822 in the course of which, in speaking of Goethe, Beethoven said :

Since that Karlsbad summer (1812, when Beethoven first met Goethe) I read Goethe every day—that is when I read at all. He has killed Klopstock for me. That surprises you ! You laugh ? Ah, it is because I have read Klopstock. For many years I carried him with me when I went for walks and so on. Yet I certainly did not always understand him. He takes such leaps and begins on too high a note. Always *Maestoso* D flat major ! Is not that so ? But nevertheless he is great and uplifts the soul. Where I could not understand him I could in a way guess. If only he did not always wish to die ! That comes quite quickly enough. At any rate, however, it sounds well. But Goethe *lives* and we can all live with him. Therefore he is good to compose to, no one is better. But I do not care much about writing songs.

Oriental literature in the translations of Herder and Von Hammer, attracted Beethoven and he made many transcriptions in his own handwriting from their translations. Among them is the following :

God is incorporeal ; since He is invisible He can have no form, but from what we see in His works we may know that He is eternal, omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent—the mighty one is He who is free from all desire ; He alone ; there is none greater than He.

Brahma ; his spirit is existent in itself. He, the mighty one, is present in every part of space—his omniscience

dwells alone by itself and the conception of him comprehends every other one; of all comprehensive attributes that of omniscience is the greatest. For it there is no threefold existence. It is independent of everything. O God, thou art the true, eternal, blessed, immutable light of all times and all spaces. Thy wisdom embraces thousands upon thousands of laws, and yet thou dost always act freely and for thy honour. Thou wert before all that we revere. To Thee be praise and adoration. Thou alone art the truly blessed one (Bhagavan); Thou, the essence of all laws, the image of all wisdom, present throughout the universe. Thou sustainest all things. Sun, Ether, Brahma.\*

Schiller, in an essay on *Die Sendung Moses*, has the following passage :

The epoptae (Egyptian priests) recognised a single, highest principle of all things, a primeval force . . . the essence of all essences which was the same as the Demiurgos of the Greek philosophers. There is nothing more elevating than the simple grandeur with which they speak of the creator of the universe. In order to distinguish him more emphatically they gave him no name. A name, they said, is only for pointing a difference; he who is the only has no need of a name, for there is no one with whom he can be confounded. Under an ancient monument of Isis were to be read the words : "I AM THAT WHICH IS," and upon a pillar at Sais a strange primitive inscription : "I AM ALL THAT IS, THAT WAS, THAT WILL BE ; NO MORTAL MAN HAS EVER LIFTED MY VEIL." No one was permitted to enter the Temple of Serapis who did not bear upon his breast or forehead the name Iao, or I-ha-ho, a name similar in sound to the Hebrew Jehovah, and most probably of the same meaning ; and no name was uttered with greater reverence in Egypt than this name Iao. In the hymn which the Hierophant, or Guardian of the Sanctuary sang to the candidate for initiation this was the first division in the instruction concerning the

\*These last three words have a line drawn through them.

nature of the divinity: "HE IS ONLY AND SOLELY OF HIMSELF, AND TO THIS ONLY ONE ALL THINGS OWE THEIR EXISTENCE."

The sentences in the above extract which are printed in capital letters were copied by Beethoven with his own hand and he kept them framed under glass always before him on his writing table. Another of his extracts is :

"The moral law in us and the starry heavens above us.  
Kant !!!"

## XXVI

Beethoven was brought up as a Catholic, but he was not orthodox. Schindler says that it was one of his peculiarities that he never spoke on religious topics, or on the dogmas of the various christian churches, nor gave his opinion about them. He was accustomed to writing down short prayers in moments of emotional stress. The following is one of the best known :

Spirit of Spirits, who spreading Thyself through all space and through endless time, art raised high above all limits of upward struggling thought, from chaos didst Thou command eternal order to arise. Before the worlds were Thou wast and before systems rolled below and above us. Before the earth swam in heavenly ether Thou alone wast, until through Thy creating love that which was not sprang into being, and gratefully sang praises to Thee. What moved Thee to manifest Thy power and boundless goodness? What brilliant light directed Thy power? Wisdom beyond measure! How was it first manifested? Oh, direct my mind! Oh raise it up from this grievous depth.

## XXVII

On December 22nd, 1808, Beethoven gave a concert at the Theater-an-der-Wien at which took place the first performance of his 5th and 6th symphonies and the Choral Fantasia. In a letter to Breitkopf and Härtel dated 7th January, 1809, he refers to this concert as follows :

There was a horrid trick played in connection with the Widows' concert out of hatred to me, for Herr Salieri threatened to expel any musician belonging to their company who played for me ; but in spite of several faults which I could not prevent the public received everything most enthusiastically. Nevertheless, the scribblers will not fail to write wretched stuff against me in the *Musikalische Zeitung*. The musicians were in such a rage that through carelessness mistakes arose in the simplest plainest pieces. I suddenly bade them stop, and called out in a loud voice BEGIN AGAIN. Such a thing had never happened there before. . . .

In 1809 Beethoven was offered a position in Cassel by the King of Westphalia, with a salary of 600 ducats in gold per annum. In order to retain Beethoven in Vienna the Archduke Rudolf, Prince Lobkowitz and Prince Kinsky undertook, after some negotiations with a few of Beethoven's other friends, such as Baron Gleichenstein and Countess Erdödy to make Beethoven an allowance, and the following agreement—based on suggestions made by Beethoven himself—was drawn up :

The daily proofs which Herr Ludwig van Beethoven is giving of his extraordinary talents and genius as musician and composer awaken the desire that he surpass the great expectations which are justified by his past achievements.

Since, however, it has been shown that only one who is as free from care as possible can devote himself to a single department of activity and create works of magnitude



which are sublime and which ennoble art, the undersigned have decided to place Herr Ludwig van Beethoven in a position where the necessities of life shall not cause him embarrassment or hinder his powerful genius. For this purpose they contract to pay him a fixed sum of 4,000 florins a year as follows :

His Imperial Highness Archduke Rudolf	Fl. 1,500
The High Born Prince Lobkowitz	..... Fl. 700
The High Born Prince Ferdinand Kinsky	Fl. 1,800
Total.....	4,000

which Herr van Beethoven is to collect in half-yearly instalments pro rata against vouchers from each of these contributors.

The undersigned are pledged to pay this annual salary until Herr van Beethoven receives an appointment which shall yield him the equivalent of the above sum. Should such an appointment not be received and Herr Ludwig van Beethoven be prevented from practising his art by an unfortunate accident or old age, the parties hereto grant him the salary for life. In consideration of this Herr Ludwig van Beethoven pledges himself to make his domicile in Vienna where all these signatories live, or in a city in one of the other hereditary countries of His Austrian Imperial Majesty, and to depart from this domicile only for such set times as may be called for by his business or the interests of art and in consultation with the high contributors whose consent must be granted.

Given in Vienna March 1st, 1809.

Rudolf,  
Archduke.  
Prince von Lobkowitz,  
Duke of Raudnitz.  
Ferdinand Prince Kinsky.

On this document is written in Beethoven's own hand the following words :

## Received

On February 26, 1809,  
From the hands  
Of Archduke  
Rudolf R. H.

It is interesting to note the ages of the three men who were responsible for this wise and generous act. Prince Lobkowitz was the nearest to Beethoven in age, being thirty-five years old; Prince Kinsky was twenty-seven and the Archduke Rudolf twenty-one. Beethoven's music appealed chiefly to the young. The older generation could not understand it and thought it extravagant, obscure, far-fetched and wild.

Owing to the financial crisis in Vienna later, the value of the annuity was affected; but the Archduke Rudolf complied with Beethoven's request that payment should be made in notes of redemption rather than in the depreciated bank notes. Prince Kinsky was thrown from his horse in November 1812 and died from a fractured skull. Nothing of the annuity was paid by Kinsky's trustees from November 3rd, 1812, to March 31st, 1815; but ultimately settlement was made, and in April 1821 Beethoven was still collecting his annuity from the estate of Prince Kinsky. Prince Lobkowitz got into financial difficulties, and his annuity was not paid between September 1st, 1811, and April 19th, 1815. Until his death Beethoven gave lessons in composition to the Archduke Rudolf once or twice a week; but even this he found a galling infringement upon his liberty, and constantly complained of the task and frequently evaded it. At various times in his life Beethoven was in receipt of considerable sums. For example, between 1809 and 1813 he received 11,500 florins from his three guarantors; 240 ducats from the Scotch publisher Thomson; £200 from Collard (the London partner of Clementi); several thousand florins from the publishers Breitkopf and Härtel. In addition to these amounts he had borrowed eleven hundred florins from Brentano. At his death he was in possession of

seven bank shares which had a value at the current price of the day of 7,441 florins.

## XXVIII

From two letters written to Breitkopf and Härtel in June and July 1809 the following extracts are interesting. In the first letter Beethoven gives a number of detailed corrections for the trio in C flat, and asks the publishers to make the dedication to the Archduke Rudolf if it has not already been done. He then says :

Vienna, 20th (?June) 1809.

I have noticed now and again that if I dedicate something to another person and he happens to like the work, he feels a slight regret ; he has become very fond of these trios. It would therefore probably again cause him pain if it were dedicated to anyone else. If, however, it has been done, there is no help for it. . . The constant distraction amongst which I have been living for some time did not permit me to point this (error in score) out to you at once. However, I shall soon be myself again—a thing of that sort will not occur any more. Heaven only grant that I may not be again disturbed by any terrible event of some other kind. But who can feel concerned about the similar fate of so many millions ? . . .

Vienna, (26th July, 1809).

You make a great mistake in thinking that I was so prosperous. We have passed through a great deal of misery. When I tell you that since the 4th May I have brought into the world little that is connected, only here and there a fragment. The whole course of events has affected me body and soul ; nor can I have the enjoyment of country life so indispensable to me—my *position*, only lately assured, rests on a loose foundation. . . Heaven only knows how things will go. . . What disturbing wild life around me, nothing but drums, cannons, men, misery of all sorts. . . I only now thank you for the really

beautiful translation of the Tragedies of Euripides. . . I have got from Traeg the *Messiah* as a *privilege*, which you already granted to me with some eagerness when here ; in fact, I have taken further advantage of it for I had commenced having vocal music at my house every week, but the unhappy war put a stop to all that. For this purpose I should be pleased if you would let me have by degrees the scores of the masters which you have, as for example Mozart's Requiem, etc., Haydn's Masses, especially everything of the scores of, for instance, Haydn, Mozart, *John Sebastian Bach*, *Emmanuel*, etc. Of *Emmanuel* Bach's pianoforte works I have only a few things, still, a few by that true artist serve not only for high enjoyment but also for studying, and it gives me the greatest pleasure to play over to a few genuinely artistic friends works which I have *never*, or *only seldom* seen. . .

In another letter written in August of the same year Beethoven asks Breitkopf to let him have editions of Goethe's and Schiller's complete works. He also says : " Do you know that I have already become a member of the Society of Fine Arts and Sciences ? So I have got a title. Ha, ha, I cannot help laughing."

## XXIX

The year 1810 marked the close of what was probably the happiest period in Beethoven's life. At the age of forty he was in good health and still comparatively young, and could reasonably hope that he might yet find someone with whom to share his life. In April 1810 he wrote the following two notes to Baron Zmeskall :

Dear Zmeskall,

Please send me for a few hours the looking glass which hangs next to your window, mine is broken. Also be good enough to buy me one to-day like it ; if so, you will please me greatly, you shall be paid at once what you



lay out—please forgive, dear Zmeskall, my importunity.  
I hope soon to see you.

Your Beethoven.

Dear Zmeskall.

Do not be angry about my little note—do you not remember the situation in which I am, as once Hercules with Queen Omphale??? I asked you to buy me a looking glass like yours, and I beg you as soon as you can do without yours, which I am now sending you, to send it back to me to-day, for mine is broken. Farewell. Do not speak any more of me as “that great man,” for I have never felt the power or the weakness of human nature as I do now—do not forget me.

The letter to Therese Von Malfatti (dated by Dr. Kalischer 1807) quoted by me on page 99 is dated by Riemann, May 1810, and on May 2nd, 1810, Beethoven wrote to Dr. Wegeler asking him to obtain his certificate of baptism. He would require this for the purpose of getting married, and Dr. Wegeler in his *Notizen* remarks: “many people beside myself were impressed by the urgency with which he requested me to obtain his baptismal certificate.” In a letter to Baron Gleichenstein, which Dr. Kalischer dates 1807, following Nohl and Thayer, Beethoven sends Gleichenstein 300 florins with which to buy material for shirts and neck-ties. A second letter to Gleichenstein, obviously written shortly afterwards, reads as follows:

Here is the (sonata) which I promised Therese. As I cannot see her to-day give it to her. Remember me to them all. I am so happy in their company; it is as if the wounds which bad people have inflicted on my soul might through them be healed. I thank you good G. for having introduced me to them. Here are another fifty florins for the neck cloths. If you want more let me know. . .

Dr. Riemann dates these two letters 1810, and as "Therese" undoubtedly refers to Therese von Malfatti it would seem that this is the correct date, as they undoubtedly belong to the period when Beethoven was writing to Baron Zmeskall to borrow a looking glass. It is believed that Beethoven sent a formal proposal of marriage to Therese von Malfatti through Baron Gleichenstein and that it was verbally refused. The following letter to Gleichenstein bears upon this subject :

You are living on a quiet and peaceful sea or possibly are already in a safe harbour. You do not feel the distress of your friend who is still in the storm—or you dare not feel—what will they think of me in the star Venus Urania, how will they judge me without seeing me—my pride is so humble, I would go there with you uninvited—let me see you at my lodging to-morrow morning I shall expect you at about 9 o'clock at breakfast—Dorner can come with you at another time—if you were at harmony with me—you are certainly concealing something from me, you want to spare me, and this uncertainty is more fearful than the most fatal certainty—farewell. If you cannot come let me know in advance—they will act for me—I cannot entrust to paper more of what is going on within me.

Dear friend, so damnably late—press them for me warmly to your heart—why can I not be with you? Farewell, I will be with you on Wednesday morning—the letter is written so that the whole world may read it. If you find that the paper covering is not clean enough, put another one on, I cannot tell at night whether it is clean—farewell dear friend. Think and act also for your faithful friend.

The two Malfatti girls were reputed to be the greatest beauties in Vienna and Gleichenstein married the younger sister of Therese in 1811. After the above letter there is no more reference in Beethoven's correspondence to the subject. The character of Beethoven's letters to Zmeskall and Gleichen-

stein preclude, in my opinion, any possibility of the letters to the "Immortal Beloved" having any reference to Therese von Malfatti. The subject of this proposal of marriage by Beethoven in 1810 had obviously awakened in him an infatuation of quite a different kind. It is clearly no profound, reciprocal love affair with which we are dealing here—Beethoven's agitation and uncertainty make that quite clear.

## XXX

Shortly after this episode Beethoven met for the first time Bettina Brentano. Beethoven was sitting at the pianoforte one day in May 1810 when he was surprised by a pair of hands being placed on his shoulders. She had walked in unannounced, and related to Thayer that Beethoven looked up "gloomily," but that on hearing her name he smiled, gave her his hand without rising, and said :

"I have just made a beautiful song for you, do you want to hear it?" Thereupon he sang—raspingly, incisively, not gently or sweetly (the voice was hard), but transcending training and agreeableness by reason of the cry of passion which reacted on the hearer, "Kennst du das land." He asked, "Well, how do you like it?" She nodded. "It is beautiful, isn't it," he said enthusiastically, "marvellously beautiful, I will sing it again." He sang it again, looking at her with a triumphant expression, and seeing her cheeks and eyes glow with her happy approval. "Ah, ah," cried he, "most people are touched by a good thing; but they are not artist natures. Artists are fiery; they do not weep." He then sang another song of Goethe's "Trocknet nicht thränen der ewigen liebe."

Bettina Brentano, who later became Madame von Arnim, was a relative of the Brentano family, old friends of Beethoven's. Her brother Franz was engaged to Antonie von Birkenstock. The Birkenstock house was filled with a wonder-

ful collection of works of art and was a centre of culture in Vienna. Beethoven was a frequent visitor, and when Madame Antonie Brentano was ill in Vienna—as she frequently was for weeks at a time—and unable to see visitors, Beethoven was in the habit of going regularly into her anteroom, seating himself at the pianoforte without saying a word and improvising. When he had finished “telling her everything and bringing comfort” he would get up and go out without speaking a word or taking any notice of anybody.

Bettina was an unusually cultured, witty and lively young woman. Her arrival was most opportune in raising Beethoven's spirits. The effect of the rejection of his marriage proposal is shown by the fact that during the summer of this year he composed nothing, although those were the months when he was usually most productive. There are three important letters from Beethoven to Bettina, written a few months after this first meeting. She published them in her book *Ilius Pamphilus und die Ambrosia* (first edition 1848, second edition 1857). There are slight differences in texts between these two editions which are noted by square brackets in the translations of these letters which I shall give presently. The authenticity of the first two is unquestioned. That of the third has been doubted. Thayer points out, following a suggestion made by Dr. Deiters, that if the third letter is authentic, it makes Beethoven relate at length the famous incident of Goethe and himself meeting the Imperial family when walking in Teplitz to Bettina by letter the day after he had related the incident to her verbally; for Madame von Arnim in her letter to Pückler-Muskau, giving an account of the intercourse between Goethe and Beethoven, says that after the incident “Beethoven came running to us and told us everything, and was as happy as a child at having teased Goethe so greatly.” Thayer says that since this letter to Pückler is undeniably (!?) authentic it follows that only when the actual third letter from Beethoven to Bettina dated Teplitz 15th (?)



August, 1812, turns up in Beethoven's well known handwriting with its genuineness be conceded—"but henceforth until then never." But if the imaginative Bettina was capable of inventing the letter from Beethoven to herself, or rather, of embroidering it for her book, it seems just as likely that she might have invented the incident about Beethoven running up and telling her of the Goethe affair which she describes in her letter to Pückler. Beethoven's three letters to Bettina are as follows :

Vienna, 11th August, 1810.

Dearest Bettina [Friend !]

No finer spring than the present one, I say that and also feel it, because I have made your acquaintance. You, yourself, have probably seen that in society I am like a frog [fish] on the sand, which turns round and round, and cannot get away until a benevolent Galatea puts him again into the mighty sea. Yes, I was quite out of my element, dearest Bettina, I was surprised by you at a moment when ill-humour was quite master of me, but it actually disappeared at sight of you. I at once perceived that you belong to a different world from this absurd one, to which with the best will one cannot open one's ears. I, myself, am a wretched man and yet complain of others ! —You will surely forgive me, with your good heart, which is seen in your eyes, and with your intelligence, which lies in your ears—at least your ears know how to flatter when they listen. My ears, unfortunately, are a barrier wall through which I cannot easily hold friendly communication with men. Else!—perhaps!—I should have had more confidence in you. So I could only understand the great, intelligent look of your eyes, which so impressed me that I can never forget it. Dear Bettina [friend], beloved maiden!—art!—Who understands it, with whom can one speak concerning this great goddess ! —How dear to me were the few days when we gossiped or rather corresponded together ; I have kept all the little notes on which stand your clever, dear, very dear,

answers. So I have at any rate to thank my bad hearing that the best part of these fleeting conversations has been noted down. Since you went away I have had vexatious hours, hours of darkness, in which one can do nothing ; after your departure I roamed about for full three hours in the Schönbrunner Alley, also on the ramparts ; but no angel met me who could take such hold on me as you, angel—forgive, dearest Bettina [friend], this digression from the key ; I must have such intervals in order to give vent to my feelings. Then you have written, have you not, to Goethe about me?—I would willingly hide my head in a sack, so as to hear and see nothing of what is going on in the world, because you, dearest angel, will not meet me. But I shall surely receive a letter from you ? Hope nourishes me, it nourishes indeed half the world, and I have had it as my neighbour all my life ; what otherwise would have become of me?—I here send written with my own hand *Kennst du das Land* in remembrance of the hour in which I made your acquaintance. I also send the other which I have composed since I parted from you dear, dearest heart !—

Herz mein Herz was soll das geben,  
Was bedränget dich so sehr ;  
Welch ein fremdes, neues Leben  
Ich erkenne dich nicht mehr.

Yes, dearest Bettina [friend], send me an answer, write to me what will happen to me since my heart has become such a rebel. Write to your most faithful friend,

Beethoven.

Vienna, February 10th, 1811.

Dear, dear Bettine !

I have already two letters from you, and from your letter to Toni I perceive that you still keep me in remembrance, also that your opinion of me is far too favourable. I carried your first letter about with me the whole summer and it was often a source of happiness. If I do not write to you frequently, still I write to you 1000, 1000 times a

thousand letters in my thoughts. Even if I had not read about you, I could easily imagine to myself how you feel in the rotten society in Berlin : talking, chattering about art without deeds !!!! The best description of it is to be found in Schiller's poem *Die Flösse*, in which the Spree speaks. Dear Bettina, you are going to be, or are already married, and I have not been able to see you once beforehand. May all good wishes wherewith marriage blesses married folk attend you and your husband. What then shall I say for myself : " Pity my fate," I exclaim with Johanna ; if I live still a few years, also for this and for all other weal and woe, will I thank the Highest who encompasses all things. When you write to Goethe about me, select all words which will express to him my inmost reverence and admiration. I am just on the point of writing to him about *Egmont*, to which I have written the music, and indeed purely out of love for his poems which cause me happiness. Who can be sufficiently thankful for a great poet, the richest jewel of a nation ? And now, no more, dear good B. ; I only came back from a bacchanalian festival at four o'clock this morning, at which, indeed, I was forced to laugh a great deal, with the result that I have to weep almost as much to-day. Noisy joy often drives me powerfully back into myself. Many thanks to Clemens for his kindness. As regards the cantata, the matter is not of sufficient importance for us here—it is different, however, in Berlin. In the matter of affection, the sister has such a large share of it, that there is not much left for the brother ; don't you think that is sufficient for him ? Now, farewell, dear, dear B. ; I kiss you (here follows something thickly scratched out) on your forehead, imprinting on it, as with a seal, all my thoughts for you. Write soon, soon, frequently to your  
Friend,  
Beethoven.

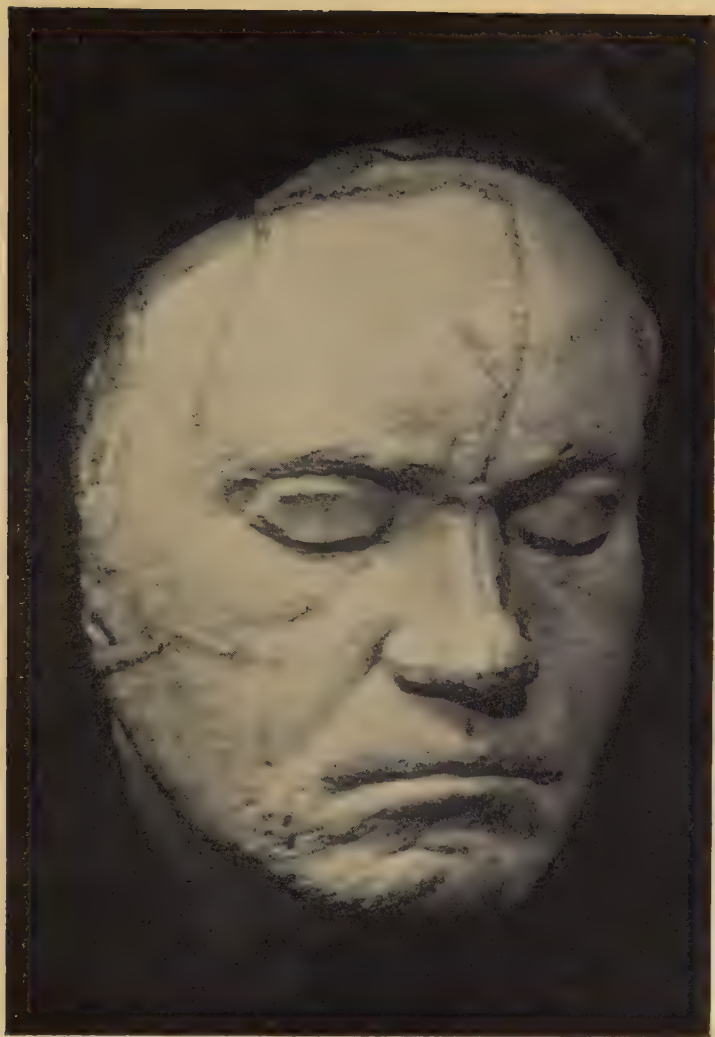
Teplitz (15th?) August, 1812.

Dearest, Good Bettina !

Kings and princes can certainly create professors, privy councillors and titles, and hang on ribbons of various

orders, but they cannot create great men, master-minds which tower above the rabble ; this is beyond them. Such men must therefore be held in respect. When two such as I and Goethe meet together, these grand gentlemen are forced to note what greatness, in such as we are, means. Yesterday on the way home we met the whole Imperial family. We saw them from afar approaching, and Goethe slipped away from me, and stood on one side. Say what I would, I could not induce him to advance another step, so I pushed my hat on my head, buttoned up my overcoat, and went, arms folded, into the thickest of the crowd—Princes and sycophants drew up in a line ; Duke Rudolf took off my hat, after the Empress had first greeted me. Persons of rank *know* me. To my great amusement I saw the procession file past Goethe. Hat in hand, he stood at the side, deeply bowing. Then I mercilessly reprimanded him, cast his sins in his teeth, especially those of which he was guilty towards you, dearest Bettina, of whom we had just been speaking. Good heavens ! had I been in your company, as he has, I should have produced works of greater, far greater importance. A musician is also a poet, and the magic of a pair of eyes can suddenly cause him to feel transported into a more beautiful world, where great spirits make sport of him, and set him mighty tasks. I cannot tell what ideas came into my head when I made your acquaintance. In the little observatory during the splendid May rain, that was a fertile moment for me : the most beautiful themes then glided from your eyes into my heart, which one day will enchant the world when Beethoven has ceased to conduct. If God grant me yet a few years, then I must see you again dear, dear Bettina ; so calls the voice within me which never errs. Even minds can love one another. I shall always court yours ; your approval is dearer to me than anything in the whole world. I gave my opinion to Goethe, that approval affects such men as ourselves, and that we wish to be listened to with the intellect by those who are our equals. Emotion is only for women (excuse this) ; the flame of music must burst forth from the mind of a man. Ah ! my dearest child, we have now for a long





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42  
*(Three-quarter view of life mask made by Klein in 1812)*



time been in perfect agreement about everything !!! The only good thing is a beautiful, good soul, which is recognised in everything, and in presence of which there need be no concealment. *One must be somebody if one wishes to appear so.* The world is bound to recognise one ; it is not always unjust. To me, however, that is a matter of no importance : for I have a higher aim. I hope when I get back to Vienna to receive a letter from you. Write soon, soon, and a very long one ; in 8 days from now I shall be there ; and the court goes to-morrow ; there will be one more performance to-day. The Empress rehearsed her part with him. His duke and he both wish me to play some of my music, but to both I made refusal. They are mad on Chinese porcelain, hence there is need for indulgence ; for intellect has lost the whip-hand. I will not play to these silly folk, who never get over that mania nor write at public cost any stupid stuff for princes. Adieu, adieu, dearest ; your last letter lay on my heart for a whole night, and comforted me. *Everything* is allowed to musicians. Great Heavens, how I love you !

Your sincerest friend and deaf brother,

Beethoven.

The autograph of Beethoven's second letter to Bettina, dated February 10th, 1811, is in existence, and Dr. Riemann believes that the other two letters were possibly put into letter shape by Bettina on the basis of observations made by Beethoven to her. Thayer, who often met Bettina von Arnim in 1849-50, and again in 1854-5, states that he had frequent opportunity of questioning her freely and of "convincing myself up to this point of her simple honesty and truth." Schindler says that he had never heard Beethoven talk in the style in which Bettina makes him talk in the letters to Goethe, which I shall give presently ; but as Thayer very justly points out, Schindler did not meet Beethoven until 1814 and did not become intimate until much later (about 1819), when Beethoven had become far less communicative and more withdrawn into himself. It is also natural that Beethoven would talk very

differently to an imaginative, sympathetic and clever young woman than to the honest but rather wooden Schindler. After carefully weighing all the evidence I am prepared to go further than Dr. Riemann and to declare that in my opinion the third letter from Beethoven to Bettina dated August 1812 is unquestionably authentic. Anyone familiar with Beethoven's style of writing must admit that it could not have been written by anybody else. Such a sentence as "Emotion is only for women (excuse this); the flame of music must burst forth from the mind of a man" has the very ring of Beethoven's voice. Further, Thayer's statement that he met Bettina von Arnim many times, and had occasion to check her statements at different intervals, and found that she was completely reliable and honest, does not square with the possibility of her having invented the third letter. Indeed the theory that the letter is a fabrication is so obviously weak that even the most sceptical commentators end by confining themselves to the suggestion that Bettina merely wrote it up for publication. But the only sentence in the whole letter which seems to me possibly to be Bettina's is the introductory one—"Kings and princes can certainly create professors, etc. . . This is beyond them." But even here I feel that Bettina may only have added a few words such as "professors" or "privy councillors."

## XXXI

So much for Beethoven's letters to Bettina. In the letters written by Bettina to Goethe it must be remembered that Bettina is giving in her own words the substance of her conversations with Beethoven, and it is no doubt probable that Beethoven would not have expressed himself in exactly the same way as Bettina makes him express himself. I shall have more to say on this subject after I have given the following extracts from the letters :



To Goethe.

Vienna, May 28th, 1810.

When I saw him of whom I shall now speak to you I forgot the whole world, as it vanishes again when I recall the scene. . . . It is Beethoven of whom I wish to speak to you now, and in whose presence I forgot the world. I am still juvenile,\* I know ; but I am not mistaken when I declare what no one perhaps yet believes and understands, that he is far in advance of the general culture of mankind, and whether we shall ever overtake him is doubtful. May it be granted that he shall live until the mighty and sublime riddle which lies in his spirit has been developed to its full expression. May he reach his highest goal so that he can leave the key to a divine knowledge in our hands, that we may advance a further step towards true happiness.

To you I can confess that I believe in a heavenly magic which is the element of intellectual life. This magic Beethoven practises in his art ; all that he can tell you is pure magic, every attitude is the organisation of a higher existence, and so Beethoven feels himself to be the founder of a new sensuous basis in the life of the spirit. You indeed will gather from this what I want to say and what the truth is. Who could replace this mind for us ? From whom else can we expect so much ? All mankind's activities buzz round him like clockwork, he alone creates freely out of himself the unexpected, uncreated. What to him is intercourse with the world, who is at his daily task before sunrise and who, after sunset, scarcely looks about him, forgets his bodily sustenance and is carried by the stream of his inspiration beyond the shores of superficial daily mechanism. He, himself, said : " When I open my eyes I must sigh at what I see, it is contrary to my religion, and I must despise the world which does not suspect that music is a higher revelation than all wisdom and philosophy, it is the wine which inspires to new procreation, and I am the Bacchus who presses out this glorious wine for men, and makes them

\*Bettina was about nineteen years old.

drunk with the spirit. When they are sober again, then they have fished up everything that they can bring to dry land. I have no friend, I must live alone with myself. But I know well that God is nearer to me than to others in my art. I go fearlessly with him, I have always perceived and understood him, and I have no fear for my music, which can have no evil fate. Those to whom it makes itself understood will be free from all the misery with which others are enchained."

All this Beethoven said to me the first time I saw him. A feeling of awe filled me as he expressed himself to me with such open friendliness, for I must have seemed quite insignificant to him. Also, I was surprised, for I had been told that he was very shy of intercourse with people and would talk with no one. They were afraid of introducing me to him. I was obliged to seek him out alone. He has three lodgings in which he conceals himself alternately—one in the country, one in the town, and the third on the bastion. I found him in the last on the third floor. I walked in unannounced, he was sitting at the pianoforte (here follows the description which I have already quoted when Beethoven sang to Bettina "Kennst du das Land"). He accompanied me home, and on the way spoke many beautiful things about art, but speaking so loud and standing stock still in the street so that it took courage to listen to him. He spoke with great passion and much too surprisingly for me not to forget that we were in the street. People were very surprised to see him go in with me to a large company who were dining with us. After dinner, without being asked, he sat down at the pianoforte and played long and wonderfully, his pride fermenting with his genius. When he is in such a state of exaltation he attempts the incomprehensible and his fingers accomplish the impossible. . . .

Yesterday I went with him into a beautiful garden in full bloom. . . . Beethoven remained standing in the oppressive heat of the sun and said: "Goethe's poems make a great impression on me, not only by their content but by their rhythm. . . . From the vocal point

of inspiration I must discharge melody in all directions. I pursue it, I capture it again passionately, I see it elude me, disappearing in the mass of various excitements. Soon I seize it again with renewed passion. I cannot separate myself from it, I must with immediate rapture multiply it in all modulations and at length triumph over the first musical thought—that is a symphony. Music is the mediation between the intellectual and the sensuous life. I should like to speak about this with Goethe. I wonder if he would understand me? . . . . Speak to Goethe of me. Tell him he should hear my symphonies and he will then agree that music is the only bodiless entry into a higher world of knowledge which comprehends mankind, but which is not comprehended by it.

“Rhythm belongs to the spiritual, creating music in its substance, it gives a foreboding, an inspiration of heavenly knowledge, and what the spirit in sense perceives of itself, that is the incorporation of spiritual knowledge. If spirits live by that as man lives by air then to grasp them with this intellect is quite another matter. But the more the soul creates this sensuous nourishment out of itself, the richer the spirit will be in happy understanding of itself. But few succeed in this, for as thousands wish to wed with love, and love in these thousands does not reveal itself although they all carry on the handiwork of love, so thousands carry on an intercourse with music but nevertheless have no revelation. Here is the basis of morality as of all art. All pure invention is a moral progress. To be able to bring itself into subjection to these undiscoverable laws, to bind and guide the intellect to these laws so that their revelations stream forth, that is the isolating principle of art.

“To be loosened or dissolved from appearance, that is the devotion to the godlike which practises in quietness its dominion over the untamed strength of rage and so gives to the fantasy its highest efficaciousness. So art supplies the godlike and man’s relation to it is religion, which we acquire through art, which is the divinest gift

of God. It gives a goal to man's capacity which he attains.

"We do not know what knowledge brings us. The seed sealed in its case needs the moist electrical warm soil to sprout, to think, to express itself. Music is the electrical soil in which the spirit lives, thinks, invents. Philosophy is a deposit of the mind's electrical spirit. Its necessity which will base everything on one primeval principle is elevated by it, and although the mind is not supreme over what it generates through it, yet it is happy in this generation and so every real creation of art is independent, more powerful than the artist himself, and returns to the divine through its manifestation and belongs to mankind only in this that it is a sign of the mediation of the divine in him. Music gives to the mind its relation to harmony. A thought abstracted has nevertheless the feeling of the whole, and the relationship in spirit; so is every thought in music which is in inward decisive relationship with the whole the kernel of harmony. Everything electrical moves the spirit to fluid, streaming, musical manifestation. I am an electrical nature. I must interrupt the flow of my undemonstrable wisdom otherwise I shall neglect my rehearsal. Write to Goethe from me if you understand what I have said; but I can be answerable for nothing and will gladly let myself be instructed by him."

I promised him to write to you what he said so far as I understood it. He took me to a general rehearsal with full orchestra. I sat there in a box quite alone . . . . So I then saw this immeasurable genius lead his regiment. Oh, Goethe! No kaiser and no king has such knowledge of his power and how it proceeds from him as this Beethoven . . . . If I understood him as I feel him, then I should know everything. . . . . Yesterday evening I wrote down all he had said and this morning I read it to him. He said "Did I say that? Then I must have had a Raptus." He read it through again carefully and struck out the above and wrote between the lines, for he is anxious that you should understand him.

Make me happy with a speedy answer which will show



Beethoven that you appreciate him. It was always our plan to discuss music, I wished to do so ; but I feel now for the first time through Beethoven that I am not equal to the task.

Bettine.

To this letter Goethe replied as follows :

6th June, 1810.

Your letter, heartily beloved child, came to me at a fortunate hour. You have done well to portray to me a great and fine nature in its achievements and strivings, in its needs and in the superabundance of its gifts. It has given me great pleasure to receive this picture of a truly great spirit. Without wishing to classify him it requires a psychological feat to extract the true measure of agreement ; however, I feel no desire to contradict what I have understood of your hurried explosion. On the contrary, I should like for once to admit to you a certain inner agreement of my nature with what I have been able to grasp from your varied expressions. The ordinary mind may perhaps find contradictions there ; but a layman must have reverence for what is spoken by one possessed of such a dæmon, and it is all the same whether he speaks from feeling or from knowledge, for here the gods are at work and scatter the seeds for future discernment, and we must wish that they may proceed to an undisturbed development. But before they become general, the clouds which veil mankind's spirit must part. Give Beethoven my heartiest greetings and say that I would willingly make a sacrifice in order to make his personal acquaintance, by which we could have a happy exchange of thoughts and feelings. Perhaps you may be able to persuade him to take a trip to Karlsbad, where I go almost every year and would have the most leisure to hear him and get to know him. The thought of teaching him would indeed be an impertinence even from anyone with more insight than myself, since his genius lights the way for him and often illumines him with a lightning

stroke, while we sit in darkness and scarcely suspect from which side day will break.

It would give me great pleasure if Beethoven would send me the two songs of mine which he has composed—but clearly written. I am very curious to hear them. It is one of my greatest pleasures, for which I am very grateful, to have the old mood of a poem renewed again through a melody (as Beethoven very correctly says). . . .

G.

Bettina replied to Goethe's letter as follows :

Dearest friend,

I communicated to Beethoven your beautiful letter so far as it concerned him. He was greatly pleased and exclaimed, "If anyone can bring him to understand music I am he." The idea of visiting you in Karlsbad filled him with enthusiasm. He struck his forehead and said, "Why could I not have done that before? In truth I did think of it, but was stopped by timidity which affects me frequently, as though I were no real man, but I shall now fear Goethe no longer." You may reckon therefore on seeing him next year.

Bettina.

Although obscure, there is no reason whatever to think that Bettina's expression of Beethoven's thoughts was not accurate, and there is no need to doubt her assertion that she showed what she had written down of Beethoven's conversation to Beethoven himself. Those who have any knowledge of the extreme difficulty of expressing in words original ideas, even when they are one's own, will not be surprised at the queer complicated character of Beethoven's remarks as reported by Bettina from what she could recall of her conversation. Thayer makes one interesting observation which, in itself, vouches for the authenticity of the remarks Bettina ascribes to Beethoven. He points out that from Wegeler's

*Notizen* we learn that the Latin word "Raptus" was in use by Beethoven's friends, the Breuning family, in the early days at Bonn. This fact is made known only in Wegeler's *Notizen*, which were first published years after Madame von Arnim's publication of the letters to Goethe.

## XXXII

Beethoven actually met Goethe in Teplitz in July 1812. At that time there were a great number of royalties and other important personages at Teplitz, all waiting for the hoped-for downfall of Napoleon. Thayer obtained a list of the arrivals of visitors that summer, and among them we find the Emperor Franz, Marie Louise, Empress of France, the Empress of Austria, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, the King of Saxony and the following :

July 7th—Herr Ludwig van Beethoven, composer, of Vienna, lives in the Eiche, No. 62.

July 8th—Herr Carl, Prince von Lichnowsky.

July 15th—Hr. Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, Grand Ducal Privy Councillor of Weimar, etc., etc., in the Gold. Schiff, No. 116.

On July 14th Beethoven wrote a letter to Varnhagen in which he says :

There is not much to be said about Teplitz, few people and among the few nothing extraordinary, wherefore I live alone ! alone ! alone !

A few days later he wrote the following letter to Breitkopf and Härtel. It is interesting because it is one of the few in which Beethoven uses technical musical terms.

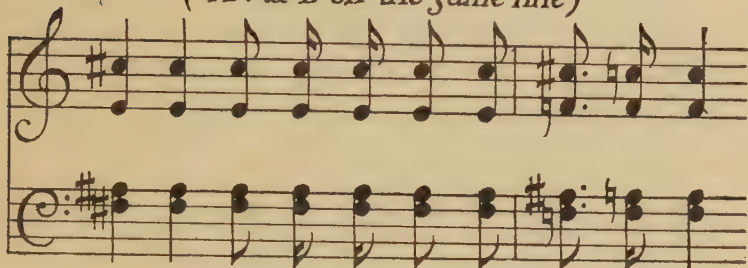
Teplitz, 17th July, 1812.

We only say to you that we are here since the 5th July, how?—Concerning that there is not much to say; in all there are not so many interesting folk as last year, and fewer; the crowd appears less than few,—My rooms are not exactly what I should like, but I hope soon to get better ones. You will have received the corrections for the Mass—at the beginning of the *gloria* I have written, instead of common, *alla breve* time and change of *tempo*. It was written so at first; a bad performance, at which the tempo was taken too quickly, led me to it. As I had not seen the Mass for a long time it struck me at once, and I saw that one has, unfortunately, to leave such things sometimes to chance. In the *Sanctus* it might be indicated somewhere that at the enharmonic change the flats might be taken away and sharps substituted for them thus :





*instead of flats, the sharps to be kept here  
(NB! at B on the same line)*



I could never hear this passage sung in tune by our choirs unless the organist quietly gave the chord of the 7th. Perhaps with you they are better—it will at least be well to indicate somewhere that one could take the *sharp* in this passage instead of a *flat*, as here indicated. (Of course it will be added in print as here.) Goethe is here—farewell, and let me soon know something about your doings—

Your most devoted,  
Ludwig van Beethoven.

N.B. II. Please add all you have printed of separate songs of mine.

N.B. I. As the fifty thalers are not quite paid up, and even if they were, it does not need very strong imagination to consider the same as not yet paid; we beg you, therefore, either in return for the actual or imagined fifty thalers, to send the following works in my name to a most amiable lady at Berlin; namely, first the score of the *Mount of Olives*; secondly and thirdly, both books of Goethe's songs, namely, the one with six, the other

with three songs. The address is: "Amalie Sebald, Bauhof No. 1, Berlin"; she is a pupil of Zelter, and we are well disposed towards her.

N.B. II. You can also send me here some copies of the last of the works; one often wants such a thing for musicians, when one sees that they are not likely to buy—I hope, that with your amiability, you will carry out punctually my amiable liberality with regard to A. S.

Goethe enters Beethoven's name among his list of visits of July 19th, and on the same day he wrote to his wife as follows:

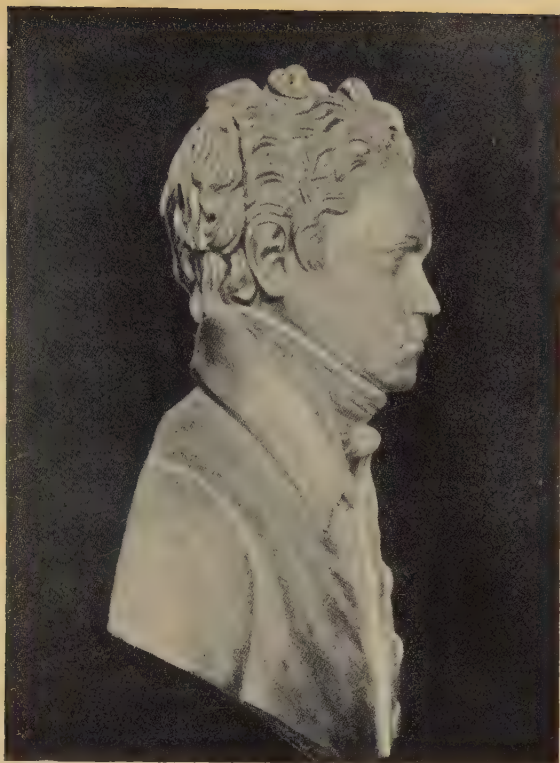
Say to His Serene Highness, Prince Friederich, that I can never be with Beethoven without wishing that it were in the Golden Strauss. A more self-contained, energetic, sincere artist I never saw. I can understand right well how singular must be his attitude towards the world.

The only other important reference to Beethoven, made by Goethe, is in a letter to Zelter, in which he writes as follows:

I made Beethoven's acquaintance in Teplitz. His talent astounded me; unfortunately he has an utterly untamed personality, not altogether in the wrong in holding the world to be detestable; but he does not make it any more enjoyable either for himself or others by his attitude. He is very excusable on the other hand, and ought to be pitied as his hearing is leaving him, which perhaps impairs the musical part of his nature less than the social. He is of a laconic nature and will become badly so because of this lack.

Beethoven wrote in a letter to the Archduke Rudolf, dated August 12th, 1812, as follows:

In Teplitz I hear Turkish music four times a day, the only musical report which I am able to make. I was much together with Goethe.



BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42

*(Side view of the bust by Franz Klein, made from the life-mask taken in 1812)*





A few days earlier he wrote the following letter to Breitkopf and Härtel :

Frantzens Brunn, near Eger.  
9th August, 1812.

Only what is most necessary ; you have not got the title of the Mass, and I have many things too much, taking baths, doing nothing and etc., also other unavoidable things. I am tired of chance things, surprises—you see and think I am now here, but my doctor drives me from one place to another in search of health, from Teplitz to Karlsbad, from there back here. In K. I played to the Saxons and Prussians some music for the benefit of those who had suffered from the fire at Baden ; it was, so to speak, a poor concert for the *poor*—Signore Polledrone helped me, and after he had once got rid, as usual, of his nervousness, played well—“Seine Durchlaucht dem Hochgebohrnen Fürsten Kynsky,” something of that sort for the title—and now I must refrain from writing any more ; instead of that, I have to go again and dabble about in water ; scarcely have I filled my inside with a good *quantity* of the same, than I have then to bathe myself all over—very shortly will I answer the other points in your letter—court air suits Goethe more than becomes a poet. One cannot laugh much at the ridiculous things that *virtuosi* do, when poets, who ought to be looked upon as the principal teachers of the nation, forget everything else amidst this glitter.

Yours,  
Beethoven.

The incident, which has already been given in Beethoven's letter to Bettina, of Beethoven and Goethe meeting the Imperial family, occurred this summer at Teplitz. There is an anecdote of the same period which is probably true, as it comes from a number of sources. Once, when Goethe and Beethoven were walking together, Goethe expressed his vexation at the incessant greetings from passers by, whereupon Beethoven replied, “Do not let that trouble your Excellency,

perhaps the greetings are intended for me." Beethoven and Goethe never met again; but more than ten years later, when Beethoven was anxious to get subscriptions for his great Mass in D, he wrote the following letter to Goethe:

Vienna, February 8th, 1823.

Your Excellency,

From the days even of my youth I was familiar with your immortal, ever new works, also I have never forgotten the happy hours spent in your company. And now an opportunity occurs in which I have to call myself to your remembrance. I hope you will have received the dedication to my setting of Y.E.'s *Meeresstille und Glückliche Fahrt*. Both, on account of the contrast which they offer, seem to me most fitting to be expressed musically. And how thankful I should be to know whether my harmonies are in unison with yours. Advice, which I should value as truth itself, would also be most welcome; for the latter I prize above all things. Never shall it be said of me: *Veritas odium parit*. Soon may appear some of my settings of your poems which will always remain unique, and among them *Rastlose Liebe*, and you cannot think how much I should value some general comment on composing, or setting your songs to music. Now for a request to Y.E. I have written a grand Mass, which as yet I do not intend to publish, but have merely decided to send it to the principal courts. The honorarium is only fifty ducats. And, with this intention, I have applied to the Grand Ducal Embassy at Weimar, where the petition to his Serene Highness, the Grand Duke, has been accepted, and a promise given that it shall be put into his hands. The Mass can also be performed as an oratorio, and, as everybody knows, societies for the benefit of the poor are in need of such works got up by subscription! My request consists in this, that Y.E. would call the attention of his Serene Highness to this matter, so that the Grand Duke might become a subscriber. The Grand Ducal Embassy gave me to understand that it would be very advantageous if the Grand Duke could be induced to show

favour to the undertaking already beforehand.—I have written much, but have scarcely gained anything by it. Now, however, I am no longer alone ; already for over six years I have been a father to a boy of my late brother's, a promising young fellow in his sixteenth year, and entirely devoted to art and science. With the rich literature of Greece he is already quite familiar.

But in this country such matters are expensive, and with young students thought must be given not only to the present but to the future ; and, however much formerly I only thought of my art, I must now direct my looks earthwards,—my income is from no settled appointment. My illnesses for several years have prevented me from making concert tours, and generally from seizing hold of everything which tends to earn money. Could I fully recover my health, I might venture to expect a more prosperous state of things. Y.E. must not, however, think that just on account of the above request for myself, I had dedicated to you the *Meeresstille u. Glückliche Fabrt.* That was already done in May 1822, and at that time there was no thought of making known the Mass in this manner ; it is the outcome of only the last few weeks. The respect, love, and high esteem which I have entertained from my young days for the unique, immortal Goethe have not diminished. That, however, cannot be expressed in words, especially by a bungler like myself. My sole thought has been to devote myself to music, but a peculiar inward feeling strongly prompts me to say so much to you, seeing that in your writings the good is at all times so clear to us, that I feel assured Y.E. will not refuse my request. I believe that you will not fail, for once, to use your influence for an artist who has only felt too much how *mere gain* has nothing to do with *art*. Necessity compels him, *owing to others*, to think and to work *for others*.

A few words from you would spread happiness around me.

To your Excellence, who inspirest  
With the utmost esteem,  
Your worshipper,  
Beethoven.

Goethe never replied to this letter, which up till 1914 was still preserved in the grand ducal archives. Goethe was probably not wholly sympathetic to Beethoven's music, his tastes were formed on the music of the pre-Beethoven period. It is also probable that Beethoven's manners at Teplitz had offended him in spite of the strong impression made upon him by his personality. The fact that Goethe was probably conscious for the first time in his life that he had met a greater man than himself must also be taken into consideration.

### XXXIII

In September 1812 Beethoven was much in the company of Amalie Sebald. I have already quoted Beethoven's longest letter to Amalie Sebald. All the other letters to her are written in that tone of intimate and affectionate friendship, which Beethoven showed to many women during his life. This tone is to my mind incompatible with the tone of the letters to the "immortal beloved," and makes it unlikely that Amalie Sebald was the recipient of those letters. But there are a great many reasons for thinking that the letters to the "immortal beloved" were written in the year 1812, because from this time Beethoven became more and more withdrawn from society, and was for some years almost completely unproductive. There is an entry in Beethoven's journal (*Tagebuch* of the Fischhoff MS.) dated 1812, which reads as follows :

Devotion—the deepest devotion to your destiny can alone bring you to the sacrifice of . . . and to the endurance of your daily toil. Oh, hard struggle ! to accomplish all which remains to be done from the daily drudgery of necessity work to the longest journey, the highest flight. Now all this must be hewn out of myself. You may no longer be a man . . . for you there is no longer happiness except that which you find in yourself, in your art. Oh, God give me strength to conquer myself. I dare no





AMALIE SEBALD  
*(After a drawing by C. Kolb)*



longer chain myself to life—in that way everything connected with A.\* will go to destruction.

There is another significant entry dated May 13th, 1813 :

To forego a great act which might have been and remain so—oh, what a difference compared with the untroubled life which I often picture to myself—oh, fearful conditions which do not suppress my feeling for domesticity, on whose execution, oh, God, God look down upon the unhappy B., do not permit it to last thus much longer—

Learn to keep silence, oh, friend ! speech is like silver,  
But to hold one's peace at the right moment is pure  
gold.

These extracts suggest that the abandonment of Beethoven's hope of marriage took place about this time. In October 1812 Beethoven went to Linz ; it is supposed with the intention of trying to prevent his brother Johann, the apothecary, marrying Therese Obermayer, of whom he disapproved ; but he was unsuccessful in this. While in Linz he finished the symphony in F., No. 8.

#### XXXIV

In 1813 Beethoven's time was largely taken up in legal disputes about the payment of his annuities by Lobkowitz and Kinsky. He writes, in a letter to the Archduke Rudolf, from Vienna, on July 24th, 1813 :

For me to be kept in the city during the summer is a torture . . . Meanwhile it is really the affairs of Lobkowitz and Kinsky which are keeping me here. Instead of thinking a number of bars, I have to make notes about a number of calls which I must pay ; without this I should scarcely live to see the end here. You will have heard

\* It is not certain that this letter is an A.

of the misfortune of Lobkowitz. He is to be pitied, for to be so wealthy is no happiness! Count Fries is said to have paid to Duport alone nineteen hundred ducats in gold, for which the old Lobkowitz house served as a guarantee. The details are beyond all belief—Count Rasoumowsky I hear will go to Baden and bring with him his quartet; and this will be delightful since your Imperial Highness would thereby have good entertainment . . .

Mälzel, whom Beethoven first met in 1812, invented the metronome, also a mechanical trumpeter and a pan harmonicon. The latter contrivance combines the ordinary instruments employed in military bands with a powerful bellows, the keys being touched by pins fixed in a revolving cylinder. The first musical pieces made for this mechanical instrument were by Cherubini and Haydn. Beethoven, on hearing of Wellington's victory at Vittoria on June 21st, 1813, at the suggestion of Mälzel, wrote a battle symphony for this instrument. Moscheles writes, in a note to the English edition of Schindler's biography, that he witnessed the origin and progress of this work, and that Mälzel

gave the composer some ideas, how he should herald the English army by the tune of "Rule Britannia"; how he should introduce "Malbrouck" in a dismal vein; how he should describe the horrors of battle, and arrange "God Save the King" with other effects to represent the cheers of a multitude. Even the unhappy idea of converting the melody of "God Save the King" into the subject of a fugue in quick time came from Mälzel.

Mälzel wanted Beethoven to go to London and give performances, but as no funds were available, he persuaded Beethoven to score the battle piece for orchestra, and give a concert in Vienna. The concert was given on the 8th December, 1813.



The programme included the first performance of Beethoven's new symphony in A major, No. 7, and the battle piece, "Wellington's Victory." The battle piece was considered by Beethoven and his musician friends as a stupendous joke. The concert was such a success that it had to be repeated. The battle piece created a furore among the Viennese, and for the first time in his life Beethoven became popular with the multitude, and strolling one day on the Kahlenberg he met a number of girls carrying baskets of cherries who offered him some, and, when he was about to pay, said they could not accept money from him after hearing his beautiful music in the Redouten Saal. The allegretto of the symphony in A was encored. Beethoven wrote a letter for the *Wiener Zeitung* from which I take the following extract :

While Herr Schuppanzigh, at the head of the violins, inspired the orchestra by his fiery and expressive playing, Herr Chief Kapellmeister Salieri did not disdain to beat time for the drummers and salvos ; Herr Spohr and Herr Mayseder, each worthy of leadership because of his art, collaborated in the second and third places . . . .

To me, the direction of the whole was assigned only because the music was of my composition ; had it been by another I should have been just as ready as Herr Hummel to take my place at the big drum, as we were all filled with nothing but the pure love of country, and of beautiful sacrifice of our powers for those who sacrificed so much for us. But our greatest thanks are due to Herr Mälzel, since it was he who has conceived the idea of this concert.

This letter was never printed, owing to Beethoven having quarrelled with Mälzel. An interesting account of Beethoven conducting this concert is given in his *Autobiography* (1860-61) by Spohr, who played among the violins :

I, for the first time, saw Beethoven conduct, and was surprised in the highest degree, although I had been told

beforehand of what I now saw with my own eyes. Beethoven had accustomed himself to indicate expression to the orchestra by all kinds of singular bodily movements. Whenever a *sforzando* occurred he threw out both arms violently. At *piano* he crouched down lower and lower as he desired the degree of softness. If a *crescendo* then entered he gradually rose again, and at the entrance of the *forte* jumped high into the air. Sometimes too he unconsciously shouted to strengthen the *forte*.

Spohr goes on to say that Seyfried related to him the following incident :

Beethoven once was playing a new pianoforte concerto. He forgot at the first *tutti* that he was the soloist, sprang up and began to conduct. At the first *sforzando*, he threw out his arms so violently that both candlesticks were knocked off the piano on to the ground. The public laughed, and Beethoven was so enraged by this that he made the orchestra stop and begin again. Seyfried realising that the same thing would happen once more, made two boys stand near Beethoven and hold candles in their hands. One of them, however, unfortunately got too near and was overlooking the piano score when suddenly another *sforzando* was reached, and he received from Beethoven such a blow that he dropped the candle. The other boy, who was more cautious, watched Beethoven's movements with the greatest care, and succeeded in avoiding his sudden movements. Whereas the public had laughed before, now there broke forth a veritable bacchanalian outburst of laughter. Beethoven was so furious that with the first chord of the solo he broke half a dozen strings.

In January 1813 a further concert was given, and Franz Wild, the singer, was present and gave the following account in his autobiography, in *Rezensionen über Theater und Musik*.

Beethoven mounted the conductor's platform and the orchestra, knowing his weakness, found itself plunged

into an anxious excitement, which was only too soon justified; for scarcely had the music begun before its creator offered a bewildering spectacle. At the *piano* passages he sank upon his knee, at the *forte* he leaped up; so that his figure, now shrinking into that of a dwarf, disappeared under the desk, and then stretched up far above it like a giant, his hands and arms working as though, with the beginning of the music, a thousand lives had entered every member. At first this happened without disturbance of the effect of the composition, for the disappearance and appearance of his body was synchronous with the dying away and swelling of the music; but, all at once, the genius ran ahead of the orchestra, and the composer disappeared at the *forte* passages and appeared again at the *piano*. Now danger was imminent and, at the critical moment, Kapellmeister Umlauf took the commander's staff and indicated to the orchestra that he alone was to be followed. For a time Beethoven noticed nothing of the change. When he finally observed it a smile came to his lips which, if ever one which kind fate permitted me to see can be called so, deserved to be called "heavenly."

Spohr gives exactly the same account of this concert, and says that the passage where Beethoven went wrong was through not hearing the *pianissimo* in the second part of the first allegro of the symphony in A. He says that this did not occur at the public performance but at the rehearsal.

### XXXV

A consequence of the success of these concerts, and of the great popularity Beethoven acquired, was that a demand sprang up for a revival of his opera "Fidelio." This was the cause of the third, and final revision, of the opera made by Beethoven, with the assistance of Treitschke. While preparing for this revival another concert was given on Sunday,

the 27th February, 1814, at which the A major symphony was again performed. At this concert the symphony in F major, No. 8, was played for the first time.

It is an extraordinary fact that this wonderfully high spirited work, in which the comic spirit finds its highest expression in music, should have been composed at a time when Beethoven was suffering such personal unhappiness. Czerny relates that at this concert the 8th symphony did not please, and that Beethoven was angry, and said the reason was that it was so much better. But the critic of the *Allg. Musik. Zeit.*: commenting on the lack of enthusiasm displayed by the audience, said that it was due to their having had a surfeit of good things, and that it was a mistake to give this symphony following the symphony in A, "if this symphony should be performed alone hereafter, we have no doubt of its success." It is interesting to give the composition of the string instruments of the orchestra at this concert, as noted in a memorandum by Beethoven. There were eighteen first violins, eighteen second, fourteen violas, twelve violincellos, seventeen contra-basses, two contra-bassoons.

At the end of March 1814 Treitschke sent the new text of "Fidelio" to Beethoven, who replied :

I have read your amendments to the opera with great pleasure, they determine me to rebuild the ruins of an old castle.

Treitschke gives the following details of the changes :

The whole first act would lie in the open courtyard, the first and second numbers change places—Leonora's aria had another introduction, only the first part, "*O du für den ich alles trug*," remaining. . . . At the end we were at one in this, to combine the return to the dungeons of the prisoners in Pizarro's command and their lament. . . . Beethoven wished poor Florestan to ex-



press his feelings in an aria ; but I suggested that a man nearly dead with hunger could not sing. We discussed this exhaustively, and at last I wrote words depicting the last flickering of life before its final extinction. . . . I will now tell what will afterwards live in my memory. Beethoven came one evening to me at about 7 o'clock. . . . He asked me how the aria stood. As it was ready I gave it to him. He read it, walked about the room murmuring and humming as usual, instead of singing ; then, suddenly seating himself at the piano with the text in front of him, he began to improvise wonderfully. . . . Out of this the motif of the aria seemed to develop. Hours passed and Beethoven still improvised. Supper was brought but he did not move. At last, very late, he suddenly rose and embraced me, and disregarding the meal, rushed from the house. A few days later the superb composition was ready.

The revision was made under pressure of time. Beethoven received the revised text in March and the performance was fixed for May 23rd. The following two letters from Beethoven to Trietschke about this time are interesting :

(Spring 1814)

Dear Worthy Tr.—

The cursed concert—which I am compelled to give, partly owing to my bad circumstances—has put me all behindhand with regard to the *opera*. The *cantata* which I wished to give robbed me of five or six days ; now, indeed, something must be done suddenly, and I would write something *new* quicker, as I am accustomed to write, than now the *new* to the *old*. Also in my instrumental music I always have the *whole* in my mind ;\* here, however, that whole is to a certain extent divided, and I have afresh to think myself into my music ! To give the opera in fourteen days is probably impossible, but I think it could be managed in four weeks.

Meanwhile, the first act will be finished in a few days,

\*This is a significant fact.

but there is a great deal still to do to the second act, also a new overture, which indeed is the easiest thing, as it will be quite new. For my *Akademie*, I have only sketched out here and there, both in the first and second acts ; only a few days ago I was able to set to work.

The score of the opera was the most frightful writing that I have ever seen, I had to look at it note by note (it was probably stolen).

In short ! I assure you, dear Tr.—, the opera is gaining for me a *martyr's crown*. Had you not taken so much trouble, and so improved everything, for which I am eternally thankful to you, I could scarcely have forced myself to it ! You have, thereby, also saved something from a stranded ship ! Meanwhile, if you think that the delay with the opera will be too great for you, put it off to a later period. I am now going away until all is ended, also quite changed by you, and for the better ; and of this at every moment I become more and more aware. Still, it does not go so quickly as if I were writing something new ; and in fourteen days that is impossible ! Act as you think best, but also quite as a friend of mine ! There is no lack of zeal on my part.

Yours,  
Beethoven.

(Spring 1814)

Dear Tr.—I am delighted at your satisfaction with the chorus—I thought that you would have used all the pieces *to your advantage, and also to mine* ; but if you do not want this, I should like it to be sold solely for the *benefit of the poor*. Your copyists came to me about it, also Wranitzky ; I said that you, worthy Tr. were absolute master in the matter, hence I am only waiting for your opinion.

Your copyist is—an ass ! but he has not the well-known magnificent ass's skin—hence my copyist has undertaken the matter, and it will be nearly finished by Tuesday, and my copyist will bring everything to the rehearsal. For the rest, the whole matter concerning the

opera is the most troublesome in the world, for I am dissatisfied with most things, and there is scarcely a number to which I have not been compelled here and there to tack on *some satisfaction* to my present *dissatisfaction*. There is a very great difference between free reflection and giving oneself up to one's inspiration.

Yours ever,  
Beethoven.

The night before the final rehearsal Beethoven got the idea for his new overture. Treitschke relates that they called at Beethoven's house and found him asleep in bed, and beside him a glass with wine and biscuit in it, and the sheets of the overture scattered on the bed and floor. A burnt-out candle showed that he had worked far into the night. Nevertheless, the overture was not ready in time, and for this revival of the opera Beethoven's overture "The Ruins of Athens" was played. In a conversation in 1823 Beethoven remarked that the people applauded, "but I was ashamed, as it did not belong to the rest." On this occasion "Fidelio" was a tremendous success. It was repeated on May 26th, June 2nd, June 4th and June 7th, 1814, and after the theatre had been closed, it was re-opened on June 21st with "Fidelio."

Beethoven conducted "Fidelio," and, although his passion often carried him out of time, with the help of his excellent Umlauf, all went well. Young Moscheles arranged the piano-forte score under Beethoven's supervision, and he related that, under the last number, he had written "*Fine*, with God's help." He left this with Beethoven and, when it was returned to him, he found in Beethoven's writing, under his own words, the words "O man, help yourself." On the 26th August, 1814, "Fidelio" was revived for the famous Vienna Congress. At this time, Dr. Weissenbach became acquainted with Beethoven, and he gives his impressions of Beethoven in his book *Meine Reise zum Kongress. Wahrheit und Dichtung* (published 1816); from which I take the following:

Beethoven's physique is sturdy and robust. . . . The robustness of his body, however, is only in his flesh and bones. His nervous system is sensitive to the last degree even morbidly so . . . he once had typhus in a severe form. From this dates perhaps his deafness. . . . His character conforms with the greatness of his talents. Never in my life have I met with such a childlike simplicity in company with so powerful a personality. He has an inner drive towards all that is fine and good, which is far higher than any education.

## XXXVI

Tomaschek, the composer, published in his *Libussa* (1846-47) an extremely interesting account of a conversation with Beethoven in 1814, part of which is in dialogue form. This account gives an excellent idea of Beethoven's peculiarly abrupt and explosive way of talking.

At 10 o'clock in the morning I visited Beethoven in company with my brother. The poor man heard with such extreme difficulty this day that one had to shout rather than speak. The reception room in which he greeted me amiably was not less than splendidly furnished, but in great disorder. . . . I found here an upright pianoforte and on it a cantata, *Der glorreiche Augenblick*, by Weisenbach. On the keyboard lay a pencil. Near by I saw scattered, leaves filled with musical ideas in the most heterogeneous confusion.

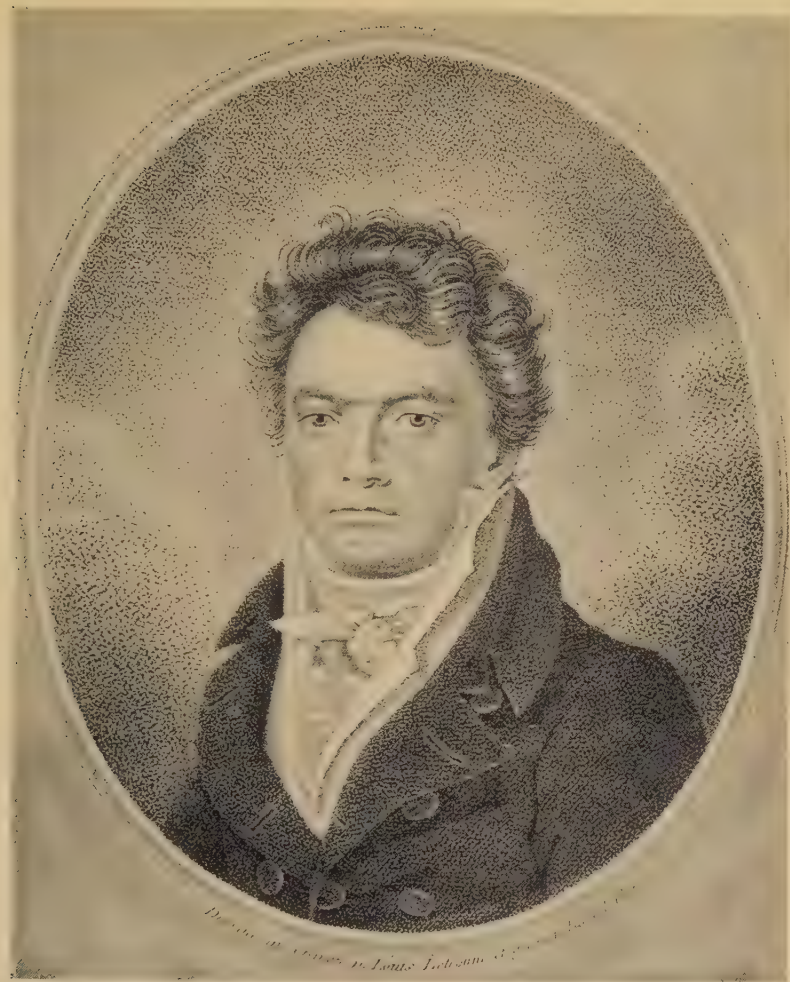
I. Herr van Beethoven forgive me if I disturb you. I am Tomaschek from Prague, composer to Count Buquoy, and take the liberty to visit you with my brother.

*Beethoven.* I am delighted to make your acquaintance. You do not disturb me in the least.

I. Herr Dr. R. sends his respects.

*Beethoven.* What is he doing, it is long since I heard from him. . . . .





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 44  
(Engraved by Riedel in 1815 after a drawing by Louis Latronne)



*I.* To-day a new opera by R.R.\* is being given. I have no desire to hear such music.

*Beethoven.* My God! Such composers must exist, or what would the workhouse do.

*I.* I am told also that there is a young stranger† here who will prove to be an exceptionally fine pianist.

*Beethoven.* Yes, I have heard of him, but I have not heard him. My God! Let him only remain here a quarter of a year, and then we shall see what the Viennese think of his playing. I know how everything new pleases here.

*I.* Have you not yet met him?

*Beethoven.* I became acquainted with him at the performance of my battle piece, on which occasion a number of young composers played various instruments. To this young man fell the lot of the big drum. Ha! Ha! Ha! I was not at all satisfied with him. He did not hit it right and he always came in late, so that I had to give him a good dressing down. Ha! Ha! Ha! That may have angered him. There is nothing in him. He has not the courage to hit at the right moment.

Tomaschek visited Beethoven a little later, after the performance of Meyerbeer's opera, "Die beiden Kalifen," which was given at the Kärnthnerthor theatre in the presence of the King of Prussia.

*I.* I have come to see you before my departure.

*Beethoven.* I thought you had already left Vienna. Have you been here all the time?

*I.* Yes . . . . . Are you well?

*Beethoven.* As always, filled with disgust. It is no longer possible to live here.

*I.* I see that you are busy with preparations for your concert. Perhaps I am in the way.

*Beethoven.* Not at all, I am pleased to see you. There is so much unpleasantness connected with the concert,

\* *Moses.* Text by A. Klingemann. Music by Ignaz von Seyfried.

† This stranger was Meyerbeer.

and endless corrections . . . . everything is incorrectly copied . . . . .

*I.* There is nothing more unpleasant than the arrangements for a concert.

*Beethoven.* You are right. Sheer stupidity prevents progress. The amount of money one must lay out ! I must give a third to the theatre management and a fifth to the House of Correction. Pfui ! Devil ! I should like to ask whether music is a free art or not ? Believe me, art is nowhere in these days. How much longer do you remain in Vienna ?

*I.* I am leaving on Monday I think.

*Beethoven.* I must give you a ticket for my concert.

*I.* Were you at Meyerbeer's opera ?

*Beethoven.* No, it must have turned out badly. I thought of you. You were right when you said that his compositions promise little. I spent the evening after the production with the opera singers in a wine house where they usually go. I said to them frankly : " You have distinguished yourselves again ! What folly ! You ought to be ashamed to be so lacking in judgment and discrimination as to have made such a fuss about this opera. Is it possible to believe that old singers could be so uncritical ? I should like to talk to you about it, but you do not understand me."

*I.* I was there. It began with a Halleluiah and ended with a Requiem.

*Beethoven.* Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! It is the same with his playing. I have often been asked if I have heard it. I said nothing ; but from the opinions of my acquaintances in whose judgment I have confidence I could tell that he had facility but was a superficial man.

*I.* I heard that before he went away he played to Herr — and pleased much less.

*Beethoven.* Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! Ha ! What have I told you ? I knew. Let him settle down for half a year and then we will hear what people think of his playing. All this means nothing. Everyone knows that the greatest piano players were also the greatest composers ; but



how did they play? Not like the piano players of to-day, who only rush up and down the keyboard with carefully practised passages. *Putsch—putsch—putsch!* What is that worth? Nothing! When the true virtuosos played it was always something homogeneous, a whole; one could write it down like a good well-thought-out work. That is piano playing, the rest is nothing!

I. I find it laughable that he, who has such a small grasp of his instrument, should be considered a great pianist.

*Beethoven.* He has no grip of instrumental music. . . . Further, of composition he understands “damn all”! (*blutwenig*).

I. . . . \*I hear has met with great success.

*Beethoven.* My God! He plays prettily, prettily, otherwise he is a——! There is nothing in him. These people have their little coteries where they go often. There they are praised, and praised, and that is the end of art! I tell you he will never amount to anything. Formerly I was too free in my judgments and thereby made many enemies—now I criticise nobody for the reason that I do not want to hurt anybody, and, ultimately, I say to myself, if there is anything in it, it will survive in spite of attacks and envy; if it is not solid, not firm, it will fall to pieces no matter how much it is propped up.

In this year (1814) Beethoven composed nothing of importance. I will close the history of the year with the following letter to Dr. Kanka, the lawyer of Prague, who was conducting Beethoven's law suit with the Kynsky heirs.

(Midsummer 1814).

A thousand thanks, my honoured K.

I once again meet with a *lawyer*, and a man who can write and think without making use of empty formulæ. You can scarcely imagine how I sigh for an end to this business, as in everything which concerns my household

\*This is possibly Moscheles.

economy I am unsettled—not to speak of other damage. You, yourself, know that the creative spirit ought not to be fettered by wretched wants, and through them I am deprived of many things calculated to brighten my life. Even to my longing, and to the duty which I have undertaken, viz., to work by means of my art for needy humanity, I have been compelled and am still compelled to set limits. Of our monarchs, etc., monarchies, etc., I will write nothing to you, the papers will tell you everything—for me, the spiritual kingdom is dearest, it is above all intellectual and worldly monarchies—only do write what you really want *for yourself* from me, from my weak musical powers, so that I may be able, so far as is possible, to write something for *your* own musical intelligence or feeling. Do you not want all the papers which refer to the Kynsky matter? In this case I would send them to you, as amongst them is important testimony which I think you read over at my house—think of me, and consider that you are representing an unselfish artist against a haggling family. How readily men take away from a poor artist *what in another way they bestow on him*—and Jupiter no longer exists, so that one could invite oneself to a feast of ambrosia—give wings, dear friend, to the slow steps of justice. When I find myself in high spirits, when I have happy moments in the sphere of my art, then earthly spirits drag me down again, and to these also belong the two law suits. You, too, have unpleasantness, although I should not have thought it, considering your usual intelligence and capabilities, especially in your profession, so I must refer you to myself. I have emptied the cup of bitter sorrow, and through my dear art-disciples and art-companions I have won martyrdom in art—I beg you to think every day of me as if I were a whole world; otherwise it would be expecting too much of you to think of such a small individual as myself.

With the most sincere respect and friendship,

Yours truly,

Ludwig van Beethoven.

## XXXVII

In 1815 Beethoven was presented by Prince Rasoumowsky and the Archduke Rudolf to the assembled monarchs at the Congress. He dedicated a "Polonaise" to the Empress of Russia, who was very amiable to him. Charles Neate, an English musician, came this year to Vienna in the hope of obtaining instruction from Beethoven, who, however, refused to give him lessons, but recommended him to Aloys Förster. In the summer, Beethoven went to Baden, and Neate rented a room near and saw him daily. He says that it was Beethoven's custom to work the whole morning until twelve or one. Later in the day he would allow Neate to accompany him on his walks about the fields or to the Helenenthal. Neate says: "Nature was his nourishment, he seemed to live upon her and by her." He found little difficulty in making Beethoven hear if he spoke slowly, close to his left ear. He describes Beethoven as dark, ruddy, with a vivacious expression and dishevelled hair. When he was in a good humour, as he frequently was, he laughed continually. He was charming and expansive to those he liked; but his aversions were so intense and violent that he would run away from people in order to avoid them. When Neate told him of the popularity in England of his septet he exclaimed "That is a confounded piece of work, I wish it were burnt."

In 1815 Schindler became better acquainted with Beethoven and used to frequent a beer house, the Zumrosenstock, where he heard Beethoven talk; he records that about this time Beethoven's republican creed "received a considerable blow through more intimate acquaintance with the English Constitution."

About this time there were negotiations between Beethoven and the London Philharmonic Society, through Sir George Smart and Neate. Neate found himself unjustly accused of neglecting Beethoven's interests in a letter written by

Beethoven to Sir George Smart. Smart showed the letter to Neate and then suppressed it. At the same time Beethoven wrote to Ferdinand Ries in London complaining that the publisher Birchall had not paid him the extra £5, which had been promised to cover the expenses of copying. Birchall had bought, among other things, the battle piece, the symphony in A and the trio in B, and had actually sent the money which was lying to Beethoven's credit in the bank of Fries & Co. But Beethoven discovered this some time after his letter to Ries, which is as follows :

Vienna, 11th June, 1816.

My dear R. !—I am sorry that you have had to pay postage money again for me ; however willingly I help and serve all men, it pains me to be compelled to have to encroach upon other people's kindness. Of the ten ducats *up to now* nothing has come, and I therefore conclude that in England, as with us here, there are braggarts and men who do not keep their word. In this I do not accuse you, nevertheless I must beg you once again to see Mr. Bishall about the ten ducats, and to get them given to you. I assure you on my honour that I have paid for costs twenty-one florin in convention coin, without counting the copyist and several postal expenses. The money was not even notified to me in ducats, although you yourself wrote to me that I should receive it in Dutch ducats. So there are in England such unconscientious men to whom keeping their word *is of no moment ! ! !* Concerning the trio, *the publisher here* has approached me, so I beg you kindly to speak to Mr. B. so that this may appear in London by the *end* of August. He can get ready with the pianoforte score of the symphony in A, since, as soon as the publisher here fixes the day, I will at once inform you or B. As I have not received a syllable from Neate since his arrival in London, I now beg you to tell him to give you an answer whether he has already disposed of the quartet in F minor, for I should like to bring it out here at once, also ask what I have to expect



with regard to the 'cello sonatas. Of all the other works which I gave to him I am almost ashamed to speak, and, indeed, for my own sake without any conditions, as I trusted entirely to him as a friend. The notice in the *Morning Chronicle* concerning the performance of the symphony has been given me to read. Probably the same fate awaits this and all the other works which Neate took with him ; as with the *Battle*, so with the latter, I shall probably not receive anything more than a notice in the papers about the performances. The pianoforte edition of the symphony in A was quickly copied, and after careful revision I made certain changes which I will send to you. Kind regards to your wife.

In haste your true friend,  
Beethoven.

Neate wrote to Beethoven, after Smart had shown him the letter he had received, as follows :

London, October 29th, 1816.

My dear Beethoven,

Nothing has ever given me more pain than your letter to Sir George Smart. I confess that I deserve your censure, that I am greatly in fault ; but must say also that I think you have judged too hastily and too harshly of my conduct. The letter I sent you some time since, was written at a moment when I was in such a state of mind and spirits that I am sure, had you seen me or known my sufferings, you would have excused every unsatisfactory passage in it.

Thank God ! it is now all over, and I was just on the point of writing to you, when Sir George Smart called with your letter. I do not know how to begin an answer to it ; I have never been called upon to justify myself, because it is the first time I ever stood accused of dishonour ; and what makes it the more painful is " that I should stand accused by the man who, of all in the world, I most admire and esteem, and one also whom I have never ceased to think of, and wish for his welfare, since I

made his acquaintance." But as the appearance of my conduct has been so unfavourable in your eyes, I must tell you again of the situation I was in, previous to my marriage.

I remain in my profession, and with no abatement of my love of Beethoven ! During this period I could not myself do anything publicly, consequently all your music remained in my drawer, unseen and unheard. I, however, did make a very considerable attempt with the Philharmonic, to acquire for you what I thought you fully entitled to.

I offered all your music to them on condition that they made you a very handsome present ; this they said they could not afford, but proposed to see and hear your music and then offer a price for it ; I objected and replied : " That I should be ashamed that your music should be put up by auction and bid for !—that your name and reputation were too dear to me " ; and I quitted the meeting with a determination to give a concert and take all the trouble myself, rather than that your feelings should be wounded by the chance of their disapproval of your works. I was the more apprehensive of this, from the unfortunate circumstance of your overtures not being well received ; they said they had no more to hope from your other works. I was not a director last season, but I am for the next, and then I shall have a voice which I shall take care to exert. I have offered your sonatas to several publishers, but they thought them too difficult, and said they would not be saleable, and consequently made offers such as I could not accept, but when I shall have played them to a few professors, their reputation will naturally be increased by their merits, and I hope to have better offers. The symphony you read of in the *Morning Chronicle* I believe to be the one in C minor ; it certainly was not the one in A, for it has not been played at a concert. I shall insist upon its being played next season, and most probably the first night. I am exceedingly glad that you have chosen Sir George Smart to make your complaints of me to, as he is a man of honour, and very much your friend ; had it been to any one else, your complaint

might have been listened to, and I injured all the rest of my life. But I trust I am too respectable to be thought unfavourably of by those who know me.

I am, however, quite willing to give up every sheet I have of yours, if you again desire it. Sir George will write by the next post, and will confirm this. I am sorry you said that I did not even acknowledge my obligation to you, because I talked of nothing else at Vienna, as everyone there who knows me can testify. I even offered my purse, which you generously always declined. Pray, my dear friend, believe me to remain,

Ever yours, most sincerely,  
C. Neate.

This is Beethoven's reply.

(At Beethoven's dictation)

Vienna, 18th December, 1816.

My dear Sir,

Both letters to Mr. Beethoven and to me arrived. I shall first answer his, as he has made out some memorandums, and would have written himself, if he was not prevented by a rheumatic feverish cold. He says: "What can I answer to your warmfelt excuses? Past ills must be forgotten, and I wish you heartily joy that you have safely reached the long-wished-for port of love. Not having heard of you I could not delay any longer the publication of the symphony in A which appeared here some few weeks ago. It certainly may last some weeks longer before a copy of this publication appears in London, but unless it is soon performed at the Philharmonic, and something is done for me afterwards by way of benefit, I don't see in what manner I am to reap any good. The loss of your interest last season with the Philharmonic, when all my works in your hands were unpublished, has done me great harm; but it could not be helped, and at this moment I know not what to say. Your intentions are good and it is to be hoped that my little

fame may yet help. With respect to the two sonatas, Op. 102, for pianoforte and violoncello, I wish to see them sold very soon, as J. have several offers for them in Germany, which depend entirely upon me to accept; but I should not wish, by publishing them here, to lose all and every advantage with them in England. I am satisfied with the ten guineas offered for the dedication of the trio, and I beg you to hand the title immediately to Mr. Birchall, who is anxiously waiting for it; you'll please to use my name with him. I should be flattered to write some new works for the Philharmonic—I mean symphonies, an oratorio or cantatas, etc. Mr. Birchall wrote as if he wished to purchase my "Fidelio." Please to treat with him, unless you have some plan with it for my benefit concert, which in general I leave to you and Sir George Smart, who will have the goodness to deliver this to you. The score of the opera "Fidelio" is not published in Germany or anywhere else. Try what can be done with Mr. Birchall or as you think best. I was very sorry to hear that the three overtures were not liked in London. I by no means reckon them amongst my best works (which I can boldly say of the symphony in A) but still they were not disliked here and in Pesth, where people are not easily satisfied. Was there no fault in the execution? Was there no party-spirit?

And now I shall close, with the best wishes for your welfare, and that you enjoy all possible felicity in your new situation of life.

Your true friend,  
Louis van Beethoven.

### XXXVIII

In a letter to Ries, dated 8th May, 1816, Beethoven gives some interesting particulars about his expenses. He says that his annuity amounts to 3,400 florins in paper.

I pay 1,100 for house rent, and my servant and his wife cost 900 florins; so reckon up and see what remains





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 45

(Painted by W. J. Mähler in 1815, mentioned in the *Allg. Musik Zeit*, 1815)



over. In addition I have to look entirely after my little nephew ; up to now he is in the institution ; this comes to 1,100 florins and much that is not good, so that I shall have to set up private house keeping so as to have him with me. What a lot one has to earn in order to live here, and yet there is no end to it, for—for—for—you know what I mean. . .

About this time Beethoven had great trouble with his domestic arrangements, as the following letters to Zmeskall show.

Dear Zmeskall,

Your non-recommendation of the servants engaged by me I can also not recommend—I beg of you at once to hand over to me, through Herr Schlemmer, the papers, testimonials, etc., which you have from them, I have reason to suspect them of theft. I have been constantly ill since the 14th of last month and must keep to my bed and room. The projects concerning my nephew have foundered because of these miserable persons.

Beethoven's nephew Karl, who at this time was nine years old, had been placed by Beethoven at the school for private instruction kept by Giannatasio del Rio, to whom some time in 1816 Beethoven wrote the following undated letter :

(1816?)

. . . As regards the mother, she has expressly wished to seek Karl at my house. You have seen me several times hesitate whether I should place confidence in her. You must attribute this to my feeling against inhumanity, all the more as it is not possible for her to do any harm to K. For the rest, you can easily imagine how to a man like myself, accustomed to live in freedom, all these anxious circumstances in which through Karl I am placed, often appear to me unbearable, and among them those concerning his mother ; I am glad when I am not compelled to hear about them, and this is the cause why I generally avoid speaking about her to you. As regards

K. I beg you to enjoin strictest obedience on him, and when he does not obey you or those whom he has to obey, to *punish* him. Treat him rather as you would your own child, and not as a pupil; for I have already remarked to you that during his father's lifetime he was forced to obedience by blows; that was very bad, but it cannot be changed all at once, and one must not forget this. For the rest, if you do not see me often, ascribe this to nothing else than my small inclination to go into society. That inclination is often stronger, also now and then less strong; this could be ascribed to a change in my feelings, but it is not so. Only the good apart from unpleasant circumstances is always present to me, and you must accuse this iron time if I do not show my thankfulness with regard to Karl in a more active manner; but God can change everything, and so also my circumstances may improve, in which case I certainly shall hasten to show you how much I am, as always, with high esteem your thankful friend,

L. v. Beethoven.

I beg you to read this letter over to Karl.

Writing again to del Rio in 1816 Beethoven complains that he is ill and that his household resembles a shipwreck.

In short, I have been so swindled with reference to these people by one who affects to be a connoisseur, moreover, my recovery seems to be in no hurry. To engage a steward whose exterior and interior is unknown under such circumstances, and to leave the education of my Karl to chance, I can never do, great as are the sacrifices which in many respects I shall again be called upon to make. I therefore beg you to keep my Karl again for this quarter, I shall accept your suggestion against his cultivation of music to this extent, that Karl shall leave you two or even three times a week evenings at six o'clock and remain with me till the next morning, when he shall return to you by about eight o'clock. Every day would be too taxing for Karl and for me, since



it would always have to be at the same hour, too wearisome and restricting. . . As regards indebtedness to you for the last quarter, I must beg of you to bring the matter directly to my attention as the bearer of this has been blessed by God with a certain amount of stupidity, which one might not begrudge him if others were not affected by it. . . I embrace you with all my heart, and will always look upon you as a friend of myself and my Karl.

The following letters to Frau Streicher, wife of the famous pianoforte maker, who was a good friend to Beethoven, give a graphic description of Beethoven's domestic worries :

December 28th, 1816.

Already yesterday N. ought to have given you the New Year's note ; she, however, did not do so. The day before, I had business with Maelzel, who is very pressed for time, as he is soon going away from here ; hence you will quite understand that otherwise I should, without fail, have hurried up. Yesterday your dear good daughter came to see me, but I was very ill, worse than I can ever remember. It took my nice *servants* from seven to ten o'clock in the evening before they could get the oven alight. The excessive cold, especially in my state of health, brought on a chill, and all day yesterday I could scarcely move a limb. A cough, worse pains in my head than I have ever had, lasted the whole day. Already in the evening, about six o'clock, I had to go to bed, and I am still there, although I feel somewhat better. Your brother dined with me and showed me great kindness. On the same day, as you know, namely December 27th, I gave B. notice. The low behaviour of these persons is unbearable, and I wonder whether N. will behave better when the other has gone ; but I doubt it, and in that case she will have to *clear out* at a moment's notice. For a housekeeper she has not sufficient training, is too *beastly* ; you can tell by the face of the other that she is *lower than a beast*. As New Year's Day is approaching,

I think six florins will be enough for Nannie ; I have not given her the four florins for *getting her spencer made* on account of her *bad behaviour to you*. The other does not *really deserve a New Year's present* ; besides, she had nine florins in advance, and when she goes away I shall only be able at most to deduct four or five florins. I hope you will *approve* of all this, and now my best thoroughly sincere wishes for your prosperity. I am in so many ways indebted to you that I often feel ashamed. Farewell ; continue to be my friend.

As always,

Your,

L. v. Beethoven.

(1816?)

So far as B. is concerned, she goes off early on Monday, so *the other can also come in either in the afternoon about two o'clock or three o'clock*, whichever you think best. N. asked me to-day whether B. *was going to stop*. I said *no*, she could at latest remain till the first thing on Monday. For the rest, I have good ground for thinking that N. and the other one continue their spying in your house. The evening before last, N. began to jeer at me for ringing the bell, after the manner of *all low people*, so she already knew that I had written *to you* about it. Yesterday the infernal tricks recommenced. I made short work of it, and threw at her my heavy chair which stands by the bed ; for that I was at peace the whole day. So often, however, as they have to take a letter, or otherwise notice anything between us, they at once take vengeance on me. As for N.'s *honesty*, I can't say much for it ; she likes to pick at dainties, and this may be the cause of it. As soon as the other maid arrives, I will, the first time you pay me a visit, call her in, and *in your presence* express my doubts about the kitchen-book. Monthly accounts will not begin at my house until every day a certain number of persons take their meals here ; also the getting in of provisions made this impossible ; but

that I alone should want almost as much as if two persons were taking their meals, that was all very well, but—. At the midday meal we shall probably always be three in number, and also the two servants, as my nephew's tutor will always take his midday meal with us. I must thank Heaven in that I always find people who, especially now, take interest in me. For instance, I have found *one of the most distinguished* professors at the University here who attends most carefully to everything *connected with Karl's education*, and helps me with advice. If you should happen, when at Czerny's house, to meet those Giannatasios, *don't know anything that is being done about my Karl*. Tell people *it is not my habit to chatter about my plans*; for every plan that is the matter of common talk is no longer one's own. They might want to have a say in the matter, and I want these every-day sort of people as little for myself as for Karl. I believe that you willingly forgive N., I certainly think so, but I can't but look on her as an *immoral* person. We shall see how matters go on, but usually when anything has happened between masters and servants, it is no longer any good. I beg you so to instruct the kitchen-maid about to enter my service, that she *must take sides* with you and me against N.; for that purpose I will often write something which the other need not know about. Besides, she may not be so greedy as N. and B.; in short, the kitchen-maid must always be in *opposition* to N., and so the extraordinary cheek, wickedness, and low-mindedness of N., who indeed is now somewhat subdued, will decrease. I assure you that what I have experienced with N. exceeds the behaviour of many servants I have had. I have strictly forbidden N. to have strange visitors, and especially from the first floor. And now, farewell. As to servants, there is but one opinion everywhere, about their immorality, which must partly be ascribed to the general bad state of affairs here, and so you need never suffer or expect injury on my part about this. I shall always thankfully acknowledge what your friendship has brought me. I am only sorry that I should have been the innocent cause of unpleasant-

ness in your house. I bless you in place of the Klosterneuburg clergy.

In haste,  
Your friend,  
Beethoven.

N. just now asked me if I was going to have some one in place of B. ; I answered yes.

### XXXIX

In addition to his domestic worries Beethoven suffered constantly from the errors of his publishers. The following letter to Steiner & Co. deserves quotation :

(1816)

The whole business with this symphony is very annoying to me, for now, neither the *score* nor the printed parts are free from faults ; in these already printed *copies* the faults must be corrected with Indian ink, for which purpose Schlemmer must be employed. Then a list of all faults without exception must be printed and sent off ; the roughest copyist might have written out the score just as it is now printed ; such faulty, incomplete work, I have never yet seen the like of in anything of mine which has appeared in print. This is the result of *not* being willing to correct, of not having sent it to me sooner to look over, or even given me notice of it. The same copies which I am now sending have to be returned to me as soon as possible, together with the one already corrected, so that I may see what you have done correctly or incorrectly. Obstinacy punishes itself and innocent people have to suffer from it. I do not wish to know anything more about this mangled, wheel-broken *Symphony*. Faugh !

So you have really made it a matter of principle to treat the public without esteem, also, without any conscience, to detract from the *author's* reputation !

That I was ill, and am still so, and the longing of the



public to have this work, etc., these are excuses which you might allege when you announce the list of the faults.

Heaven watch over you—the devil take you.

The symphony in question was either No. 7, in A major, or No. 8, in F major, both of which were published by Steiner & Co., Vienna, in August 1816, although the composition of them had been completed in 1812. Hüttenbrenner, who came to Vienna, in 1815, to study with Salieri and was a friend of Schubert's, states that Beethoven often went to the publishing house of Steiner & Co. in the morning between eleven and twelve o'clock, and that Schubert frequently took him there where they often overheard, with delight, the pithy and sarcastic remarks of Beethoven, especially on Italian music. The following three letters refer to Beethoven's dealings with Steiner & Co. in the year 1816.

To Tobias Haslinger.

Dear Adjutant,\*

(1816)

I have seen nothing of the ruddy non-commissioned officer, probably he did not wait any longer at cashier Dam's, although he had to bring me back a note from him, I beg you therefore to send him once again to the cashier, for I have to receive money from there. The ruddy one has also to come straight to me from Herr Dam's. I am very sorry to have to be so troublesome to the G——l l——tenant, but I cannot employ my people for a thing of that kind. I therefore beg you to send the ruddy one to cashier Dam and from there to me. I also beg you not to show the letter to Hebenstreit concerning the germanising of *Pianoforte*, but to send it back to me; as I am neither a learned nor an unlearned man, I am already in the habit of consulting him.

Farewell.

H—r H——

2ten "——"—Klchen

To Herr Adjutant.

mpr.

\*Beethoven was "Generalissimo," Steiner "General-Lieutenant," and Haslinger "Adjutant."

o o p p p !

To Steiner &amp; Co.

(1816)

By chance I have hit upon the following dedication for the new sonata :

*Sonata for the Pianoforte*  
or . . . Hammerklavier  
composed and  
dedicated to

Baroness Dorothea Ertmann, *née* Graumann  
by

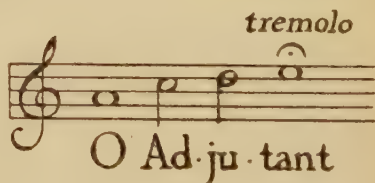
Ludwig van Beethoven.

If the title is already made, I have the two following proposals : either I pay for *the one title, that is at my cost*, or it is to be kept *for another new sonata of mine*, for which the mines of the G——l l——t, especially *pleno titulo* G——l l——t and first state councillor, have only to be opened so as to bring it to the light of day.

*The title must first be shown to an expert linguist.* Hammerklavier is certainly German, moreover the invention also is German ; honour to whom honour is due. How comes it that I have had no news of the punishments which no doubt were carried out ? As always your best

Amicus  
ad amicum  
de amico

I beg you to observe the strictest silence with regard to the dedication, as I wish it to come as a great surprise.



To the Same.

(1816 end ?)

The painful matter is thus ended, and indeed to our mutual satisfaction, and this can only serve as pleasant knowledge to our dear, faithful, G——l l——t. Con-

cerning the title of the new sonata, all that requires to be done is to transfer the title given to the symphony in A in the *Wiener Mus. Zeitung*. The sonata in A, my good G——l l——t, which is difficult to perform, will startle folk and make them reflect that the term “difficult” is a relative one; what is difficult for one person is easy for another. Consequently nothing should be said, although the G——l l——t must know that with this *everything is said; for what is difficult is also beautiful, good, great, etc.*; besides, everyone perceives that this is the *strongest* praise which can be given; for *what is difficult makes one sweat*. As in talk, the adjutant has again shown himself treacherous and rebellious; his *right ear* ought to be roughly taken hold of and well pulled; further execution we reserve to ourselves, so that it may be fully carried out in our presence, and in that of our worthy G——l l——t. We hope our dear G——l l——t will have everything that is of use to him, especially a better adjutant.

Beethoven only used the term “Hammerklavier” for the two pianoforte sonatas, Op. 101 and Op. 106. After that he returned to the old terms pianoforte or klavier. Another letter to Frau Nanette Streicher must be quoted as showing the persistence of Beethoven’s domestic troubles.

(1816?)

The conscious criminal has got her sentence to-day—she behaved almost like Cæsar under Brutus’ dagger, only with the difference, that in the first case there was truth at bottom, but with her, hopeless perfidy. The kitchen-maid appears more capable than the former *bad beauty-faced one*, she keeps quite out of sight, a sign that she does not expect a good character, which, however, I had thought of giving her. Now I want a new housekeeper. I beg you, however, to think over what is best, good cooking so that one can have good digestion, she must likewise be able to patch (not in state matters) shirts, etc. She must be useful, and have as much brains as are *necessary* for the wants of our persons, and at the

same time be *sufficiently* careful of our purse. The new kitchen-maid made an ugly face when asked to carry up wood, but I hope that she will remember that our Saviour dragged His cross to Golgotha. I shall probably see you to-morrow.

In haste,  
Your friend,  
Beethoven.

These are the circumstances under which Beethoven made the following entries in his journal (*Fischhof MS*)

Never again live alone with a servant ; there is always a risk, suppose, for instance the master falls ill and perhaps also the servant.

He who wishes to reap tears should sow love. . .

Vidi malum et accepi. (Plinius.)

Tametsi quid homini potest dari maius quam gloria et laus et aeternitas. (Plinius.)

What more can man be given than fame and praise and immortality ?

Audi multa loquere pauca.\*

Something must be done—a journey—and to this end, the writing of the necessary works or opera—if you mean to remain here during the coming summer the opera will be preferable in case circumstances, but moderately—if the summer sojourn is to be here a decision must be made, where, how ?

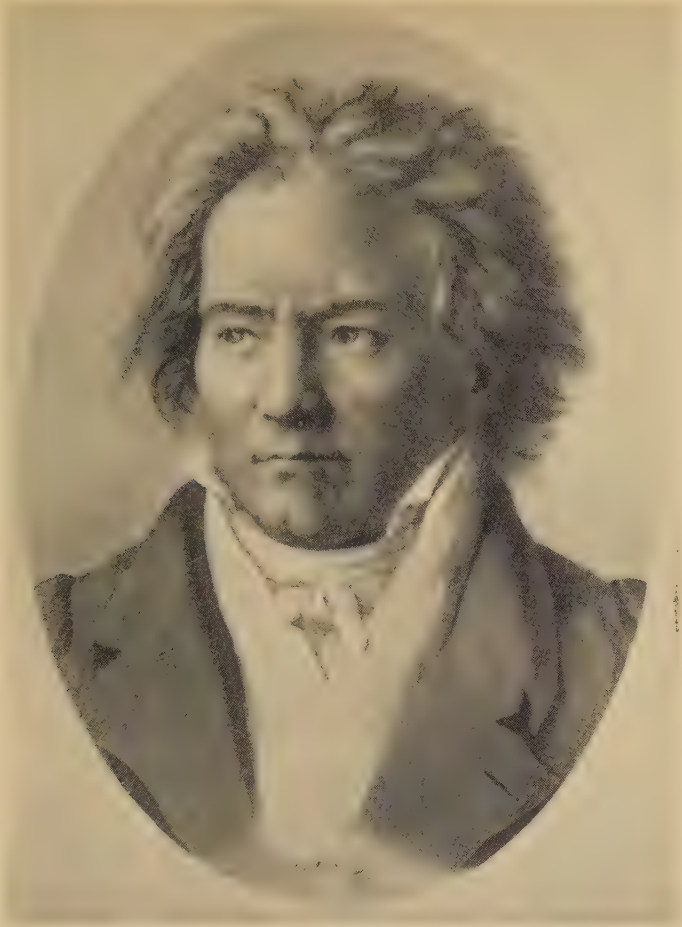
God help me. Thou seest me abandoned by all men, for I do not wish to do wrong, hear my supplication, only for the future to be with my Karl, since the possibility shows itself nowhere, oh, harsh fate, oh, cruel destiny, no, no, my unhappy condition will never end.

“ This one thing I feel and clearly comprehend, possessions are not the highest things in life, but guilt is the greatest evil.” (Schiller, *Braut von Messina*.)

There is no salvation for you except to go away, only thus can you swing yourself up to the summits of your

\* Sufficient proof that Beethoven was naturally inclined to talk freely.





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 47  
(Unknown photograph of the drawing by A. von Kloeber 1817)



art again, while here you are sinking into vulgarity and a symphony . . . and then away—away—away—meanwhile collect the salary which perhaps can be done yet for years.

Work through the summer for the journey. Only thus can you carry out the great task for your poor nephew, then wander through Italy, Sicily with a few artists—make plans and be of good cheer for the sake of C.

In my opinion first the saline baths, then to Wiesbaden, etc., then the sulphur baths like Aix-la-Chapelle were everlastingly cold. Spend evenings and afternoons in company, it is uplifting and not wearying, and live a different life at home.

Sensual enjoyment without a union of souls is bestial and will always remain bestial ; after it one experiences not a trace of noble sentiment but rather regret.

Beethoven's ill-health lasted until the middle of 1817, as the following letter shows :

To Countess M. Von Erdödy.

Heiligenstadt, 19th June, 1817.

My honoured, suffering friend ! most worthy Countess. I have been worried all along, am too much loaded with cares, and since the 6th October, 1816, I have been constantly ill ; moreover, on the 15th October I caught a very severe cold which forced me to keep my bed for a long time, and many months passed before I could venture to go out, even a little. I *still feel the effects* from it. I changed doctors, as mine, a crafty Italian, had such strong underhand designs on me, and lacked both honesty and intelligence. This was in April 1817. I had now from the 15th April to the 4th May to take every day six powders, six cups of tea ; this lasted up to the 4th May ; after that, I received again some kind of powder which I had to take again six a day, and I had to rub myself three times with a volatile ointment. Then I journeyed here, where I am taking the baths. Since yesterday I have received a new medicine, namely, a tinc-

ture, of which I have to take twelve spoonfuls a day. Every day I hope that the end of this wretched state has come ; although I feel somewhat better, it seems that it will be a long time before I am quite restored to health.

You can imagine how all this affects my life ! My hearing has become worse ; I already, formerly, I was not able to look after myself and my wants, and it is now as then . . . and my cares have been increased through my brother's child. Here I have not even found proper rooms. As it is difficult for me to look after myself, I have to turn to this person, now to that, but I am none the better, and a *prey* to wretched men. A thousand times have I thought of you, dear honoured friend, as I do now, but my own grief has cast me down. C. gave me Linke's letter, he lives with Schwab, I lately wrote to him to inquire how much the journey would cost to come to you, but I have received no answer. As my nephew has *holidays* from the end of August up to the end of October, I could then, health permitting, come to you ; we should probably get rooms for study and comfortable living, and if really I were for some long time among old friends who, notwithstanding rascally people, have remained so, I might get well again and happy. Linke must write and tell me the cheapest way I could make the journey, for, unfortunately, my expenses are so great, and owing to my illness, as I can only do a little writing, my income is small, and this small capital, through the fault of my dead brother, I must not touch ; as my annuity grows less, is, in fact, almost nothing, I must keep this. I write frankly to you, dearest Countess, but on that account you will not misunderstand me. In spite of all, I want nothing, and would certainly not accept anything from you ; it is only a question as to how I can come to you in the most economical manner ; everything in my present position has to be thus considered, hence, my friend, be not concerned about it. I hope your health is better than I formerly heard. May Heaven preserve the excellent mother for her children's sake ; yes, on that account alone you



deserve the best of health. Farewell ! best, most honoured Countess, let me soon have news of you.

Your true friend,  
Beethoven.

## XL

In the summer of this year Christian Kuffner, a poet, met Beethoven on various occasions, and once, when Beethoven was in a good humour, he asked him what was his favourite symphony.

*Beethoven* (in great good humour): "Ah, the 'Eroica.'"

*K*: "I should have thought the C minor."

*Beethoven*: "No, the 'Eroica.'"

For some time Ferdinand Ries and others had been trying to persuade Beethoven to make a journey to England and give concerts there, where he would be assured of a great reception and would earn a great deal of money. Beethoven kept promising to go, but could never actually make up his mind to start. One of the chief obstacles was that he insisted on having a companion who was agreeable to him. His brother, Johann, offered to accompany him, and Baron Zmeskall recommended a friend; but Beethoven would not accept any of these proposals, and said he would rather travel all alone. The idea of making a trip to England was never definitely abandoned up to the time of his death. One of the chief reasons for his not going was his reluctance to leave his nephew, Karl. But to Beethoven's temperament, the interference with his habits, and all the fuss incidental to a long journey were so anti-pathetic that his desire to go was never strong enough to overcome all the difficulties. Nevertheless, in a letter to Ries dated Vienna, July 9th, 1817, he states definitely: "I shall be in London in the first half of the month of January 1818 at the

latest." This was not the only promise in that letter to remain unfulfilled, for he stated at the same time: "Two grand symphonies newly composed shall then be ready and become and remain the exclusive property of the Society. For the Society is to give me 300 guineas, and 100 guineas for travelling expenses, which will be much more, since I must necessarily take a companion with me."

About this time Czerny was giving his nephew, Karl, music lessons, and Czerny makes the following interesting observations:

At his request I began teaching his nephew, Karl . . . and for that time I saw him almost daily, since for the greater part of the time he brought the little fellow with him. . . Much more valuable (than his written instructions) were Beethoven's oral remarks about all kinds of musical topics, other composers, etc., of whom he always spoke with the greatest positiveness, with striking, often caustic, wit, and always from the lofty point of view which his genius gave him, and from which he looked out upon his man. His judgment, even concerning classical masters, was severe as a rule and uttered as if he felt his equality. At one lesson, which I gave his nephew, he said to me, "You must not think that you will do me a favour by giving him pieces of mine to play. I am not so childish as to desire that. Give him what you think good for him." I mentioned Clementi. "Yes, yes," said he, "Clementi is very good" and added, laughingly, "For the present give Karl the regular things so that after a while he may reach the irregular." After such conceits which he was in the habit of weaving into nearly every speech he used to burst into a peal of laughter.

Beethoven's ill-health lasted all through the year 1817, as did his domestic troubles. The following letters give a vivid account of his state of mind:

To the Archduke Rudolf.

Nussdorf, 1st September, 1817.

Your Imperial Highness !

I always hoped that I should be able to betake myself to Baden, but my indisposition continues, and though there is improvement, I am not quite well again. What I used and still use as a remedy are means of all kinds, of all shapes ; now I shall probably have entirely to give up the hope which I have nourished, of being perfectly restored. I hear that Y.I.H. looks wonderfully well, and from such false premises one might conclude excellent health, yet I hear that you are in the very best, and that creates in me most lively sympathy. I hope, likewise, that when Y.I.H. comes back to town, I shall be again able to help in your offerings to the Muses. God will probably hear my prayer, and once again free me from so much adversity, for I have trusted Him from childhood onwards and I have done good whenever I could ; I, therefore, trust in Him alone, and I hope that the Almighty will not let me, amidst all my misfortunes, go utterly to ruin. I wish Y.I.H. all that is beautiful and good, and, as soon as you are back again in town, will betake myself at once to Y.I.H.

Your Imperial Highness's faithful  
and most obedient servant,

L. v. Beethoven.

To Frau Nanette Streicher.

(Nussdorf, 1817?)

How indebted I am to you, worthy friend, for I have become such a poor man that I cannot in any way make up for it to you. Monday or Tuesday I shall come to town, when we can talk together about the house ; the one on the other side of the Gärtnergasse would probably be better, and as regards rent the same as the one opposite. I thank Streicher very much for the trouble he has taken, and only beg him to continue ; God will no doubt let me once again be in a position to repay good

with good, for the contrary is most distressful to me. I send you the washing, also eleven florins which I still owe your washerwoman ; but don't let the servant go to her. As regards a new servant, I think for the moment, as I have given notice to him, to stick to it. To whomsoever we may ascribe the loss of all the things, his bad nature, how he slandered the *master* to the people of the house, and took upon himself many other things ; all this has made me lose all confidence in him, and I hold him rather the thief than any other. I beg you only to say to him that you thought that *a pair of socks has been lost, this is clear from the letter which you wrote to me about it* ; he is always telling me that you had found the socks again. The washerwoman received two pairs of stockings, as the *two washing-bills, yours and mine, showed ; and this would not be so had she not received them*. So I am convinced that she gave him the two pairs of stockings, as she certainly received them, so that they must have got lost only through him. He talks everywhere about my distrust, and invents things which have never happened, so as to clear himself and again to get a character there, so as to remain in my service. Only on one occasion I wished to speak to him about the stockings, but I had forgotten all about it, and only through his chatter have you had to hear something about the trashy story ; for the rest, of what he offers most excuses, he is guilty. So I thoroughly know him, and do not speak without being firmly convinced. Away with him. You told me of a man whom you know, he could enter my service the first day of next month ; as it is inconvenient for him to have to wait a *whole month* at your expense, *I will pay him per day 2 fl. 20 kr.*, so long as I remain here in Nussdorf. If he wants to cook, i.e. for himself, he can use my wood ; and as he will have to go into town two or three times a week, I will give him for that a fitting remuneration, for instance I will give him *what it costs to vamp a pair of boots*. Perhaps the people in the house will see to his meals, for with these persons I want to have *as little to do* as probably you ; about the housekeeper nothing will



probably be arranged until I come to town. Now, God be thanked, I have fortunately got over these periods with great trouble; God grant that I may not have to speak, write, or think about anything about it, for *swamp and mire* in the region of art are more profitable for a man than all such devilry.

Farewell.

Beethoven.

Kind regards to Streicher and his wife.

To Baron Zmeskall.

(1817?)

Again unfortunate with a servant, and *probably also robbed*. Already on the 4th I gave him fourteen days' notice, but he gets drunk, stays whole nights out of the house, and is so bold and coarse that I would like to send him away still sooner; I should like to pay him the fortnight and let him go his way. Now the question is, if I dismiss him in this way whether I must pay him for the previous days from the first of this month, or from the 4th up to the day (which might be to-morrow) when I pay him fourteen days? His month begins with each month and ends with the same. Forgive me dear Zmeskall, kindly send the answer early in the morning through your servant. I hope to see you soon.

(On the side of the address)

I beg you not to say anything about the note to your servant; I shall know what measures to take.

To Frau Nanette Streicher.

(1817)

I had to pay dearly for the last conversation with you, for after it N. behaved in such a way that on Saturday evening I became wild with rage, and then she certainly was good again—but *your* help is of no avail, the bad side of this person, her *stubbornness* cannot be cured, and she has already lost my confidence. Then seeing that the

time is gradually approaching when Karl will certainly live with me, I think you will agree with me to exchange both persons for other and better ones. Perhaps I may see you to-morrow, *certainly the next day*.

In haste,  
Your friend,  
Beethoven.

To Baron Zmeskall.

August, 1817.

God have pity on me—I look upon myself as quite lost. This servant steals. My health calls for meals at home. If my condition does not improve I shall not be in London next year—perhaps in my grave. Thank God the part is nearly played.

Among these constant complaints about servants and ill-health, there is the following interesting letter to Zmeskall. Beethoven had dedicated to him the quartet in F minor, and Zmeskall had evidently acknowledged the dedication by a present, which much annoyed Beethoven.

(30th January, 1817)

Dear Z. You have wished to associate me with a Schuppanzigh, etc., and have disfigured my pure honest work. You are not my debtor, but I am yours, and now you have made me all the more so. I cannot write how much this gift pains me, and honest as I am, I must add that I cannot grant you a friendly look *on that account*. Although you are only an executive artist, yet you sometimes use your power of imagination, and it seems to me that at times it puts unnecessary whims into your head; so at least I judge from your letter following my dedication. However good I am, and prize all that is good in you, still I am angry, angry, very angry.

Your new debtor, who, however, knows how to avenge himself,

L. van Beethoven.

## XLI

In 1817 an English admirer of Beethoven's, Cipriani Potter, came to Vienna. Potter gave Thayer a long account of his meeting with Beethoven. He said that on all sides he heard such accounts of Beethoven's rudeness and disagreeableness, and found that people shook their heads whenever his name or his music was mentioned, so that at first he hesitated to visit him. At last he went to Mödling where Beethoven was, and presented him with a letter of introduction from Dragonetti. Beethoven was instantly agreeable, and asked to see Potter's compositions. Potter showed him an overture, and Beethoven looked through it so rapidly that Potter thought he had only glanced at it out of politeness, and he was amazed when Beethoven pointed to a deep F sharp in the bassoon part and said that it was not practicable. He would not give Potter lessons, but sent him to Förster, until Förster told him one day that he had now studied sufficiently and needed only practice. When Potter told Beethoven this, he said that one ought not to stop studying, for he himself had not studied enough: "Tell Förster that he is an old flatterer." To Potter's question: "Which was the greatest of living composers?" Beethoven replied, "Cherubini." Of the dead masters Beethoven said he at one time considered Mozart to be the greatest; but since he had become better acquainted with Handel he put him at the top. Potter asked him whether he was going to write a new opera. "Yes," replied Beethoven, "I am composing 'Romulus'; but the poets are all such fools. I will not compose to their silly rubbish." He spoke of politics and remarked to Potter, "You have heads upon your shoulders in England." Potter says he spoke Italian fluently and French a little less fluently.

In the autumn of this year Heinrich Marschner (1795-1861) the famous opera composer, visited Beethoven, and gave an account of this meeting to L. Bischoff which was published in

the *Niederrheinischen Musikzeitung*, in 1857. Beethoven who greeted the young twenty year old composer kindly, looked through his MS., uttered a "hm!" which expressed more content than the opposite, gave the MS. back again and said: "I have not much time—do not come too often—but bring something with you." Young Marschner was greatly disappointed, packed his trunk, and thought of giving up music, and of returning to Leipzig, when he was told by his friends that this reception of Beethoven's was really extraordinarily favourable. He often saw him again, and Beethoven often let fall an encouraging word; but he never became intimate with him.

About this time Beethoven became acquainted with a beautiful young woman, Frau Marie Pachler-Koschak; but although they became intimate friends there is no reason to believe that there was anything more between them. The following interesting notes appeared in Beethoven's journal about this time.

Love alone—yes, only love can possibly give you a happier life—Oh God—let me—let me finally find one—who will strengthen me in virtue—who will lawfully be mine.

Baden on July 27th when M. drove past and seemed to give a glance at me.

In the case of T . . . there is nothing to do but to leave it to God, only to go away, one might do a wrong through weakness—to him, to the all-knowing God, all this is committed.

Be as kind as possible to T . . . . Her attachment deserves nothing to be forgotten, even if the results can never prove advantageous to you.

The letter "M" in the original MS. is uncertain and might be an "R." The letter "C" which occurs in the extract I have already quoted from the journal on page 165, i.e., "make





COUNTESS THERESE VON BRUNSWICK

*After an oil painting by J. P. Ritter von Lampi*



plans and be of good cheer for the sake of C," occurs in other copies as an "L," and Thayer says that it is impossible now to tell what the original was in Beethoven's handwriting. It seems, however, clear that it cannot refer to his nephew Karl, because Beethoven never spelt his nephew's name with the letter "C." It is probable that T . . . . refers to Therese von Brunswick. During the year 1817 Beethoven composed several songs and a quintet fugue in D major, Op. 137, for five string instruments.

In the year 1818 the firm of John Broadwood & Sons, of London, sent a six-octave grand pianoforte, No. 7632, as a present to Beethoven. The instrument was picked by Clementi, Cramer and Ferdinand Ries—who had all written their names inside it. Beethoven was delighted with this instrument and would not allow anybody to touch it except Stumpff. Potter once remarked to him that it was out of tune, whereupon Beethoven replied: "That is what they all say; they would like to tune it and spoil it, but they shall not touch it." Beethoven did not retain this reverence for his new pianoforte long, and an interesting sidelight upon his changeable and moody character is shown by a note found among Thayer's MS., which reads as follows:

Once Beethoven told Stein that some strings in his Broadwood pianoforte were wanting, and he caught up the boot jack and struck the keys with it to show.

A doctor, Karl von Bursy, who paid Beethoven a visit in 1816, gives the following interesting description of the Beethoven of this period.

His apartment was moderately well kept and arranged. On one side of the ante-room is his bedroom, on the other side his study, in which I saw a grand pianoforte closed, and not much music about, only a few pieces of music paper lying on a table.

## He describes Beethoven as

Small, with brushed-back hair which is already a good deal streaked with grey, a ruddy face, fiery eyes, small, deeply set, but full of extraordinary life. I asked him about Von Berge's opera book, but his illness has not allowed him to undertake such a work. I shouted into his ear "For such a work one must have perfect time and leisure." "No," said he, "I do nothing right out, without interruption. I always work on several things at the same time, and sometimes I take one and sometimes another." He spoke of Vienna and his life. Poison and gall worked within him. He distrusts everyone; is discontented with everything, and curses particularly Austria and Vienna. He speaks fast and with great liveliness. Often he struck the pianoforte with his fist so roughly that it rang through the room. Reserved he is not; for immediately he acquainted me with his personal affairs and talked to me freely of such matters. He complained about the times on all sorts of grounds, and said that art no longer stood high, was no longer esteemed or honoured or remunerated. He frequently complains about money matters. I asked him why he remained in Vienna when so many foreign princes would willingly have him at their courts. "I am chained here by circumstances," he said; "but everything here is so sordid and shabby that things could not be worse. From top to bottom everyone is a scoundrel. One can trust nobody. Nobody is bound except by what is in black and white." He spoke of his nephew and said the boy must become either a scholar or an artist in order to live the higher life and not to sink to the common level. Only artists and free scholars carry their happiness within themselves. He spoke with wonderful expression about life. When he is silent he frowns, and has such a gloomy expression that one might feel shy of him if one did not know that the foundation in such an exalted artist nature must be beautiful. His apartment is pleasing, looks over the green bastion, and is orderly and clean. Two good oil portraits hang on the wall, one a man and the other a woman.



Fraulein Fanny Giannatasio, whose diary gives some interesting information about Beethoven, visited him with her sister and father, and once were his guests in his apartment. She tells how, before going to sleep, they examined the contents of the room and discovered among a mass of accounts various phrases such as "my heart overflows at the sight of beautiful nature—even although *She* is absent."

All through this period from 1816 to 1820, as I have already described in detail, Beethoven was carrying on the law suits for the guardianship of his nephew. He spent the summer of 1818 at Mödling, where he began the first big composition he had undertaken since 1812, i.e., the great Hammerklavier sonata in B flat, Op. 106. By this time he had evidently recovered somewhat in health and the painter Klöber, who did a portrait of him with his nephew Karl reposing under a tree at Mödling, gives the following description :

Beethoven has a very serious expression. His extremely lively eyes are generally filled with a rather gloomy oppressed look *nach oben*,\* which I have tried to show in my portrait. His lips are closed, but the expression of his mouth is not unfriendly. His colour is sound and healthy. The skin somewhat pock-marked, his hair had the colour of slightly bluish steel as he already was turning from black to grey. His eyes were blue grey and living to the highest degree. . . In friendly conversation, however, his expression became mild and good-natured, especially when it pleases him. Every inward mood showed itself instantly in his features.

## XLII

In January 1819 Beethoven sent two movements of the Op. 106 sonata to the Archduke Rudolf. Beethoven told Czerny that this was the greatest of all his sonatas. He described it as his "*Dernière pensée musicale*." The following two letters to Ries about this sonata are of interest

\* Upward

Vienna, April 16th, 1819.

Here, dear Ries, the *tempi* of the sonata.

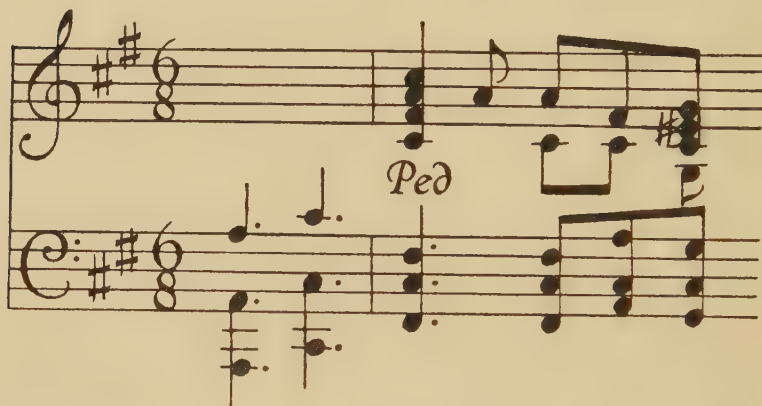
1st allegro, allegro only, the *assai* must be taken away.

Maelzel's Metronome, minim = 138.

2nd movement, scherzoso, M. Metronome, minim = 80.

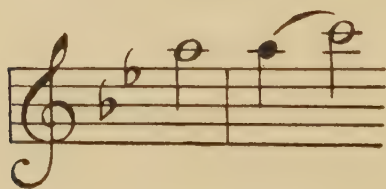
3rd movement, M. Metronome, quaver = 92.

Notice here that a bar is to be added at the beginning thus :



4th movement, Introduzione largo, Maelzel's Metronome  
semiquaver = 76

5th movement,  $\frac{3}{4}$  time,



and the last, Maelzel's Metronome, minim = 144

Excuse the muddles ; if you knew what a state I am in, you would not be surprised at them ; rather at what I am able to do in spite of them. I cannot keep back the quintet any longer, and it will shortly appear ; but not the sonata, until I receive a final answer from you, and the honorarium for which I am longing. De Smit is the name of the courier from whom you have received the quintet and sonata—please send a speedy answer. More shortly. In haste.

Your Beethoven.

April 19th, 1819.

Dear Friend !

Forgive all the trouble I am causing you. I cannot conceive how so many faults got into the copy of the sonata ; they are probably owing to my no longer being able to keep a copyist of my own. Circumstances have brought all this about, and may the Lord send improvement until the—— is in a better state ! But for that a full twelve-month is needed. It is really terrible, how this affair\* has been going on, and what has become of my annuity, and no one can say what will be until the said year is over. If the sonata (Op. 106) should not be the right thing for London, I could send another, or you could also leave out the largo, and begin at once with the fugue in the last movement or the first movement, *adagio*, and for the third, the scherzo and the largo and *allegro risoluto*. I leave this to you to do as you think best. The sonata was written under painful circumstances. For it is hard to write almost for the sake of bread ; and to that I have now come.

As to London, we will correspond further on the subject. It would certainly be the only salvation for me, so as to extricate myself from this wretched, oppressive plight. I am never well, and never able to accomplish what, under better conditions, would be possible.

\* The lawsuit.

## XLIII

In the year 1819 Beethoven began to work at his Mass in D. The following notes occur in his journal :

In order to write the true church music look through all the monastic church chorals, and see also the Strophes in the most correct translations and perfect prosody in Christian catholic psalms and hymns generally.

Sacrifice again all the pettinesses of social life to your art. Oh, God, above all things! For it is an eternal providence which works omnisciently the good and evil feelings of human men.

What is the life of man, and whoso bears  
A cruel heart devising cruel things  
On him men call down evil from the gods  
While living and pursue him when he dies  
With cruel scoffs. But whoso is of generous heart  
And harbours generous aims his guests proclaim  
His praises far and wide to all mankind  
And numberless are they who call him good.

*Homer.*

Gladly will I submit myself to all the vicissitudes and place my sole confidence in Thy unalterable goodness, Oh, God! My soul shall rejoice in thee immutable servant. Be my rock, my light, for ever my trust!

It was about this time that Beethoven ceased to be able to hear sufficiently to carry on conversation, and had recourse to the famous notebooks, in which his friends conversed with him. Interesting evidence of his serious study of ecclesiastical music, the Masses of Palestrina, etc., is shown in the following letter to the Archduke Rudolf. It is not altogether clear in parts, i.e., in the sentence beginning "and with better art-union" which is obscure in the German and equally so in translation.





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 42  
*(Full view of the bust by Franz Klein in 1812, made from the life mask)*



Mödling, July 29th, 1819.

Your Imperial Highness !

I receive with regret the news that Y.I.H. is again unwell, but not having received any further and more definite news, I am very anxious. I was in Vienna to look in the library of Y.I.H. for something, and *quick finding* is an essential (and with *better art-union* in which, however, *practical intentions* may form exceptions), for which the ancients are of double service to us, since for the most part in them alone is real, valuable art (among them only the *German* Handel and Seb. Bach possessed genius). The aim in the world of art, as indeed in the whole creation, is freedom, *progress* ; if we moderns have not the same *firmness* as our ancestors, yet the refinement of our manners has in many ways enlarged our sphere of action. My worthy pupil himself, now striving for the laurels of fame, cannot be accused of one-sidedness, *et iterum venturus judicare vivos—et mortuos*. Here are three poems, from which, perhaps, Y.I.H. might select one to set to music. The Austrians now know that the *spirit of Apollo* has revived in the Imperial family. From all quarters I receive requests to obtain something. The *proprietor of the Modezeitung* will *apply* to Y.I.H. *by writing*. I hope that I shall not in any way be accused of *bribery*—I am at the court, yet no courtier ; *what is the good of all that ?? !!!* In looking for the music in Vienna, I met with some opposition from *his excellency the chief steward*. It is not worth while to trouble Y.I.H. by writing details, but I only want to say this much, that through things of this kind, many a good and noble man, not being fortunate enough to have full knowledge of your excellent qualities of head and heart, might be frightened away. I hope Y.I.H. that you will very soon be restored to health, also that I shall receive news to *ease my mind*.

In a letter to the Archduke Rudolf dated August 31st, 1819, Beethoven complains of his health and says : " Only for a few hours in the day can I give myself up to Heaven's noblest gift,

my art and to the muses." The Archduke Rudolf was to be enthroned as Archbishop of Olmütz on March 20th, 1820, and Beethoven writes in his letter that he hopes to complete the Mass so that it can be performed on this occasion, and says: "I should fall into despair if, through circumstances connected with my bad health, it should fail to be ready by that time." Schindler, who had now become Beethoven's general factotum, gives a full account of paying a visit to Beethoven at Mödling at the end of August 1819. He says:

I arrived at the master's home in Mödling. It was four o'clock in the afternoon. As soon as we entered we learnt that in the morning both servants had gone away and that there had been a quarrel at midnight which had disturbed all the neighbours because, as a consequence of a long vigil, both had gone to sleep, and the food which had been prepared had become uneatable. In the living room behind a locked door we heard the master singing parts of the fugue and the credo—singing, howling, stamping. After we had been listening a long time to this most awful scene and were about to go away, the door opened and Beethoven stood before us with distorted features calculated to excite fear. He looked as if he had been in mortal combat with a whole host of contrapuntists, his everlasting enemies. His movements were confused as if he had been disagreeably surprised at our having overheard him. Then he spoke of the day's happenings, and with obvious restraint said: "Pretty goings on these! Everyone has run away. I have not had anything to eat since yesterday afternoon"—I tried to calm him and helped him to make his toilet. My companion hurried on in advance to the restaurant of the bathing establishment to have something made ready for the famished master. Then he complained about the wretched state of his domestic affairs, but here for reasons already stated there was nothing to be done. Never it may be said did so great an art work as is the *Missa Solemnis* see its creation under more adverse circumstances.



This gives a good picture of the initial conception of the Mass in its first stage of creation. But it is of great interest to note, as showing how careful and painstaking an artist Beethoven was, that he worked continuously at the Mass for the next few years and did not finish it until 1823, three years after the ceremony for which it was intended had taken place. In the meantime, Beethoven was doing bread and butter work by writing accompaniments to Scotch songs for the publisher Thomson.

## XLIV

In August 1819 Karl Zelter, an intimate friend of Goethe, came to Vienna and tried to make Beethoven's acquaintance. On August 16th Zelter wrote to Goethe :

It is said that he is intolerably bad-tempered. Some say that he is a lunatic. It is easy to talk. God forgive us all our sins ! The poor man is reported as being totally deaf. . . . I am told that lately Beethoven went into an eating house, sat himself down at a table and lost himself in thought. After an hour he calls the waiter. "What do I owe?" "The gentleman has not eaten anything yet. What shall I bring?" "Bring anything you please, but let me alone!"

He saw nothing of Beethoven in Vienna, but on September 12th went with the publisher Steiner to visit him at Mödling. They met Beethoven who was on his way back to Vienna. It was impossible to talk with a deaf man on the highway. They separated, agreeing to meet at Steiner's at four o'clock in the afternoon. Zelter, who was the publisher of Mendelssohn, became a great admirer of Beethoven. It was in the autumn of this year that Ferdinand Schimon painted the portrait of Beethoven which was engraved by Edward Eichers for Schindler's *Biography*.

All through 1820 Beethoven was busy with the composition

of his Mass. He had little time and naturally no inclination for bread and butter work. Steiner who had advanced him some money, finds himself now in need of cash, and presses Beethoven for repayment, which annoyed Beethoven. In a letter Steiner writes :

I cannot submit to your remarks concerning the account I sent you. For the cash money lent to you I have charged only six per cent. interest, while for the money which you deposited with me I paid eight per cent. promptly in advance, and also repaid the capital promptly. What is sauce for goose is sauce for the gander. I am not in a position to lend money without interest. As a friend I came to your help in need, I trusted your word of honour and believe that I have not been importunate, nor have I plagued you in any way. . . . If you recall that my loan to you was made in January five years ago, you will yourself confess that I am not an urgent creditor. I would spare you even now and wait patiently if I were not, on my honour, in need of cash for my business.

There are notes in pencil by Beethoven on this letter. He adds together the amounts he owes Steiner, making a total of 2,420 florins. He seems to have made arrangements to pay this back to Steiner. These financial difficulties account for all that bargaining about his Mass, which begins about 1820. In 1821 Beethoven suffered a severe attack of jaundice. Portraits by Stieler and Höfel were made in 1820 but Schindler preferred the portrait by Schimon : " There is more character in it," he remarks. Some time between 1821 and 1823, while Beethoven was still absorbed in the composition of his Mass, occurred the following incident related by Höfel :

One evening when it was already dark I was sitting with the police commissioner, having an evening meal in the garden of the restaurant Zum Schleifer outside the gate of Vienna-Neustadt, when a constable came to the commissioner and said : " Herr Commissioner, we

have arrested someone who gives us no peace, and cries out that he is Beethoven. But he is a tramp—he has no hat, an old coat, and nothing by which he can be identified.” It actually was Beethoven. He had gone out early in the morning, had lost his direction, and had been seen wandering about not knowing where he was, and looking so like a beggar that the policeman had arrested him. On his arrest the composer said: “I am Beethoven.” “Yes, of course, why not,” said the policeman, “You are a tramp, Beethoven does not look like that.”

In addition to the Mass, Beethoven composed between 1820 and 1822 the three sonatas—E flat Op. 109, A flat Op. 110, C minor Op. 111. His health became better about this time, as the production of these works shows, and in a letter to his brother, Johann, dated July 22nd, 1822, he says that he is extremely busy, and most comfortable as regards his home and his servants, although they are both as awkward as they can be. He tells his brother that he is to receive a thousand florins for his Mass from Peters, and says: “If only my health keeps good I am on the road to good fortune.” It was possibly about this time that there occurred the well-known story of Beethoven’s brother sending him his card on which appeared:

Johann van Beethoven  
Landowner.

To which Beethoven replied with a card:

Ludwig van Beethoven,  
Brainowner.

His relations with Schindler are shown in the following note, which is one of many of a similar topical character:

(1st Quarter) 1823.

Very best one! In pursuance of the following Hatis-Sherif you have to present yourself at 3.30 this afternoon

in the Mariahilf coffee-house, in order to be cross-examined about your various punishable acts. Should this H.S. not find you to-day, you are commanded to appear before me to-morrow, at 1.30, where, having partaken of water and bread, you will have to undergo confinement for twenty-four hours.

L. v. !! BTHVN.

(Address :)

a Monsieur de Schindler, premier membre engagé et attaché aux Faubourg de J——stadt.

Beethoven was accustomed to call Schindler "scamp," "scoundrel," "Papageno," "Samothracian." This latter expression had reference to the Greek mysteries at Samothrace in which music played a part, and where the youths were enjoined to secrecy. It was Beethoven's habit to bestow extraordinary epithets on all his intimates. His brother, Johann, was called "Asinus," "brain-eater," and most amusing of all, "pseudo-brother."

An interesting account of Beethoven at this time is given by Ferdinand von Rochlitz who was editor of the *Allg. Musik Zeit.* in Leipsic, and a champion of both Mozart and Beethoven. He brought a request to Beethoven from Breitkopf and Härtel to compose music to "Faust." He related his conversation with Beethoven in letters to his wife and to Härtel. Also in his book *Fr' r freunde der Tonkunst* (1830-32)

Imagine a man of about fifty, rather below average height, but sturdy and compact, and powerfully built. . . His eyes restless and piercing. His movements few but quick\*—he had the unquiet intensity of watchfulness peculiar to the keenly perceptive deaf. Sometimes he speaks cheerfully, at other times he maintains a gloomy silence.

Rochlitz told him slowly and loudly how much his work meant to him, and how his symphonies delighted the public

\*Other observers say that Beethoven disliked slowness of movement.



of Leipsic. Beethoven sat close to him, bending his head and gazing attentively into his face, smiling and nodding, but silent.

Had he understood me or had he not? At last, I felt I must stop. He clasped my hand firmly and said, curtly, to Haslinger "I must go," and, as he went, said to me "We shall see each other again." When Haslinger came back I asked if Beethoven had understood what I said. Haslinger shrugged his shoulders "Not a word." I cannot describe my emotion.

Another visitor to Beethoven in the year 1822 was the composer Rossini. Schindler says that, after reading the score of "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," Beethoven said that Rossini would have been a great composer if his teacher had frequently applied some blows *ad posteriora*. Later, at Baden, in 1824 he remarked to Freudenberg: "Rossini is a talented and a melodious composer. His music suits the frivolous and sensuous spirit of the times, and his productivity is so great that he needs only as many weeks as the Germans need years to write an opera."

Rossini told Richard Wagner in 1860 that Beethoven received him and said: "So you are the composer of the 'Barbier von Sevilla?' It is an accomplished opera buffa. You should write nothing but comic opera." Rossini's friends, who had brought him, reminded Beethoven of Rossini's "Moses" and "Othello," which Beethoven only slightly knew. But Beethoven did not alter his opinion, and continued "Serious opera is not the business of Italians. . . They are lacking in music theory. . . but no one surpasses the Italians in opera buffa." Michotte, who introduced Wagner to Rossini, was a witness of the conversation between them about Beethoven, and gives the following account of Rossini's words to Wagner about this meeting:

As I mounted the stairs, which led into the poor lodging in which the great man lived, I could scarcely master my emotion. As I opened the door I found myself in the midst of shocking disorder. . . The portraits which we know of Beethoven give a fairly good idea of his looks; but what no pencil can express is the indefinable sadness which lies in his expression. . . His voice was soft and slightly veiled.

## XLV

On October 3rd, 1822, Beethoven's music to Kotzebue's "The Ruins of Athens," altered by Meisl to "The Consecration of the House," was performed at the Josephstadt Theatre. He wrote a new overture, "Weihe des Hauses," for this performance, and sat at the piano directing, with his left ear turned towards the stage, for he could still hear a little with that ear. There was a musical clock in an adjoining restaurant which used to play Cherubini's overture to "Medea," and Beethoven was fond of listening to this. It seems a curious fact that Beethoven could still hear music to some extent. Thayer relates that the overture to "Fidelio" was arranged for this clock some time about November 1822, when "Fidelio" was revived at the Kärnthnerthor Theatre. Beethoven listened to it and said: "It plays it better than the orchestra in the Kärnthnerthor Theatre." Schindler says that the *terzett* in F from "Fidelio" which was arranged for this clock could not be heard by him on account of its somewhat too slow tempo, and that his favourite piece was Cherubini's overture to "Medea."

The performance of "Fidelio" on November 3rd 1822, was notable for the fact that the famous Wilhelmine Schröder, better known later as Madame Schröder-Devrient, appeared as Leonore. At this time she was seventeen years old. Readers of Wagner's *Mein Leben* will remember what a great impression she made upon him the first time he heard her in "Fide-

lio." According to Schindler Beethoven wished to conduct the opera with the help of Umlauf. At the principal rehearsal the overture went well, but it quickly became apparent that Beethoven could hear nothing, and there was soon complete confusion. The performance was stopped by Umlauf. Beethoven uneasily looked about him to discover what was the matter and handed Schindler his notebook to write down what the trouble was. Schindler wrote :

"I beg you not to go on, more at home," and says : Immediately he sprang into the parterre and said : "Out quick." Immediately he went to his lodgings Pfarrgasse, Vorstadt Leimgrube. On entering he threw himself on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and remained in this position until we sat down to table. Also during the meal not a word came from his mouth. His whole face showed the deepest depression and melancholy. When after the meal I wanted to go away, he expressed the wish that I should not leave him until it was time to go to the theatre.

The result of this experience was that Beethoven made a last attempt to cure his deafness and consulted a Doctor Smetana ; but as no immediate results followed, he very soon ceased to bother about the treatment prescribed.

In November 1822, Prince Nicholas Galitzin wrote from St. Petersburg commissioning three string quartets from Beethoven. At the end of this year Beethoven wrote the following letter to Ferdinand Ries :

Vienna, December 20th, 1822.

My dear Ries !

Overloaded with work, I have only just found time to answer your letter of November 15th. I accept with pleasure the proposal to write a symphony for the Philharmonic Society, although the honorarium from the Englishmen cannot be compared with that of other

nations. If I were not always the poor Beethoven, I myself would willingly write free of charge for the first artists in Europe. If only I were in London, what would I not write for the Philharmonic Society ! For Beethoven, thank God, can write ; of all else, indeed, he is incapable. If only God will restore to me my health, which to say the least, has improved, I could do myself justice, in accepting offers from all cities in Europe, yes, even North America, and I might still prosper.

Some years previous to this Beethoven had fiercely ejected an emissary from London who had come with the request that he should write a symphony in his earlier manner. Beethoven quite rightly took this as a serious insult. The incident is one more example of how the most vital characteristic of artistic genius, i.e., its extraordinary power of development, frequently causes the later works of an artist to be so far in advance of their time that they can only be appreciated by future generations.

In 1823 Beethoven was negotiating with the publisher, Diabelli, for the variations of his waltz. This tune was sent out by Diabelli to a number of composers with the idea that each should write a variation upon it. The tune was generally ridiculed ; but when Beethoven asked Diabelli whether he would agree to his writing a set of variations on the theme Diabelli was delighted, and offered eighty ducats for six or seven variations. This fee was rather more than customary for work of that kind, and Beethoven remarked to Schindler : " He shall have some variations on his cobbler's patch." He began to work on these variations in May 1823, at Hetzendorf, and soon completed ten variations. Ultimately the work was finished in thirty-three variations.

A good deal of the year 1823 was taken up with efforts to get the Emperor of Russia, the Kings of Spain, Denmark, Naples, England, Prussia, France, Bavaria and Saxony, and numerous other princes and authorities, to purchase subscrip-



tion copies of the Mass in D. Beethoven wrote a number of letters, including the letter to Goethe I have already quoted. I take the following interesting extract from a letter to Cherubini :

Vienna, March 15th, 1823.

However highly your other works may be prized by genuine connoisseurs, it is still a real loss for art, to possess no new product of your great mind for the stage. True art is imperishable, and the true artist feels inward pleasure in the production of great works. I, likewise, am also filled with delight whenever I hear that you have composed a new work, and take as great an interest in it as in one of my own ; in short, I honour and love you. Were it not for my continued illness, which prevents me from seeing you in Paris, it would afford me the utmost pleasure to talk over matters of art with you. I am about to ask a favour of you, but do not think that I say all this merely by way of prologue. I hope, nay, I feel convinced, that you would not expect me to be so low-minded.

I have just completed a great solemn Mass, and I desire to send the same to the European Courts, because for the present I do not wish to publish it. Through the French Embassy here I have also sent an invitation to His Majesty, the King of France, to subscribe to this work, and I am convinced that the King, on your recommendation, will take a copy.

The result of these efforts was that ten copies were ordered at fifty ducats each, and King Louis the XVIII of France subscribed for the Mass, and also sent Beethoven a gold medal, weighing twenty-one *louis d'or*, showing on the obverse side the bust of the King, and on the reverse, enclosed in a wreath, the inscription : " *Donné par le Roi à Monsieur Beethoven.*" There is an interesting paragraph in a letter to Von Könneritz, in July 1823, in which Beethoven apologises for having to take all these measures to obtain money for his Mass, and says that if it were not for sickness of long standing he would have

received enough from foreign countries to live a care-free life, caring only for his art :

Look upon me kindly and not unfavourably. I live only for my art and to fulfil my duties as a man ; but alas it cannot always be done without the help of the subterrestrial powers.

On March 19th, 1823, Beethoven sent an MS. copy of his Mass in D to Archduke Rudolf, Archbishop of Olmütz. This MS. is preserved in the library of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde in Vienna.

During the end of 1823 and the beginning of 1824 Beethoven had various new projects in his mind. The Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde of Vienna wanted him to write an oratorio to a text by Bernard. He replied, that he would rather set Homer, Klopstock, or Schiller, and objects to the libretto sent him, stating that it would require alteration. At the same time he complains that his eyesight is troubling him. A number of his friends were very anxious that he should write another opera, and kept making suggestions of texts by Schlegel, Voltaire, etc. Some time this year Grillparzer sent him the text of *Melusine* which at first took Beethoven's fancy. Grillparzer relates that once Beethoven said to him : " Your opera is ready." He confesses that what Beethoven meant by this he did not know. He expresses the doubt whether Beethoven would ever have written another opera, in view of " the character of bitterness which his music had taken on in his later works, which seems to me in contradiction to the use of the singing voice."

Franz Liszt, who was a pupil of Czerny and now a boy of eleven years old, gave his first public recital on April 13th, 1823, in the small Ridotto room ; he had been presented to Beethoven and had asked him to attend his concert ; but it is not known whether he actually did so or not. Probably not, as Beethoven disliked child prodigies.

An interesting account of a visit to Beethoven by Louis Schlösser (1800-86), who was Kapellmeister at Darmstadt, was published in the newspaper, *Halleluia*, in 1885. He states that he heard "Fidelio" in 1822, and that going out Schubert accompanied him and pointed to three men outside the theatre, one of whom was Beethoven. Later on he visited him. Beethoven told Schlösser that the cause of his chief suffering was not his deafness but his stomach, that doctors were always falsely diagnosing his troubles. He interspersed his conversation with many sarcastic remarks about the musical taste of Vienna, and had a habit of drawing his napkin across his "snow-white teeth." Schlösser saw Beethoven frequently, and, after one of his last visits, he relates the following :

This time, to my astonishment, I saw Beethoven in an unusually elegant toilet. . . I brought him a new rather complicated composition by myself. After he had read it he exclaimed : "You write too much, less would be better ; but that is the way of our heaven inspired youth . . . but superabundance is preferable to a paucity of ideas." I asked : "How shall one begin to find the right method and how have you reached this goal?" Beethoven replied : "I carry my ideas about with me for a long time before I write them down. My memory is so tenacious that I am certain never to forget a theme which I have once worked out, not even after years.\* I alter a great deal, throw away and begin again frequently, until I am contented. Then begins the general working in my head in every direction, in height, breadth, and depth, and as what I want is known to me, so the underlying idea never leaves me but grows and mounts—I hear and see the picture in its full dimensions stand before me like a cast, and there only remains the work of writing it down, which goes quickly when I have the time, for I frequently have several things on hand at once, but I am

\* Grove and others think that Beethoven's invariable habit of jotting down his ideas immediately in his sketch-books in pencil when out of doors and inking them in carefully at home preparatory to working at them was a sign that Beethoven—contrary to this assertion—did not trust his memory.

always quite certain never to mix them up. You will ask me how my ideas come. I cannot tell you with certainty. They come uncalled-for—directly, indirectly. I can grasp them with my hands in the open air, in the woods, when walking in the silence of night, in the early morning, excited by moods which the poet puts into words and I into tones, tones which roar and storm around me until I see them at last in notes before me.”

## XLVI

During the summer of 1823 at Hetzendorf, when he was troubled with his eyes so that he could only work part of the day, and also was complaining of colds and stomach troubles, Beethoven put into shape the greater part of the ninth symphony for which he had been making sketches for some years. He was very comfortable at Hetzendorf, in the attractive villa of the Baron Pronay; but apparently every time he went out for a walk, the polite Baron bowed to him courteously, which so annoyed Beethoven that he packed up and went off to Baden in a rage, where he spent the rest of the summer. The following letter to his brother is worth quoting :

Baden, August 19th (1823).

I am glad about the improvement in your health. As for myself, my eyes are not yet quite right, moreover I came here with an impaired digestion, and a terrible cold—the former through that arch-pig the housekeeper, the other from a beast of a kitchen-maid, who though formerly dismissed, I have taken back again—you ought not to have applied to Steiner. I will see what is to be done; with the songs *in puris* it might prove difficult, as the text is German, but the overture might have a better chance.

I received your letter of August 10th through the wretched scoundrel Schindler. You need only post your letters, and I shall receive them quite safely, for I avoid this despicable fellow as much as possible. Karl can only





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 53

*(Portrait by Schimon. Original is now in Berlin. An engraving of this portrait made by Eichers for Schindler's biography)*



come to me on the 29th, when he will write to you. It will not remain unobserved what the two scoundrels, Glutton and Bastard, are doing to you, also you have received letters about this matter from me and Karl. For however little you deserve it of me, I shall never forget that you are my brother, and a good spirit will, I hope, come over you, to free you from these two scoundrels, and from this former and present whore, whose lover was with her three times during your illness, and who, besides, has entirely in her hands the spending of your money. O ! infamous disgrace—is there not a spark of manhood in you ! Now of something else. You have some numbers of the *Ruins of Athens* in my own handwriting, and these I particularly want, because the copies were made from the Josefstadt score, in which several things were left out which are in these manuscript scores. I am just writing something of the same kind, so it is most important for me to have them. Please write and say when I can have these manuscripts. Do please see to this. About coming to you ; I'll write another time. Ought I to so lower myself, so as to be in such bad company ? but perhaps this can be avoided, and we shall be able to spend a few days with you. About the affairs mentioned, I will write another time. Invisibly I hover around you ; I work through others so that these blackguards may not strangle you.

As ever,

Your true brother.

In letters to his nephew he also abuses Schindler, but apparently for no reason, as he had ordered Schindler to get up at five o'clock in the morning and find him a lodging in Baden "*presto prestissimo*," which the faithful Schindler did, although he had great difficulty, as Beethoven's former landlord did not want to let his lodgings to Beethoven again. One of the reasons why Beethoven was so unpopular with his landlords, apart from the noise that he made, was the fact that after being absorbed in composition his head would get so over-heated

that he was accustomed, in order to check his mental excitement before going out, to pour jugs of water over his head, which he did walking about the room, regardless of the fact that the water streamed over the floor and through the ceiling. Another bad habit of Beethoven's was that of scribbling all kinds of remarks on the window shutters, musical themes, accounts, etc. He settled down in Baden in August 1823. In letters to his nephew during this month he says of Schindler :

He was only here one day with me to take rooms, as you know, slept at Hetzendorf and went in the morning, so he says, again to the Josefstadt. But do not get gossiping against him, that may do him harm, and is he not already sufficiently punished? As he is such a fellow, straight truth must be told him. He is a bad, crafty character and must be dealt with seriously. . . . The everyday's work exhausts me. I wish you every good, my dear son. Czerny, your former master, dines with me to-morrow.

\* \* \* \* \*

My ruined belly must be restored by drugs and diet, and this I owe to the *faithful messenger*. You can imagine how I have had to rush about. Only to-day was I really able to turn my service to the muses. I *must*, though that is not noticeable, for the baths invite me at least to the enjoyment of beautiful nature, but nous sommes trop pauvre et il faut écrire ou de n'avoir pas de quoi.

What Schindler's crime was nobody has ever been able to discover. Beethoven's wrath was probably the outcome of a realization of the limitations of his friend, and, like most of Beethoven's sudden outbursts against his acquaintances, was merely the expression of an overwhelming sense of incompatibility and isolation.

In October 1823, the composer, Karl Maria von Weber (1786-1826), with his English pupil, Julius Benedict (1804-1885), came to Vienna for the performance of his opera "Euryanthe." Beethoven thought highly of Weber's opera



"Der Freischütz." He once remarked that Weber had begun composing too late. Both Weber and Benedict give accounts of this meeting. Weber wrote to his wife on the 5th October, 1823 :

I had to get up early yesterday at six o'clock because the trip to Baden had been arranged to start at half past seven. With me were Haslinger, Piringer and Benedict. Unfortunately it was the vilest rainy weather. The principal thing was to see Beethoven. He received me with an affection which was touching, embraced me six or seven times heartily, and cried out enthusiastically ; " Yes, you are a devil of a fellow, a really fine fellow." We spent the afternoon together merrily. This rough repellant man actually paid court to me, served me at table with politeness as if I had been a lady, etc. In short, this day will always remain memorable in the highest degree to me and to the others. It was inspiring to me to be shown such loving attention by so great a genius. How saddening is his deafness, one has to write everything down for him.

In the biography of his father written by Max Maria von Weber, published in 1864, there is an account of this meeting given by Benedict :

His (Beethoven's) hair was thick grey, here and there quite white. Forehead and skull wonderfully broadly arched and high . . . the nose square, the mouth nobly formed and delicate. . . Beethoven complained bitterly about his situation, scolded the theatre and concert directors, the public, the Italians, and especially complained of the ingratitude of his nephew. Weber was very moved and begged him to undertake a tour through Germany which would show him in what respect the world held him. " Too late," cried Beethoven, making a pantomime of pianoforte playing and shaking his head. " Well, then, go to England," wrote Weber. " Too late,"

cried Beethoven, drawing Weber's arm under his own and taking him to the Sauerhof, where they dined.

From October 1823 until February 1824 Beethoven was working in Vienna at the last movement of the ninth symphony. The following three letters are interesting :

To Anton Schindler

Baden, September 1923.

Signore Papageno ! I beg you, together with my housekeeper, to deliver the two indicated parcels, and see that they do not cost too much. So that your bad scandal may do no more harm to the poor Dresdener, I tell you that to-day the money has been sent to me with all marks of honour. However willingly I would have shown to you my active gratitude for your (? scratched through, and quite illegible) I cannot as yet put an end to this matter which I have so much at heart, but I hope in a few weeks to be more fortunate.

Is not the Russian Ambassador Count Golovkin ? Would you kindly inquire there, whether or not there is a courier who could take with him a parcel for Prince Galizin ? If not, it must go on Tuesday by the mail coach.

Your entirely devoted,

(Beethoven).

(At the side :)

N.B.—As regards the Russian Ambassador, I want to be set right about his position, name, on account of the sending off of the said parcel.

(Address :)

Per il Signore nobile Papageno Schindler—C sharp—

To Franz Grillparzer.

(1823)

Honoured Sir,

The management wishes to know the conditions for your *Melusine* ; so far it has declared itself, and this is probably better than to be importunate in such matters. My household affairs have been for some time in great

disorder, otherwise I should already have looked you up, and asked you to return my visit. For the present write yourself to me or to the management your conditions, I will then hand them over myself. Overloaded with work, I could neither become acquainted with you earlier nor can I come now; I hope, however, that I shall manage it one of these days—my No. is 323. This afternoon you will find me at the coffee-house opposite the Golden Pear; if you will come, come *alone*; this importunate appendix of a Schindler has long been, as you must already have noticed at Hetzendorf, altogether offensive to me—*otium est visium*—I heartily embrace and honour you.

Yours truly,  
Beethoven.

To Frau Johanna van Beethoven (Mother of Karl).

8th January, 1824.

Many business matters have prevented Karl and myself from sending you our good wishes for the new year. I however know that without this you are well aware that we have only the purest good wishes for your prosperity.

As regards your difficulty, I should like to help you with money, but unfortunately I have too many expenses, debts, and only the expectation of various sums, so that I cannot at once show my willingness to assist you. Meanwhile I assure you by writing that you may continue to draw Karl's half of your pension; we will hand you the receipt every month, and then you can yourself draw it out, as it is no disgrace (and I know several of my acquaintances who draw their pension every month) to draw the pension yourself every month. If later on I should be able to improve your circumstances by sending you a sum out of my pocket, it shall certainly be done—the 280 fl. 20 kr. which you owe to Steiner, I have long undertaken to pay, which probably has been told you. So you will not be compelled to pay any interest for some time.

You have received from me, through Schindler, two month's pension money. This month on the 26th, or

somewhat later, you will receive the pension amount for this month—with regard to the law-suit I will personally speak with Dr. Bach.

We wish you all possible prosperity, Karl also myself.

Your most ready to oblige,

L. v. Beethoven.

Schindler relates that the conclusion of the ninth symphony had a stimulating effect upon Beethoven's spirits. He would now go out and enjoy a little recreation, and could be seen in the streets of Vienna, looking into the shop windows through his eyeglasses, which he wore attached to a black ribbon, and once more, after a long period of hiding, greeting his friends and acquaintances. Beethoven's habit of secluding himself, when engrossed in composition, is shown by the fact that Madame Marie Pächler-Koschak—to whom Beethoven had been attracted in 1817, having spent much of the summer in her company—searched for him in vain during the summer of 1823.

The genesis of the ninth symphony requires some comment. Sketches for the first movement were made extensively in 1818. Thayer gives an elaborate analysis of all the material which went to the making of the ninth symphony. It is extremely interesting, and shows that the work ultimately resulted from the fusing of the ideas for two distinct symphonies. Students who wish to study this matter properly must be referred to Thayer and to the sketch books edited by Nottebohm, as the whole subject is too elaborate to be treated here. The following interesting note, made by Beethoven himself in 1818, giving the scheme for the introduction of voices into a slow movement of the symphony, is worth quoting :

#### Adagio Cantique.

A pious song and a symphony in the ancient modes—  
Lord God we praise Thee—Alleluia—either alone or  
as introduction to a fugue. The whole second symphony



may be characterized in this manner, in which case the vocal text would enter in the last movement or help in the adagio. The violins, etc., of the orchestra to be increased tenfold in the last movement, or the adagio might be repeated in the same manner in the last movement. In which case the vocal text would enter correctly—in the text of the adagio Greek myth, cantique Ecclesiastique—in the allegro Feast of Bacchus.

It will be seen that Beethoven had the ideas in his head for many years before he began seriously to work at them, which was not until the completion of the Mass in D. The ninth symphony was therefore actually composed in sketch during the whole of 1823 and written out in full score at the beginning of 1824.

## XLVII

When the symphony was completed Beethoven's friends and admirers wished him to give a concert at which both the symphony and portions of his unheard Mass in D might be given. But Beethoven was very suspicious and distrustful. He thought—largely persuaded by the convincingness of his own bitter denunciations of the musical taste of Vienna—that this new music of his would not be appreciated, and that consequently any concert would be a failure. Schindler, the well-known singer, Henriette Sontag, Count Lichnowsky and others did their best to persuade him otherwise. In the meantime Beethoven made inquiries in Berlin as to whether it would be possible to give a performance of the Mass and the symphony there, and he received a favourable answer. When this became known there was great consternation among Beethoven's friends and admirers in Vienna, and a memorial was immediately drawn up, and presented to him. From this memorial I extract the following :

Out of the large circle of representative admirers surrounding your genius in this your second native city a small number of lovers and disciples of art approach you in order to make, in conformity with their long felt wishes, a request which for some time they have kept suppressed within them.

Just as the numbers of these is small in proportion to the many who gladly recognise your value, and what you have become worth both to the present and to the future, so these wishes are not restricted merely to those of like mind with themselves, to whom art and the realisation of their ideals means something more than objects—of excitement; they declare that their wish is also the wish of countless others, who have a sense of the divine in music. . . . Although Beethoven's name and works belong to humanity and to every country susceptible to art, it is Austria, among whose inhabitants appreciation for the immortal works of Haydn and Mozart still lives, which is best entitled to claim him as her own. . . . Do not withhold longer from the public enjoyment . . . the performance of your latest achievements. . . . Do not allow these latest offspring to appear some day perhaps as strangers in their birthplace, perhaps introduced by people to whom you and your mind are foreign. . . . This is our first and nearest prayer.

There are also other claims on your genius which have become known. More than a year ago, requests and offers made to you by the management of our Court Opera and by the Society of Music Friends, which were in accordance with the wishes of all your admirers, had again awakened hope and expectation. Poetry has done her part in supporting these wishes.\* Good material from the hand of a fine poet is waiting to be brought to life by your fancy. Do not let that call to so glorious an aim be made vainly. Lead us back without further delay to those vanished days when the song of "Polyhymnia" delighted the connoisseurs and the hearts of the multitude.

\* Probably refers to the text of "Melusine" by Grillparzer.

Is it necessary to assure you how your retirement from public life has grieved us. How at a time when everyone was hopefully looking towards you, all perceived that the one man, whom we must acknowledge as first among living men in his realm, looked on in silence while foreign art took possession of German soil. . .

Only you can insure a decisive victory to the efforts of the best of us. From you German opera and our native art society expect new flowers, a restored life and a renewed sovereignty of the true and beautiful. . . Give us reason to hope that the desires of all who have listened to your harmonies shall be gratified. This is our most urgent second prayer.

May the year which has now begun not end without giving us the fruits of our petition, and may the coming spring reveal a double flowering for us and for the world of art.

Vienna, February 1824.

Count Lichnowsky was the leading spirit in obtaining signatures to this document, which was signed by about thirty admirers and friends of Beethoven including Count Fries, Count Dietrichstein, Count Palfy, Prince Lichnowsky, Count Lichnowsky, Abbé Stadler, Dr. Sonnleithner, Kiesewetter and, among the publishers, Steiner, Artaria and Diabelli. The address was presented to Beethoven by Count Secretary von Felsburg and J. M. Buhler, who was a tutor in the Imperial Household. Schindler relates that Beethoven said he wanted to be alone when he read it. When Schindler returned some time afterwards he found Beethoven holding the letter open in his hand :

After he had informed me what had happened he gave it to me with a deliberateness which showed how deeply moved he had been by its contents. While I read its contents, which were already known to me, he went to the window and followed with his glances the movements of the clouds. Silently I put the letter on one side, waiting

until conversation would begin. He maintained, however the same position. At last he turned and spoke : " It is beautiful, it rejoices me." This was the word which I used—unhappily it had to be in writing—to express my own pleasure. He read it and then said hastily : " Let us go out." When outside he remained, contrary to his custom, silent and sunk in thought.

In spite of the urgent requests of numerous friends, it was not until March 1824 that Beethoven gave half-willing consent to a public concert. Then there began the most extraordinary set of intrigues and cabals on all sides. Some wanted the concert to be given at the Theater-an-der-Wien, which Count Palfy had offered to provide with all its vocal and instrumental resources for 1200 florins. Others, including Schindler, carried on negotiations with the Kärnthnerthor Theatre, directed by Duport. Still a third group advised the Landständischer Saal, a small hall in which concerts were given. A fourth party suggested the Ridotto room. Amidst these different suggestions, which were canvassed furiously by all Beethoven's friends, including his nephew Karl, Beethoven remained, week after week, uncertain and unable to make any decision. Those who know anything about the rivalries and jealousies among artists can imagine the tangle into which the whole affair got. One of the principal difficulties was that Beethoven wanted Schuppanzigh to lead the orchestra, but Palfy wanted his own leader Clement; he was willing to waive this if Beethoven wrote a special letter of explanation to Clement. Another difficulty was that Seyfried was the conductor of the Theater-an-der-Wien orchestra, and Beethoven wanted Umlauf to conduct. Finally in despair of ever getting Beethoven to make a decision, Schindler arranged that Count Lichnowsky and Schuppanzigh should call on Beethoven on the same day, each leading the conversation to matters on which a decision was necessary, and that they should somehow manage to get him to put down in writing





BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF 54(?)

(Engraving by Steinmüller, made in 1827 for *Artaria*, after a drawing by  
Decker reproduced in *All. Musik Zeit.*, June 6th, 1824)



what he wanted done. It did not matter which plan was decided on, as long as it was definitely fixed one way or the other ; once having Beethoven's instructions in writing they thought they would be able to pin him down to them. However, when they had gone away, Beethoven saw through their ingenious plan and was furious. He immediately suspected all sorts of treacheries and declared that the concert must be abandoned forthwith. To the three conspirators he sent the following curt notes :

To Count Lichnowsky : I despise falsehoods—visit me no more !

To Herr Schuppanzigh : Visit me no more (Beethoven used the "er" instead of "sie" which was equivalent to an insult). I give no concert.

To Schindler : Do not come to me again until I send for you. No concert !

Fortunately all his friends knew Beethoven too well to be offended. They continued their efforts and finally the concert took place on May 7th, 1824, in the Court Theatre by the Kärnthnerthor. The programme was as follows :

Overture, "Weihe des Hauses."

The *Credo*, *Kyrie* and *Agnus Dei* of the Mass in D.

Ninth symphony in D minor.

During the rehearsals the singers were frequently in difficulties. His friends, Henriette Sontag and Caroline Ungher, complained of the high passages ; but Beethoven said that they had been spoilt by too much singing in the Italian style, and refused to alter them, whereupon Sontag exclaimed, "Well, then, in God's name let us work away at it again." The chorus also complained, but fruitlessly. At the last moment it was feared that the police commissioner would prohibit the performance of the excerpts from the Mass on religious grounds, and it was only through the influence of Count Lichnowsky

that the ban was lifted. The concert was a great success ; but although the gross takings were large the expenses were so heavy that the net profit was only 420 florins. At the performance, after the conclusion of the ninth symphony (some eye-witnesses, including the pianist Thalberg, state that this incident occurred at the end of the *scherzo*) a storm of applause broke forth which Beethoven could not hear. Caroline Ungher had to pluck him by the sleeve and make him turn round to see what was happening. This had an extraordinary effect on the audience, which then realised for the first time that the composer was practically stone deaf, and there was a scene of great enthusiasm.

## XLVIII

Beethoven was very disappointed at the financial results of the concert, and characteristically began to suspect that he had been cheated by the management—in spite of the fact that his brother Johann had been allowed to superintend the box office. He invited Schuppanzigh, Umlauf and Schindler to a meal at one of his favourite restaurants, the “ Zum Wilden Mann ” in the Prater. When he arrived with his nephew it was obvious that he was in a very gloomy temper, and he presently violently accused Schindler to his face of having cheated him. The others did their best to convince Beethoven that he was wrong, but without success, and finally in disgust they all left him.

Schindler must have written to Beethoven justifying himself, for later on Beethoven wrote the following letter :

To Anton Schindler

(1824)

I do not accuse you of anything wrong as regards the concert, but many things have been spoilt through your imprudence and arbitrary conduct. But anyhow, I have a certain fear that some great misfortune will befall me



through you. Stopped drains often open suddenly, and to-day when in the Prater, I thought that I had been in many respects insulted by you. In fact I would often rather seek to return your services by a little present rather than by dinners, for I must confess that it worries me too much. If you do not see a pleasant face you say at once : " Bad weather again to-day," for having a commonplace understanding you cannot help misinterpreting that which is not commonplace. In short, I love my independence too much. There will be plenty of opportunities to invite you to dinner, but to do so constantly is impossible for me, as that disturbs my whole peace of mind. Duport has promised next Tuesday for the concert, for he will not let me have the singers for the Constitutional Hall which I could have had to-morrow evening. He has again applied to the Police, so please go there with the note and hear if they have anything to say against the second time. I would never have accepted gratis these kindnesses shown to me and never will. So far as friendship is concerned it is a difficult matter with you. I should not like in any case to trust my welfare to you, as you lack judgment, and act in an arbitrary way, and already before I learnt to know you in a manner by no means to your credit, and in like manner others. I confess the purity of my character does not suffer me to be your friend in return for your kindnesses, although I am ready and willing to serve you in what concerns your welfare.

B.

This letter quite sufficiently explains the cause of Beethoven's occasional outbursts against Schindler. In many ways his services were indispensable to Beethoven ; but relationships of this kind always become impossible sooner or later ; for it is difficult if not impossible to accept services except from one's equals.

The summer of this year Beethoven spent at Gutenbrunn near Baden. The only important composition written during

1824, after the completion of the ninth symphony, was the quartet in E flat, Op. 127.

During this summer a London harp maker, J. A. Stumpff, paid Beethoven a visit. Beethoven asked him to a meal which took place in the garden of a restaurant. He relates :

Beethoven now sat down, half laughingly removed the cover from a dish and said : " Bravo, here I see fish. Yes, I like fish, only they are not good in this country. Fish which come out of the sea, that would be the food for me, as you have it in England." . . . Then I took the pencil and wrote in very clear letters : " Whom do you consider to be the greatest composer who has ever lived ?" " Handel," was his immediate answer, " before whom I bend my knee," and he knelt on the floor.

" Mozart ?" I wrote.

" Mozart," he replied, " is good and admirable."

" Yes," I wrote, " he was able to embellish Handel even with a new accompaniment."

" He would have lived without that," was his answer.

Now I wrote " Sebastian Bach ?"

" Why is he dead ?"

I wrote immediately " He will live again."

" Yes, if he is studied, and for that people have no time."

Then I wrote, " As you esteem Handel so highly, you certainly have his scores ?"

" I, poor devil, how should I have them ! The scores of his ' Messiah ' and ' Alexander's Feast ' have passed through my hands. . ."

His brother came in and begged me very flatteringly to visit him. As it was now late I took my leave of Beethoven, who accompanied me to the door. He seemed now quite out of humour, and said with a clouded face : " That is my brother—have nothing to do with him—he is not an honest man. You will hear me accused of many bad things of which he is guilty."

The labour of writing out scores and the drudgery of checking copyists and correcting proofs taxed severely Beethoven's

time and eyesight. The following letter to one of his publishers deserves quoting :

To B. Schott & Sons, Mayence

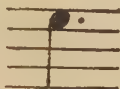
Vienna, January 26th, 1825.

Dear Sir,

Just a few hasty reminders. The best and clearest way of printing the Mass would be if, between the wood and brass instruments, also the drums, a space were left ; then follow the two violins, violas, the four solo voices, the four chorus parts, 'cello part, double-bass part, and finally the organ part. That is how the score was grouped by my late copyist.

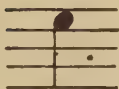
The organ part might be placed somewhat differently from what it is in your copy. The old score was too bescribbled to send to you. The new one has been looked through most carefully, truly no small trouble with a copyist who scarcely understands what he writes. It would have taken too long for you to have waited for the symphony to be all copied again, and, as a matter of fact I could not find any copyist able even to a moderate degree to understand what he is writing ; hence for some of the worst pages I have had new leaves inserted. Frequently the dots are wrongly placed,

instead of after a note



somewhere else,

perhaps



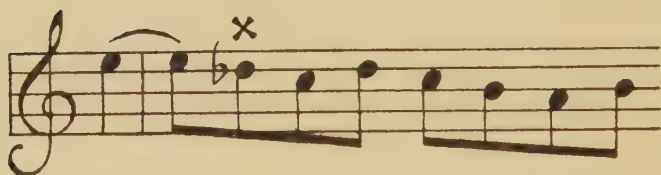
Please tell the printer to take care and put all such dots near the note, and in a line with it.

Where in the first allegro, first part, this passage occurs in the two violins, viz.,



*non legato* must be indicated above them, likewise in the second part.

Then there is to see whether in the *dona nobis* in the *allegro assai*, the flat before the D has been forgotten in this passage, viz.,



The tempo of the *Benedictus*, *Andante molto cantabile e non troppo mosso* has, perhaps, also not been indicated.

\* \* \* \* \*

Do write about Paris, I could also send you at once from here a French explanation, but I will fully agree with what you decide in this matter. My brother has not yet received the draft. Send it quickly, for he is somewhat greedy after money, all the more as the money for it was assigned here, and I was in a difficult position



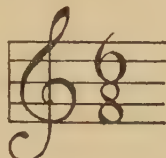
with the other publisher ; also a firm a long way off wanted these works ; I say this without boasting. The quartet will go off in at least eight days as I am very much pressed with another work.

With cordiality and esteem,  
Your friend,  
Beethoven.

In the *Dona Nobis* instead of quaver appoggiaturas there must always be semiquaver appoggiaturas in the following passages

Vno. 1<sup>mo</sup>. *Allegretto vivace*.

Dona Nobis—2<sup>do</sup>. Viola.



Bars 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

Where in these bars there are quaver appoggiaturas they must all be changed into semiquaver appoggiaturas. N.B. In the violin 2<sup>do</sup> quaver appoggiaturas only begin at the 6th bar. After the *Allo assai Tempo primo*  $\frac{6}{8}$  Vno 2<sup>do</sup> bars, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, and in the Viola, from the 10th to the 22nd bar, likewise quaver instead of semiquaver appoggiaturas, likewise after the *presto Tempo primo*  $\frac{6}{8}$  measure Oboe 1<sup>mo</sup> bars 9, 10, 11, and Flauto 1<sup>mo</sup> bars 10, 11, instead of quaver, semiquaver, appoggiaturas—likewise Vno. 1<sup>mo</sup> and Viola in bars 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, there must be quaver instead of semiquaver appoggiaturas. From this you can see what sort of a copyist I have now, the fellow is a downright Bohemian : a pandoor ; he does not understand me ; at first he wrote crotchets ! for the appoggiaturas, and then finally quavers ; as I did not look through it any more, I only noticed it when hastily packing it up.

Beethoven had constant trouble with his copyists, and one of them, named Wolanck, wrote to him the following letter complaining of his treatment.

(January 1825?)

Herrn. Herrn. Ludwig v. Beethoven !

I can only finish inserting the Finale into the score by Easter, and as by that time you will not want it any more, I send you all the parts together with the already commenced Finale.

I am grateful to you for the honour shown to me by giving me work. So far as the otherwise disagreeable behaviour towards me is concerned, I can regard it smilingly as merely an assumed outburst of temper. There are many dissonances in the ideal world of tones. Why, then, should it not be so in the real world ?

The firm conviction that to me, in my capacity as copyist, the same fate has been dealt by you as to those celebrated artists, Haydn and Mozart, is a consolation to me.

I therefore request you not to rank me among those common copying fellows who, even when treated like slaves, think themselves lucky to be able to earn a living.

For the rest, be assured that I have not the slightest cause to blush on account of my behaviour to you.

With high esteem,  
Yours truly,  
Ferd. Wolanck.

The whole of this letter from Wolanck is scratched through by Beethoven, and over it in enormous letters is written " CONCEITED ASS," " STUPID FOOL." At the bottom of it he wrote " To such a scoundrel, who cheats one of one's money must I pay compliments instead of pulling his ass's ears ?" On the sides of the letter are written, " It was determined yesterday and even before not to engage you any more to copy for me. Honour Mozart and Haydn by not mentioning their names."

Even this did not assuage Beethoven's wrath, for he turned the letter over and on the other side wrote "Scribbler! Stupid fool! Make good your own faults caused through ignorance, arrogance, conceit and stupidity. This would be far better than trying to instruct me since that is like a sow trying to teach *Minerva*."

During the year 1825 Karl Holz, a violinist and a man of good education and intelligence, became intimate with Beethoven and to some extent took Schindler's place. One of Beethoven's habitual nick-names for Holz (which in German means "wood") was "best piece of mahogany." According to Schindler, Beethoven and Holz used to find great entertainment in inventing all sorts of German expressions for technical terms such as "clang-making machine" for "instrument" and "composition worker" for "composer." It is in a letter to Holz, dated Baden, August 24th, 1825, that Beethoven wrote the following famous paragraph about his publishers: "It is indifferent to me what hell-hound licks or gnaws my brains because it must be so. Only do not let the answer be waited for too long. The hell-hound in L (eipzig) can wait, and meanwhile amuse himself with Mephistopheles, the editor of the *Leipziger Mus. Zeit.* . . ."

About April 1825, Beethoven became seriously ill with inflammation of the bowels. He was also worried by the conduct of his nephew, Karl, who was now about nineteen years old, and was inclined to be idle and extravagant and spend his time in bad company. In May 1825, Beethoven went to Baden where he had a number of visitors. Among them was Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860), a young writer who was hoping to write an opera libretto for Beethoven. Rellstab was an intelligent and keen observer. He wrote a very full account of his meetings with Beethoven and gives one of the most interesting and accurate of all descriptions of Beethoven's appearance.

His almost entirely grey hair was thick, but neither curly, stiff nor sleek. His features seemed at first sight of little significance. His face was much smaller than I had imagined it from his portraits. It nowhere showed that ruggedness, that stormy power which one attributes to his physiognomy in order to bring it into relation with his work. . . . . His colour was brown,—not the sound healthy brown of the sportsman, but with a sickly yellow tinge (this, no doubt, was due to Beethoven's attack of jaundice). The nose small, the mouth kindly; the eyes blueish-grey, but vivacious. Suffering, melancholy and goodness showed in his face, but I repeat, not a sign of harshness. None of the amazing boldness which his works show was perceptible to the superficial glance. . . . Suffering and intense pain expressed itself in his face. This was not the result of physical illness as I always found this expression, even weeks afterwards when Beethoven was quite well.

In September 1825, Sir George Smart paid a visit to Beethoven, and heard a performance of Beethoven's newly finished quartet in A minor, Op. 132, at the inn Zum Wilden Mann, in the presence of the publisher Schlesinger, Karl Beethoven, Beethoven himself, and a number of other people. Smart relates of this and other visits to Beethoven the following particulars :

Beethoven gave the *tempi* of various sections of his symphonies, etc., while he played them on the pianoforte, including the Choral symphony, which according to his reckoning took three-quarters of an hour in performance—which we know is impossible. In Vienna the recitative was played by four 'cellos and two contra-basses which certainly is better than if one takes all the basses . . . \* After a long conversation about music the midday meal was arranged. . . . It was very carefully prepared and very plentiful. . . . Much wine was drunk. I heard

\* Schindler states that Beethoven required *all* the double-basses to play the recitative in a singing style, not stiffly but in strict time, not dragged.



Beethoven say, "We will see how much this Englishman can drink"; but he, Beethoven, had the worst of it. I gave him my diamond pin as a memento. . . . and he wrote me a canon "Ars longa, vita brevis" as quickly as his pen could write it down, in about three minutes' time, while I stood at the door waiting to go.

The quartet in A minor was begun some time in 1824, interrupted by an illness to which we owe the movement in the Lydian mode, and completed about August 1825. The quartet in B flat, Op. 130, was begun in 1825; the principal theme of the quartet in C sharp minor, Op. 131, was sketched about the end of 1825.

## XLIX

At the beginning of 1826 Beethoven had a return of his bowel trouble which lasted during the first three months of the year. He was full of projects and among them was the idea of an opera to Goethe's "Faust" and a tenth symphony. At this period Beethoven was at the top of his form and teeming with ideas. Nottebohm, who is the great authority on Beethoven's sketch books, says that Beethoven really did not get properly started with the composition of the tenth symphony, and that the ideas in his sketch books are merely the germ-fragments which he habitually jotted down. But, according to Holz, Beethoven had played to him pieces of the tenth symphony which Beethoven had already composed in his head: an introduction in E flat major, a quiet movement, and powerful allegro in C minor. Unfortunately Beethoven's career was soon to be cut short at the very moment when, as he himself expressed it, he had at last learned how to compose.

On March 21, the Schuppanzigh Quartet played the quartet in B flat. The Cavatina pleased everybody. It was indeed one of Beethoven's own favourite pieces, and he himself stated that it always made a powerful impression upon him;

but the players were quite unable to cope with the gigantic concluding fugue, which indeed was quite beyond the musical comprehension of anybody living at that time. There was a general request from all sides asking Beethoven to replace this fugue movement with another finale, which he did at Gneixendorf during the summer of 1826. The fugue was published as a separate composition and is now known as *The Grosse Fuge in B flat, Op. 133*. It is an extraordinary fact that this remarkable work—on which Sir George Grove in his dictionary, almost fifty years after Beethoven's death, refrained from expressing any opinion because it was never played—should even now, exactly one hundred years after Beethoven's death, be still beyond the comprehension of many musicians, although it has, at last, been recognised by discerning critics to be one of the great masterpieces of music.

We now come to an incident which caused Beethoven great distress. His nephew Karl was a young man of twenty years of age, clever but unreliable. He had matriculated at the University of Vienna some time in 1823 and studied philology. In 1824 he expressed a wish to enter the army, but in 1825, he entered the Polytechnic Institute where he idled a good deal, was extravagant and got into debt. Beethoven who, since finally gaining his lawsuit in 1820, had been entirely responsible for Karl's upbringing and treated him as his adopted son, was constantly worried and tormented by his overwhelming feeling for Karl. Karl for many years had been the sole human object of Beethoven's affections, and in his passionate ambition for Karl's future he expected from this quite ordinary and not unintelligent young man what only a boy of extraordinary gifts and exceptional character could have achieved. Many of Beethoven's biographers denounce Karl as worthless because he caused Beethoven such suffering. One of them, indeed, goes so far as to write :

To this paltry atom of humanity, Karl Beethoven, it is due, speaking purely from a human point of view and

from purely earthly reasoning, that Beethoven did not come to England. . . . If he had once arrived, once been acclaimed and understood, he would have lived his life out here, and that precious life would have been cherished and waxed prolific. . . . .

This is pure bathos. The fact is that the extraordinary genius and powerful personality of Beethoven weighed like a range of Alps upon this quite decent young man. And Beethoven in spite of his inward struggle to be fair to the boy's mother—a fairness which he occasionally practised as we have already seen from letters quoted—occasionally gave way to the most violent jealousy. The following extracts from a few letters to his nephew in the year 1825 give a good picture of Beethoven's feelings.

Baden, May 22nd.

Although I have been informed by somebody that again there have been secret meetings between you and your mother, up till now I have only suspected it—have I once more to suffer the most abominable ingratitude? No, if the tie between us is to be broken, let it be so, but you will be hated by all impartial people who hear about it. The statements of my Herr Bruder and those of Dr. Reissig, as he says, and yours yesterday concerning Dr. Sonleitner who necessarily must feel offended with me, as the law court decided exactly the opposite of what he demanded, do you think that I would risk once more to be mixed up in those vulgarities?—No, never more—if the *Pactum* is irksome to you, then, let it be so, I leave you to Divine Providence; I have done my part, and can appear fearless before the highest of all judges. Do not be afraid to come to me to-morrow, I still only suspect. God grant that nothing of it is true, for in truth there would be no limit to your unhappiness, lightly as this scamp of a brother of mine and perhaps your mother, may think of your gossiping with the old woman. I shall expect you with certainty.

\* Baden, May 31st, 1825.

. . . . . I do not send any money, for in case of need you can borrow one florin in the house. Moderation is necessary for the young, and you do not seem to have paid enough attention to this, since you had money *without my knowing it*, and *without my knowing from whom*. Nice goings-on. To go to the theatre is not advisable just yet, on account of its great distraction, so I think. The five florins laid out by Dr. Reissig, I shall pay off punctually every month—and that is done with. Spoiled as you have been, it would do you no harm at last to study *simplicity* and *truth*, for my heart has suffered too much through your crafty behaviour towards me, and it is difficult to forget and even if, like a yoke-ox drag along without murmuring, yet if you behave towards others in the same manner, it will never win for you people who love you. God is my witness that I dream only of you, of my wretched brother, and of the joy of having nothing more to do with this deceiving, abominable family foisted on me. May God hear my prayer, for I can never trust you any more.

Sorry,

Your Father,

or better still, not your father.

(June (?) 1825)

Tuesday morning.

. . . . . One need not be fully dressed when anybody calls, so as soon as you come home take off your coat and make yourself comfortable in the clothes meant for that purpose.

Meanwhile farewell,

Your true Father.

Postscript

The wench left yesterday, and has not come back, but you will see how this turns out; the old woman is troubled that she has to go, because like a wild beast without aim and sense, she cannot rest. God have pity on me, it has already commenced with the *cooking* yesterday.



(June 1825)

Dear Son—Dear Lad,

The point of *Bonheur* is to be touched upon, which I already found out with Lichnowsky, that these so-called grand gentlemen do not like to see an artist, who otherwise is their equal, also well-to-do.\* *Voilà le même cas-votre altesse !* in the context sometimes V.A. On the letter *à son Altesse Monseigneur le Prince, etc.*—one cannot know whether this is a weakness—here follows a sheet, already signed by me—you could add this, so that he may not be disturbed by newspaper gossip, which, if I wished, would give me no little praise. The quartet was a failure the first time Schuppanzigh played it, for he, being so very stout, wants more time than formerly before he can grasp anything. . . . .

Your faithful Father.

Farewell ragamuffin !

Baden, 5th October (?) 1825

(On the top is written the following :)

For God's sake do come home again to-day, who knows what danger may be threatening you, hasten, hasten.

My dear Son,

Only nothing further—only come to my arms, you shall hear no harsh word. For heaven's sake do not rush to destruction—you will be received as ever with affection — as to considering what is to be done in future, we will talk this over in a friendly way, no reproaches, on my word of honour, for it would be of no use. You need only expect from me the most loving help and care. Only come—come to the faithful heart of your father.

Beethoven.

Come home at once on receipt of this.

Volti sub.

(Address :)

For Karl van Beethoven

\* An interesting example of Beethoven's acute insight into human psychology.

(Underneath :)

*Si vous ne viendrez pas vous me tuerez surement.*

(At the side of the address :)

*Lisez la lettre et restés a la maison chez vous, venez de m'embrasser votre pere vous vraiment adonné soyez assurés que tout cela restera entre nous.*

One day, about the middle of 1826, Holz rushed into Beethoven's room and told him that Karl was going to shoot himself. Holz and Beethoven immediately set out for the house of Schlemmer where Karl had been living. The following conversation began :

*Schlemmer.* I heard that your nephew intended to shoot himself. . . . I gather it was on account of debts. I made a search and found in his drawers a loaded pistol. I sent you notice that you might act as his father. The pistol is in my charge. Be gentle with him or he will be driven to despair.

*Holz.* What is to be done? He said "What is the use of preventing me : if I do not succeed to-day it will be done another time."

*Beethoven.* He will drown himself.

*Holz.* If he had really made up his mind to destroy himself he would certainly have told no one.

Holz and Beethoven then went to the police office. From there they went on to his mother's, where they discover a note in a pocket book written by Karl : "Now it is done, torment me no more with reproaches and complaints."

*Beethoven.* When did it happen?

*Karl's mother.* He has just come. The coachman carried him down off a rock at Baden. He has a ball in the left side of his head.

Beethoven visited Karl in hospital and said, "If you have a secret trouble, reveal it to me through your mother." Holz

told Beethoven that Karl had said to him that it was not hatred, but "quite another feeling which irritates him against you. He gives no other reason but imprisonment at your house, the existence under your surveillance;" and Breuning told Beethoven that his nephew stated at the police station that "it was your constant worrying him which had driven him to the deed." Karl said to the magistrate who conducted the inquiry after his recovery: "I have become worse because my uncle insisted upon making me better." The result of this escapade was to steady Beethoven's nephew somewhat. Schindler relates that Karl's attempted suicide was a terrible blow to Beethoven, and that after this affair, "he looked like a man of seventy." Beethoven's friends tried to persuade him now to resign his guardianship; but he writes in his conversation book:

I wanted only to accomplish his good. If he is abandoned now something might happen.

At last Beethoven consented to his nephew becoming a soldier. In January 1827 Karl went to his regiment at Iglau, and Beethoven was greatly relieved. Karl never saw his uncle again; but Beethoven left him all his property. A very interesting incident occurred when Beethoven, made a codicil just before his death appointing Karl as his sole heir. The codicil reads

My nephew Karl shall be my sole heir. The capital of my estate shall, however, descend to his natural heirs or to those appointed by him through a Will.

Signed,  
Ludwig van Beethoven.

Vienne, March 23rd, 1827.

This codicil was signed by Beethoven three days before his death in the presence of Stephan von Breuning. To Breuning's great surprise Beethoven changed the word "legitimate"

before "heirs" into "natural" and refused to restore the word "legitimate" which was originally written.

## L

Beethoven returned to Vienna from Gneixendorf on December 2nd, 1826, and caught a chill on the journey. Apparently in the first few weeks after his return he recovered from an attack of pneumonia, but his other ailments were more serious. Beethoven liked to drink wine, of which he was fond.\* Dr. Wawruch and Dr. Staudenheimer forbade him to drink. On December 20th Dr. Seibert operated on Beethoven for dropsy. During January and February Beethoven received visits from many of his friends including Moritz, Lichnowsky, Gleichenstein, Haslinger, Holz; but Schindler was most frequently with him. The harp maker Stumpff sent Beethoven a magnificent gift of the scores of Handel. Beethoven acknowledges this present in a letter dated February 8th, in which he says :

Unfortunately I have been down with dropsy since the 3rd December. You can imagine in what a situation this places me. I live generally only from the proceeds of my brain, to make provision for all things for myself and my Karl. Unhappily for a month and a half I have not been able to write a note. My salary suffices only to pay my semi-annual rent, after which there remains only a few hundred florins. Reflect now that it cannot yet be determined when my illness will end and I shall again be able to sail through the air on Pegasus under full sail.

Beethoven had no confidence in either Dr. Wawruch or Dr. Seibert. When Dr. Wawruch, who visited him daily, used to arrive, Beethoven would turn away in disgust exclaiming "Ach der esel" (Oh, the fool), and refuse to answer any questions. Schindler persuaded Dr. Malfatti, with whom

\* Dr. Bertolini told Jahn: "Beethoven liked to drink a glass of wine, but he was never a drunkard or a gourmand."



Beethoven had quarrelled, to come and see him. This cheered him up considerably although Dr. Malfatti's treatment gave only temporary relief. Stumpff had informed Smart and Moscheles in London of Beethoven's illness, and the directors of the London Philharmonic Society had a meeting and passed a resolution, which was moved by Mr. Neate and seconded by Mr. Latour.

"That this Society do lend the sum of £100 to its own members to be sent through the hands of Mr. Moscheles to some confidential friend of Beethoven's to be applied to his comforts and necessities during his illness."

Carried unanimously.

In a letter to Sir George Smart dated March 6th, 1827, Beethoven wrote: "On the 28th February I underwent my fourth operation, and it may be perhaps my fate to undergo a fifth or even more. If this continues my illness will surely last until the middle of the summer, and what will then become of me." On March 17th Beethoven wrote his last letter to Schindler.

Wonder ∙. ∙. ! (=Wonder, Wonder, Wonder)

The very learned gentlemen have been beaten both of them; only through Malfatti's knowledge shall I be saved. It is necessary for you to come to me this forenoon just for a moment.

Yours,  
Beethoven.

On March 8th and again on March 13th, Hummel and his wife came to see Beethoven. Hummel's pupil Hiller, a boy of fifteen, who was with him has given a long account of the meeting, from which I take the following:

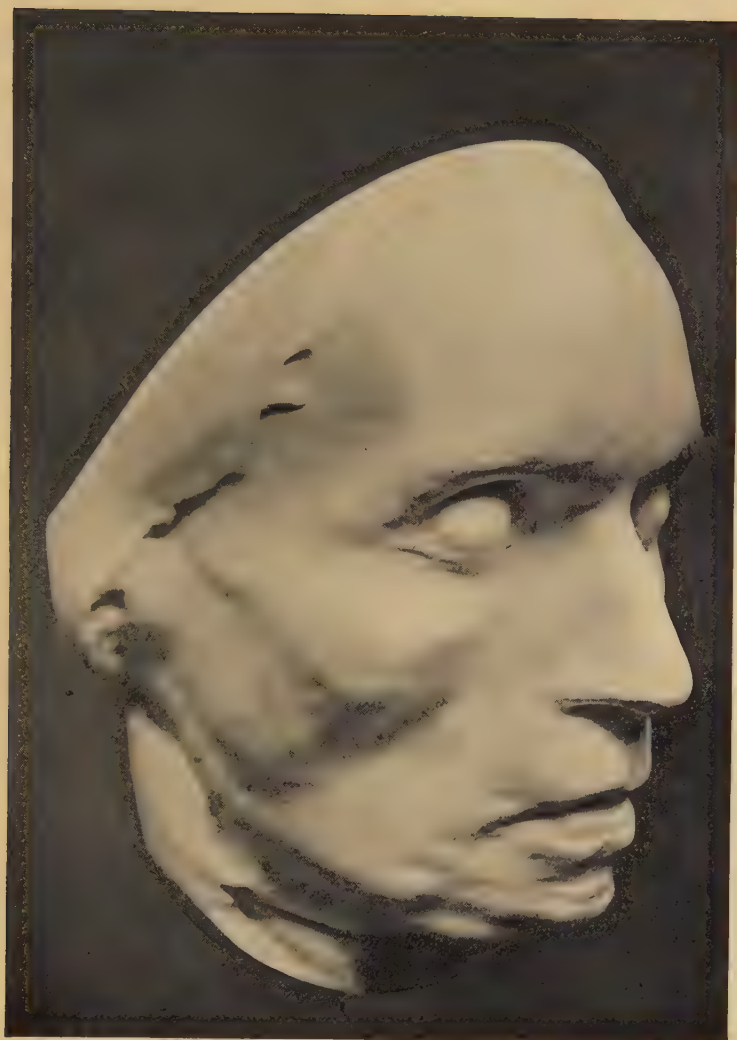
He lay in bed, seemed to suffer much pain and groaned deeply at intervals, in spite of the fact that he spoke much

and with animation. He seemed to take it greatly to heart that he had not married. At our first visit he had joked about it with Hummel whose wife he had known as a young and beautiful girl. "You are a lucky man," he said to him smilingly. "You have a wife who takes care of you, who is in love with you—but poor me," and he sighed heavily. He asked after my studies and said encouragingly: "One must always plant art firmly," and when I spoke of the exceptional interest which at that time Italian opera was exciting in Vienna he exclaimed: "It is said *Vox populi vox dei*—I have never believed that."

A consultation of doctors was held some time in the middle of March and, according to Gerhard von Breuning, after this consultation was over Beethoven turned to his friends and said: "*Plaudite, amici, comædia finita est.*" The Hummels again visited Beethoven on March 23rd, and of this visit Hiller relates:

It was to be the last time. He lay weak and miserable, sighing deeply at intervals, not a word fell from his lips. Sweat stood upon his forehead. His handkerchief not being at hand, Hummel's wife took her fine cambric handkerchief and dried his face several times. Never shall I forget the grateful glance with which his broken eye fell on her.

On the morning of March 24th Beethoven was asked by his brother Johann, and his brother's wife, whether he would have a priest and receive the viaticum. According to Schindler he said, firmly and quietly, "I wish it." After the ceremony Beethoven turned to the priest and said: "I thank you, ghostly sir, you have brought me comfort." After the priest had gone Beethoven reminded his friends that a document must be sent to the publishers, Schott, giving them the rights in the C sharp minor quartet. This was drawn up, signed by



DEATH MASK OF BEETHOVEN

*(From the photograph in "Das Ewige Antlitz." Reproduced by kind permission of Frankfurter Verlags-Anstalt. Copyright Beethoven House, Bonn. Original taken by J. Danhauser, on March 28th, 1827)*





him, and witnessed by Schindler and Breuning. Some time that day a case of wine sent by the publishers, Schott, arrived from Mayence. Schindler opened it and put the bottles on the table. Beethoven looked at them and said: "Pity, pity,—too late." These were his last words. In the afternoon he lost consciousness, and remained unconscious, and according to Schindler, almost delirious, for the following two days. At five o'clock on the afternoon of March 26th, 1827, Beethoven died, in the presence of Ansell Hüttenbrenner and the wife of Johann van Beethoven.

*The world is a King and will be flattered  
if it is to show favour; but true art is  
self-willed and cannot take the forms of  
flattery.*—BEETHOVEN.

*BOOK II*

THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN





## THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN

### *Chapter I*

#### I

It is now necessary to study Beethoven in his music, for here we will find the richest and most significant expression of his personality. We do not know what musical genius is, just as we do not know what music is or what electricity is. We are only aware of certain phenomena. These musical phenomena consist in the ordered arrangement of sounds which, made in the mind of the composer, have a meaning for the auditor. It seems probable that this ordering of sounds is as inevitable and involuntary, where there is musical genius, as the ordering of magnetic lines of force where there is a magnet. Introduce a magnet among a heap of filings and they will immediately group themselves into an ordered arrangement. Introduce the musical mind into the confusion of sounds and the sounds will be set flowing in patterns. It is a property of mind and it is almost certain that it is a property of all human minds in varying degree, but that only when striking and exceptional does it force itself upon our notice as a distinctive power or faculty as, in short, musical genius. That all human minds have this property is proved by our recognition of the ordered arrangement presented to us by the composer because, as I shall show in my chapter on Ideals, the reception and the conception of musical ideas are two aspects of the same activity. That it is involuntary is proved by the fact of musical prodigies and the fact that not all the great musical geniuses of the world were the children of musicians or were influenced towards music by their environment. For instance, Berlioz was the son of a physician who pressed him to follow the same profession.

In Berlioz's own words :

When I entered that fearful human charnel-house littered with fragments of limbs and saw the ghastly faces and cloven heads, the bloody cesspool in which we stood, with its reeking atmosphere, the swarms of sparrows fighting for scraps and the rats in the corners gnawing bleeding vertebrae such a feeling of horror possessed me that I leapt out of the window and fled home as though death and all his hideous crew were at my heels. It was twenty-four hours before I recovered from the shock of this first impression, utterly refusing to hear the words anatomy, dissection or medicine, and firmly resolved to die rather than enter the career which had been forced upon me.

Musical genius is born, but if we knew enough about heredity we would no doubt discover that it is also made—made by generations of mating, which result ultimately in that combination of physical and mental qualities which is not a mere mixture of these qualities but a new organism having musical genius. The ordered arrangement of sounds is made in the mind, *happens* in the mind of musical genius but it is not a product of the will. The music, which is composed at will by the musician, is the work of the memory and is a mere collection not a new organisation of sounds. A new organisation of sounds is an emotive or visionary experience of the musician, imaged in the mind of the musician, and put down upon paper by an intellectual process. Whether we can draw a real distinction between the imaging of the sounds in the mind and the putting of them down on paper is doubtful. Musical notation is a mere co-ordination of eye with ear through memory. Ear-training is memory training, and musical notation consists in always using the same symbols for the same sounds. When the ear has been trained to distinguish one sound from another over a certain range of sounds the memory has then a “sound” vocabulary; this may extend

over a few octaves only. If the ear can distinguish one sound from another absolutely according to its vibration number and not merely relatively from a given tonic, it has what is called the sense of absolute pitch. Personally, I should think this was almost indispensable to the very highest imaginable form of musical genius, and it was apparently possessed by Mozart and probably by Beethoven. To have the sense of absolute pitch, it is necessary to be able to distinguish smaller intervals than semitones. This perhaps is not so rare a faculty as the accuracy and tenacity of memory by which these fine distinctions of sound can be retained by the ear, although they are no doubt allied. The faculty of perceiving smaller intervals than semitones underlies the perception of tonality, for the differences in keys in our tempered scale depend upon these and upon the fact that every musical note is composite.\* But the sense of absolute pitch has been possessed by many gifted musicians, who were not great composers or great executive artists but mere virtuosos of one sort or another. These faculties are the mere foundation of musical genius, and it is possible for a composer, in whom they are not remarkable (a composer with a small vocabulary), to write finer music than another whose apperceptive faculty is superior.

We cannot assume that Beethoven and Mozart were equal or alike in their mental faculties. All evidence points to the contrary. Beethoven as a child and as a boy exhibited none of the marvellous almost miraculous powers shown by Mozart. There is no story of Beethoven comparable to the well authenticated story of Mozart's going to the Sistine chapel at the age of fourteen to hear a carefully treasured *Miserere* by Allegri—which was only performed on rare occasions—and, on his going home, writing the whole thing out accurately from memory. Mozart's ear was so fine that

\*But the key of four sharps, for example, at one pitch has the same character (compared with other keys) as it has at any other pitch. This character comes from the assembly of differences—which may be discerned by someone who has not necessarily got the sense of absolute pitch.

he could distinguish half-a-quarter tone, and his memory so tenacious that he could remember it the next day. His sensibility to sound was extreme and, as a child, he fainted at the sound of a trumpet. But Beethoven's ear, although not so extraordinary, was exceptionally delicate and in late years, in lamenting his deafness, he complained of the hardness of fate in depriving him of his hearing, which was originally so much finer than that of other people's.

## II

It was not so much in the mere discriminating keenness of their sense of sound that Mozart and Beethoven differed as in their kind of memory. Although on a certain occasion when someone deplored, after hearing a magnificent improvisation, that such a beautiful thing should be lost, Beethoven replied, proudly, that it was not lost but that he had every note in his head and could immediately repeat it at will, one is inclined to think that although this was no doubt true, it was extremely unlikely that Beethoven would ever have repeated identically note for note the same composition.

Schindler says that Beethoven "had a very poor memory of what was past" and as Dostoevsky somewhere declares, original genius and an encyclopædic memory are incompatible. Men with remarkable memories are rarely, if ever, conspicuous for original thought and it is not difficult to see why.\* This kind of memory is generally automatic. It is the verbal memory of the good speaker, orator, politician or preacher who has the gift of saying nothing in many words. The words seem to link up of themselves into phrases, the phrases into sentences and the sentences into paragraphs. There is a superficial connection which appears as meaning; but there is no depth, no real individual content. This type

\*See the chapter on Ideals.



of mind functions successfully but shallowly in all the sciences and arts.

Obviously Mozart's mind was not of this type, and, to reconcile what seems at first to be a flagrant exception vitiating the great Russian psychologist's assertion, we must, I think, put the emphasis on "encyclopædic," for an encyclopædic memory implies a general automatic retentiveness whose cement is mere association and not any active selective principle in the individual. The highest type of mind is undoubtedly governed by an individual principle which is that of the personality, the unique human personality whose inner character it expresses. Such a mind is highly selective and rejects in order to compose.

Creation of any sort implies rejection because it imposes a form upon chaos. The greatest minds are those who reject least, those who get most of reality, of the sensation-stuff presented to them, into their framework. But here we must be careful to remember that by "greatest" and "least" and "most" we mean more than mere quantity. The finest form, the form that has most content, is not necessarily the biggest form. The whole process of the artist's development is the ceaseless endeavour to put more and more of reality into his form or scheme. It is clear that the artist depends for his material upon his sensibility, on the sensitiveness and the range of his senses, feelings and sympathies, and on still another faculty which I may call "vision." It is equally clear that the richer, the fuller and the more varied his experience—not quantitatively (which matters not at all and is indeed often incompatible with variety and intensity) but qualitatively—then the more difficult will be his task to compose it into order. A work of art is simply organized experience.\* Obviously it is much easier to organize a simple sentiment of homesickness into the tune of "Home Sweet Home" than it is to organize the strange and complex experi-

\*If in "experience" we include subjective vision or "inner" experience.



ence revealed in the Ninth Symphony into that complicated structure.

Most musicians who have studied the music of Mozart and of Beethoven declare to-day that Mozart displays a greater virtuosity. Assuming this to be true, can we attribute it to the smaller content of his experience? Assuming that in abstracting musical genius—that characteristic of the mind which sets sounds flowing in patterns—as a faculty unrelated to the personality of the composer we are not distorting it, and, assuming that Mozart and Beethoven had this faculty in equal degree, could we then say that Mozart's greater virtuosity was due to his having as much skill as Beethoven but less material to handle? I think we could. But we must remember that Mozart died at thirty-five, and that if Beethoven had died at that age he would not have been the Beethoven we know but a much lesser composer. This is an important point, because Mozart's music has often a curious quality of latency, which is very remarkable indeed when we consider his extraordinary virtuosity. It is as if a pronounced extrovert type with unparalleled powers of expression (for Mozart undoubtedly possessed as much "musical genius" as anyone in history) should give the impression of introversion, of not exactly hiding a great deal but certainly of leaving a great deal unsaid. But we cannot conclude because he left a great deal unsaid that his "musical genius" was not equal to the task of expressing it, and if Mozart had lived to a ripe age and still left this impression it is doubtful whether we could even then legitimately consider it to show a deficiency of *musical* genius.

But we have assumed the accuracy of this abstraction, "musical genius," as a faculty separable from and not coloured and affected by the composer's personality. In this we assume too much and, in saying that Beethoven had less virtuosity than Mozart, we are falsifying the truth by simplification. Richard Buhlig once said to me "Part of the expression of the

Hammerklavier sonata is its unplayableness." It is absurd to think of the musician who composed the symphony in A major and C minor as having less "musical genius" than the composer of the "Jupiter" symphony even if we think that the last movement of the "Jupiter" symphony has a more beautiful form than anything Beethoven ever wrote. For, in the latter opinion, we express only a temporary not an eternal judgment, a judgment due to a bias which has value but not an exclusive value. The musical forms of Beethoven and of Mozart have a different character of beauty, and this results not from their differing quantities of "musical genius" but from their differing personalities. When we arrange these different characters of beauty into a hierarchy of beauty, as if they were multiples of the same unit "beauty," we are again simplifying and falsifying. There *is* a unifying principle but we can never abstract it and apply it without falsifying it since it is in living it that we find our principle.\*

### III

And now we can return to the question of memory. It is not so much that Mozart's memory was a better or more retentive memory than Beethoven's but that in memory, as in a mirror, general outlines are easier to grasp than expressions. That peculiar beauty of form which was Mozart's was influenced by the way his genius worked and, this in turn, depended upon his whole personality and way of experiencing life. Beethoven was clumsy and awkward through the abruptness and impetuosity of his movements. His was primarily not a sensuous but an intensely passionate nature. It is also impossible to imagine Beethoven having Mozart's zest for playing billiards. And although as a young man he dressed with care and learned to dance, the intensity of his inclination towards

e Orpheus or The Music of the Future.

the sublime and the ideal made him less certain of his balance. This Mozart never was and so his music has an ease and grace of movement which is all its own. If you gaze with such passionate intensity at the stars, that you forget everything that is on the ground, you will see what is not seen by those who are taking care to walk gracefully around the lamp-posts which light their way, but you will miss the "meaner beauties of the night" and a great deal of the human scene.

#### IV

Beethoven wrote little vocal and operatic music, and what he wrote was not conspicuous for its range of human character. His single opera does not show the varied psychological insight, or the rich dramatic invention of Mozart, although it has been greatly admired for the beauty and power of much of its music. I think all who hear it to-day carry away with them one or two very strong impressions of magnificent moments, and the rest is blank. The moments that always remain in my memory are the scene in the prison working up to the trumpet call breaking in as Pizzaro is on the point of trying to kill Florestan, the duet in A minor between Rocco and Leonora, the following quartet and duet, and the two choruses of prisoners liberated from their dungeons for a brief spell in the upper air—the greeting and the farewell to daylight. No composer ever had such a passion for liberty and such a profound imaginative understanding of the horror and suffering produced by any kind of servitude or restricted freedom, as Beethoven. This is a rare passion, although the many statues to liberty scattered over the world might make one think otherwise. It is probable that a majority of men and women have at all times preferred security and comfort to liberty and possible discomfort; but to Beethoven any infringement of personal liberty was so intolerable, that it is not surprising to find in this chorus the most poignant and heart-

rending expression of the misery of men shut away from the sunshine and the fresh air and all freedom of movement that has ever been written. And it is an interesting example of the character of great art that this chorus is so moving, not by a direct emotional lamentation, but by innumerable little touches of artistic invention. It is not a howl of caged animals but an imagination of the marvellous, sweet, strangeness of fresh air upon the cheeks and lips, of soft daylight upon the eyes, of the scents and sounds of living nature upon the nerves of suffering human beings who have been enwalled in darkness and isolation.

## V

That Beethoven never wrote a second opera has been ascribed to his never having found a suitable libretto, although he was always looking for one, and asked for and received librettos from various poets, including the famous Austrian dramatist, Grillparzer. He disliked all magical, supernatural machinery in a play (although he thought "The Magic Flute" to be Mozart's best opera), and he considered the subject of Mozart's "Don Juan" to be unworthy of the composer. This attitude, obviously, was not due to any lack of a sense of humour, for not only does his life show that he possessed it to an unusual degree but in his music, especially in his scherzos and rondos, it is always finding successful expression. Beethoven may be claimed as one of the few great composers who have written really comic music. He had none of the solemnity of artists like Wordsworth, Milton and—in spite of the evidence of occasional outbursts of jollity which it would be extravagant not to expect from even the most portentous humbug—Bach. Again, Beethoven's habitual temper of mind in conversation and social life was satirical. He had the profound and passionate man's hatred of sentimentality, and also that intellectual power to pierce through illusions and emotional bar-



rages which seems destructive to well-meaning but impotent idealists. And he saw at least as far into human character as Mozart. But Beethoven did not want to write an opera to display the fatuousness and folly of human nature, vividly as he saw it. It did not interest him to do this because his strongest emotion was not hatred of men and women—as the satirical artist's must be, even if it is love turned to hatred. Nor was his strongest motive that of a sympathetic interest in the spectacle of human life as displayed in men and women, which was Mozart's. On the contrary, the only life that passionately interested him was that of imaginary,\* rare and exalted natures in whom he believed he found something of his own inner experience, and this was not of a kind that lent itself to the dramatic form because it was so much of a piece. Beethoven lived a life of quite exceptional integrity. He did not split his personality. His was the least dissipated of lives. He was essentially visionary. And this is his weakness as well as his strength. It was his strength because Beethoven suppressed nothing. The artist and the man were completely one; and, just as the artist accepted no rules from the past but composed according to his own musical nature, so the man accepted no moral, social or conventional codes but lived according to his own human nature. Beethoven was no puritan, as even the nineteenth century German-American Thayer admits, and when he abstained from promiscuous sexual intercourse it was not because of any moral scruples or religious or social fears but because he came to dislike it. "Sexual indulgence without a communion of minds is bestial" Beethoven wrote in his journal, a remark which reveals his integrity.

Similarly, he loved good food and drink and enjoyed having it, but he was generally temperate and moderate because the instinct for self-command and physical and mental balance and harmony was so strong in him that it qualified his senses.

\*His "Napoleon" of the "Eroica" Symphony was entirely an imaginary creation, nothing like the real Napoleon.



## VI

Beethoven sought in vain for a libretto that would stir his deepest feelings to expression. The subject of "Macbeth," once suggested by a young poet, named Heinrich Anschütz, when walking with him, threw him into a sudden convulsion. This is not too strong a word; Anschütz says: "The thought seemed to electrify him. He stood rooted to the spot, looked at me with a piercing almost demoniacal glance and answered: 'I have already occupied myself with it: The witches, the murder scene, the ghost banquet, the cauldron spirit-seance, the sleep-walking scene, Macbeth's death. . .'" But nothing came of it, the thrill passed as so many thrills pass the sensitive imagination of the artist without depositing the seed of creation. This is one of the mysteries of artistic genius and it is quite evident, from the many operatic projects and subjects Beethoven played with, that he himself did not know immediately what would prove fruitful but had just to feel his way until the right idea arrived. It is interesting to contrast this procedure with that of the man of action who produces at will operas, plays, novels and poems, and whose product like that of all "men of action" is merely a proof of the futility of the will.

There can be no doubt that although Beethoven might have written another opera and that, quite possibly, it might have been one of the greatest in musical history nevertheless the operatic form did not suit him. He is not a vocal composer in spite of his gift for melody. Such songs as *Adelaide* and *An die ferne Geliebte* are moving because of their simple, passionate intensity but they are very straightforward, the pianoforte part is a mere accompaniment with none of the imaginative invention of a Schubert or a Wolf. And Beethoven lacked that sensuousness which makes Brahms's songs attractive, or if you like, repulsive. The song is too small a form for Beethoven, who needs time to display his great architectonic power, so his

failure here would not necessarily infer failure in opera. Wagner, for example, was also no song writer but Wagner projected everything outside himself, and in him vitality had never become differentiated into the exquisite range of human sensibility of a Mozart—with its understanding of almost every kind of man and woman—nor did it undergo that inner censorship which too greatly complicated Beethoven's emotions for theatrical effectiveness. A primitively differentiated vitality seems in him all the greater because it *is* very simply differentiated. Except for "Die Meistersinger" not one of his operas contains human beings. They are all monsters—called, euphemistically, gods—or they are legendary figures of an equal monstrosity. All Wagner requires of them is that they shall rave, fight, love and declaim—as though they were ten feet high with the chests of bul's and the legs and arms of cyclops. From the beginning to the end of the "Ring" there is nothing but sheer vitality personified into the figures of myth: Wotan is the power of knowledge, Loge is cunning, Fricka is woman, Freya is joy, Brunnhilde is maidenhood, Siegfried is boyhood, Mime is spite, Alberich is greed, Siegmund and Sieglinde are merely male and female love, and so on; but there is the same force behind all of them and they do not really differ from one another to the point of becoming human. The senses and the passions rage nakedly and simply through Wagner's musical dramas, and their philosophical content is what a philosopher can deduce from them and not what Wagner put into them.

We might wonder why Beethoven did not put his feelings into operatic form as Wagner put his, and equally neglect the variety and subtlety of human nature and psychology, since the example of Wagner proves that human beings are not essential to the dramatic form. We might even imagine Beethoven setting the actual "Ring" poem to music—but with what a different result! The remarks made by Beethoven on "Macbeth," already quoted, prove that Beethoven was

fully alive to histrionic possibilities and dramatic situations ; but his heart was not quite in this business, he could not revel, as Wagner could, in sensation merely for its own sake. And here we touch upon that same mysterious and rare quality which kept Beethoven, although unmarried, continent through the greater part of his life. There is no music so chaste as Beethoven's, and this quality becomes more and more pronounced until, in the sonatas and quartets of his last period, there is not a trace of any sensuousness left. Beethoven had what Stendhal, I think, has called "passion of the heart," as contrasted with passion of the senses. In him the senses were caught up, modified and fused into a harmonious unity with his whole being. Beethoven's feelings were always centripetal, and the centre they sought was not himself in the egoistical sense ; that is why he could not find any of the ordinary man's sensual satisfaction in indulging only part of himself. No doubt all men of a finer type share this instinct with Beethoven but they rarely succeed in living with Beethoven's integrity and trueness to himself. The explanation of Beethoven's integrity is probably to be found in the deeper intensity of his passion, and the greater richness and complexity of his ideal.

Surely the superiority (as we are accustomed to think it) of man to the animal world lies in this greater complexity of ideal, whose active force made conscious in our social life is "personality." To Beethoven, I feel certain, Wagner's music dramas would have seemed empty, as empty as the bellowing of a bull in a field. And it is this emptiness, this wrong sort of simplicity, better described as singleness, which makes both Wagner and the bull so extraordinarily effective. Dynamite can lift a house but we do not, therefore, consider it as an organisation of matter, of electrons or what you will, to be superior to man. It has less character, less meaning, less personality than man ; and so in my opinion the whole of Wagner's mighty "Ring" has less character, less personality

than Mozart's "Figaro" or "Don Juan" and less vitality than "Fidelio."

"Fidelio" is not in some qualities as rich or highly developed as the Mozart operas and it may appear rather surprising to consider it more vital than the "Ring." But the power of growth, of development, of "becoming" is surely one of the best tests of vitality. There is nothing more to come out of the "Ring" than what we hear. Like the bull it is complete, finished, without germ of anything other than bull over again and a second, third, fourth and possibly infinite generation of roaring. In "Parsifal" the bull has grown old and sentimental. All he can do is to repeat his old raptures; if there *is* an element that is new—since Wagner after all was a man—it is that feeling of disillusionment and satiety which accompanies the old sensations. The Venusberg has become a chapel of the Holy Grail in which the orgiasts again abandon themselves to sensation for its own sake but with a consciousness that time is now short and that the pleasure will not last. It is a change of atmosphere, morning has become afternoon. This makes no essential difference to the activity. There is no withholding, no reservation of self, of life that will make new life, since here it is not manifest; there is mere expense of self, mere waste of self. The orgy is complete, exhausting, and satisfying because it can always be repeated. Always? Ah! there is the doubt which pervades that atmosphere of late afternoon. The day is dying and there may be no to-morrow for the orgiasts.

"Fidelio" was simple but in the right way, simple with reserves of feelings that had not found expression, had not found objects which expressed them, feelings which had not yet been created externally or imaged.

When visiting Beethoven in 1822 Rochlitz wrote down a wish that he would write music for "Faust" as he had done for "Egmont."

He read it. "Ha!" cried he, throwing up his hand, "that would be a piece of work! That will be worth



doing !” He went on for a time in this strain, sketched out his ideas immediately and not at all badly, staring the while at the ceiling with head thrown back. “But,” he soon began, “I have been thinking for some time of three other big works. They are well advanced—in my head you understand. I must get these off my hands first ; two great symphonies, and the other—an oratorio. That will take a long time, and then you see for some time back I have found it hard to bring myself to write. I sit and think and think ; I have it, yet I can’t get it down on paper. I am afraid of beginning these great works. Once started all goes well.”

As the German critic, Paul Bekker, has aptly said : “Beethoven set out to write opera but ended with overtures.” This was a logical consequence of Beethoven’s development and his increasing tendency to abstractions. If he instinctively avoided the individual and particular, the details of plot and the idiosyncrasies of human character it was because he began to weigh and measure instead of accepting and illustrating. Bekker says : “What interested Beethoven was not the personal, the human, the sum of small characteristics which form an individual but the idea incarnate in some heroic figure. Gradually he isolated this idea from the individual who symbolized it and expressed it in the form of the symphonic dramatic overture.” Thus the “Egmont” and “Coriolanus” overtures contain the whole pith and marrow of the dramas and having extracted *that* Beethoven had no further interest in them.

## VII

But I feel this development of Beethoven’s was not altogether inevitable, although given his character and temperament in his time and place and all his conditions it became inevitable. Undoubtedly this power to squeeze the essence out of a drama, to pluck out the heart of a theme is indispensable to



great art ; it is the power of penetrating beyond the surface, of going deeper and deeper to the unity underlying diversity—and great works of art are the product of this power and the embodiment of a unifying principle. But “embodiment” suggests that other complementary activity which must accompany the probing. The feelings and ideas must take form and in taking form they become diverse and individual again. To express one naked ultimate feeling or passion underlying the whole range of feeling, and revealed once and for all, in a process of continuous concentration, a discarding of the opera for the overture, the overture for the song, the song for one loud, all-revealing, all-expressing shriek would be no true revelation. Therefore we must always have these “small characteristics,” which, according to Bekker, did not interest Beethoven but which he nevertheless was continually creating, if not in one way then in another. There are as many differences and “small characteristics” in the “Leonore” or the “Egmont” overtures as in many a complete five-act opera but they are expressed in a subtler complexity of music itself. Beethoven has discarded what was irrelevant and meaningless and has given a symmetry and unity to his diversity, making it all the more valuable and beautiful because it is more subtly and more closely knit.

But, in discarding what was irrelevant to his principle, we can see that if Beethoven's principle became through any cause shrunken, if, for example, his principle—instead of having a living richness and variability, and a musical potentiality of development in all directions—became set in one direction then loss was possible. When the course of Beethoven's life was definitely and for ever set *north-north west* it meant good-bye to the sunny enjoyments and the jubilant, fecund, rich creativeness of the South. Beethoven had to pay for the austere grandeur and sublime rapture of his later work. There is ice everywhere and a sun which is all marvellous light but no heat—an etherealness, a spirituality, a luminous *aurora*

*borealis* of the passions that fills us with an indescribable sadness. We shall look upon this as a loss or gain according to our temperament. But there will be some who will never accept the necessity of sacrifice, some who will ask that this course, set *north-north west*, should ultimately have brought a discovery of the north west passage and have led the voyager through to something like the sunny enchantments, the myriad images of flowers, birds and men, the warm living limbs of flesh and blood in the green and glowing landscape of a new world. They will not admit that our Euclidean ideas are correct, that either this way or that way a course must be set, and that it is impossible to go simultaneously in two different directions. These we shall have to answer later when we come to Beethoven's last works.

We shall find it is not surprising that Beethoven's music tended more and more to become what we are accustomed to call abstract. That Beethoven's sensuous susceptibility to the sights and sounds of nature was extraordinary we have the testimony of all who knew him and of his own "Pastoral" symphony to prove to us. But Beethoven never dwindled into the mere epicurean of scent, sound, sight and touch that Debussy was; neither did the mere frenzy of his own vitality exhibited in the rhythmic intensity and the cacophonous harmony of a Stravinsky, nor the sheer exuberance and almost hysterical emotionalism of a Wagner or a Tchaikovsky, nor the intellectual virtuosity of a Bach nor the sad ingenuity of a Brahms suffice for him. He could not rest where these composers have rested. The life they led was either too sentimental or too intellectual or too "precious" or too crudely sensational for him. And this is precisely why he means so much to us.

## VIII

Beethoven began by composing for the pianoforte on which instrument he was, according to many who had heard Mozart, the greatest of all improvisers. But unlike Chopin and Schumann his orchestral music and chamber music never suggests a pianoforte technique. Beethoven had a marvellously exact sense of the instrument that he was using and understood its individuality and all its possibilities completely, but he had no bias to any particular tone-colour or instrument. I find that Beethoven's instrumentation is always such as to give a uniform character to the music and not to draw attention to itself or to the special colour or character of its instruments. In fact, he uses the orchestra as if it were all one material, rather as a sculptor who is working in one kind of marble and not in a mosaic of different coloured stones. It does not seem to me that Beethoven had the kind of orchestral sense that Berlioz and Rimsky Korsakov had, nor, obviously, had he that special sensitiveness to the emotional character of the human voice, and the sort of expression to which it lends itself best, possessed by Mozart and some of the Italians. This latter sense has, for example, enabled many a composer in other ways very parsimoniously gifted to write very effective operas. Beethoven was not primarily susceptible to the quality of the medium itself although, of course, he had some susceptibility of this kind; his was rather a metaphysical than a sensual artistic faculty; but in him the image-making power was musical; that is, he naturally expressed his concepts in sound-patterns and not in word-patterns, or mathematical symbols, or plastic or pictorial images.\* As an artist Beethoven has

\*Beethoven's musical thought is severely logical. He possessed an astonishing power of musical development. It always seems to me that the intellectual structure of a Bach fugue with its orthodox, clearly limited scope is like a child's house of bricks, built according to pattern, compared with the more complex, more organic but perfectly proportioned structure of a work like the "Egmont" overture. And how incomparably richer is the content of the "Grosse Fuge" than even the finest of Bach's fugues! In it Beethoven solves the problem of writing a psychological drama in fugue form.

more affinity with Donne than Spenser, with Milton than Herrick, with Wordsworth than Keats, with Browning than Tennyson, with Carlyle than Walter Pater, with Michaelangelo than Donatello or Goujon. That is why he has not been popular during the last fifty years when artists have been exploring the sensuous instrument rather than the human personality. Wagner, Liszt, Berlioz, Brahms and Chopin, began this movement which has resulted in an astonishing development of the technique of music, and people have been led more and more to enjoy and be critical of its sensuous possibilities. Parallel with this we have had an extraordinary development of executive virtuosity.\*

## IX

Beethoven's early work resembles the early work of Shakespeare and Milton in being more sensuous than the music he wrote after he was forty. His early sonatas for pianoforte, his early chamber music and his first, second, fourth and sixth symphonies are full of smooth, mellifluous writing which charms the senses—but never with that degree of softness and luxury that we get sometimes from Schubert or Chopin or Brahms, although there is a wealth of melody and affecting modulation. But there is one sense which, at first thought, Beethoven does not seem to possess at all, and that is the sense of musical colour.

A Beethoven symphony seems to have no colour compared with a symphony by Brahms. This is a defect—if it is a defect—which he shares with the greatest of English poets, Shakespeare. I expect this assertion to sound surprising. A number of quotations which may seem to contradict it will immediately jump to the mind of the reader. As this is an important point I will take one or two of the possible examples which

\*In an interview with a London newspaper in 1926, Fritz Kreisler, the famous violinist, stated that if Paganini were to come back to life to-day he would be astounded at the virtuosity of contemporary players, and hinted that he would find half a dozen living violinists whose technique far surpassed Paganini's own.



may be thought best to disprove it. I will take a famous passage from "Antony and Cleopatra."

The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,  
Burn'd on the water : the poop was beaten gold ;  
Purple the sails ; and so perfumèd that  
The winds were love-sick with them ; the oars were  
silver

Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and made  
The water which they beat to follow faster,  
As amorous of their strokes. For her own person  
It beggar'd all description : she did lie  
In her pavilion—cloth-of-gold of tissue—  
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see  
The fancy outwork nature ; on each side her  
Stood pretty dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids  
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool  
And what they undid did.

In spite of the colour-words "purple," "gold," "silver" I submit that this passage though full of images has not "colour" as I understand it, except in the lines :

With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem  
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool.

Here we get an exquisite sense of colour coming and going very subtly with the blood fanned by the wind. This sense of the living flesh-colour in the pure complexion of youthful beauty Shakespeare always had and could always express successfully ; but a passage much more characteristic of his true genius occurs in the lines which immediately follow those I have quoted, spoken by Enobarbus :

at the helm  
A seeming mermaid steers : the silken tackle  
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft hands  
That yarely frame the office. From the barge  
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense  
Of the adjacent wharfs.

Now that, in its almost complete abstraction from pictorial colour, is not only quite different from this :

Light feet, dark violet eyes and parted hair  
Soft dimpled hands white neck and creamy breast

with which Shakespeare in his youth could compete, but also differs from :

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon  
And threw warm gules on Madeleine's fair breast  
As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon  
Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,  
And on her silver cross soft amethyst. . .

But it must be remembered that all the prismatic shades combined together make light, which has no colour ; and in Shakespeare we get the whole prism, the entire gamut of colour with no preponderance of those at the middle or at either end of the spectrum. If his work as a whole suggests no particular colour to our mind it is because it is full of light, and it is full of light because every colour is there and not merely a few, or a special group of colours. I contend that when a poet or a musician strikes us as having colour, it is always when a certain group of allied tones from one part of the spectrum preponderate. Such work is refractory not luminous, it rejects certain colours sending them back to the eye and ear so that it appears to us as coloured. But it is coloured because it is partial and if this partiality is permanent, if all his work is thus coloured then for a composer or a poet's work to have a particular colour-character is a sign of incompleteness. I once asked a very intelligent and musical woman to tell me what colours the great composers suggested to her. I had written down my own list before asking her and I was astonished to find that she ascribed to them almost exactly the same colours as I had done. Here is the list :

Chopin .....	Blue.
Brahms .....	Dark red.
Mozart .....	Shining silver.
Debussy .....	Jade, pearl grey, cloudy pink.
Wagner.....	Purple and gold.
Tchaikovsky ...	Magenta.
Strauss .....	Livid.
Stravinsky ....	Piebald.
Scriabin .....	Red flannel or streaks of scarlet.*
Beethoven ....	No colour.
Bach .....	Grey daylight.

Bach has no colour but he does not give the sense of bright daylight which Beethoven and Shakespeare give, and it is an interesting comment on Mozart that he is the only other composer who does not definitely suggest a colour. I, myself, gave Mozart no colour but I recognised that my friend had been more subtle, and I think "shining silver" perfectly suggests Mozart's unique character, his universality and yet—compared with Beethoven—his diminutiveness.

## X

Daylight, that full gamut of colour which gives white light, is more abstract and less concrete than one distinct colour such as red or blue. The point I have made here is a very important one, because I want to suggest that, in becoming more and more abstract in his music, Beethoven did not necessarily become more and more partial and thin. But what actually do we mean by "abstract" in this connection? Do we mean going behind the phenomenal to the real in the Platonic sense? The "real" being the ideas behind things? A certain Greek critic of Platonic philosophy, a Megarian cynic, named Stilpon, remarked of the statue of Pallas Athene by Phidias

\* There is the well-known story of the blind man who recovered his sight and said that scarlet was like the sound of a trumpet.

upon the Acropolis at Athens : *It is not the daughter of Zeus but of Phidias*. By this jest he thought to expose the unreality of the Platonic "idea," but did he? I think not. It is true that "daughter of Zeus" was an abstract conception but had the idea "Pallas Athene" less reality than the idea "daughter of Phidias?" Judging by its influence upon the life of mankind it had reality of a far greater, if different kind. It is worth noting that both ideas are equally susceptible of appearance, of becoming a phenomenon. *Daughter of Phidias* is as abstract an idea as *daughter of Zeus*. The same concrete *imago* hewn in stone, ivory or wood, does for both. But by "daughter of Phidias," Stilpon means merely "made by Phidias," which is an even more abstract idea than "daughter of Zeus," for "daughter of Zeus" was related to other ideas, present in minds other than that of Phidias, whereas "daughter of Phidias" meant nothing to other minds beyond the fact "made by Phidias." It is obvious that the word "abstract" must be used very carefully if confusion is to be avoided. Clearly an abstract "idea" may be very rich in content because it may be linked with and suggest innumerable other ideas; or it may be very poor in content and link up with and suggest very little. Thus "Pallas Athene daughter, of Zeus," is a far richer abstract idea than "Pallas Athene, daughter of Phidias." But, although "daughter" or "made by" is an abstract idea, "Pallas Athene made by Phidias" is, let us assume, not an abstract idea but a definite concrete object sculptured by Phidias, having position in time and place. The question is: has such a concrete object more reality than any abstract idea? Only in so far as we can touch and see it. But (assuming for the moment that the statue is still before us upon the Acropolis) what are we touching and seeing? Surely the abstract idea "Pallas Athene" in the mind of Phidias. Left to our senses alone it would be a mere block of wood and ivory. And even then we are touching those abstract ideas "block," "wood," "ivory." If we had not got



those ideas we should be touching mere amorphous matter. But "amorphous" and "matter" are also ideas. Take them away and we are left with a rudimentary discrete sensation. But "sensation" is itself an idea. Take that away and what have we left? Nothing.

Therefore when we say Beethoven's music became more and more abstract we are not thereby saying that it became less and less real, or more thin and arid; but on the contrary we are saying, I believe, that it became more real and more rich. How? By proceeding from ideas of low organisation and simple structure—such as "sensation," "wood," "ivory"—to subtler, richer, more vital ideas such as, for example, "Pallas Athene, daughter of Zeus." And just as this idea "Pallas Athene" in the mind of Phidias was embodied in a plastic form by Phidias so the abstract ideas of Beethoven's last period were embodied in musical forms.

## XI

The question now is, what were those ideas? In order to answer this it is necessary first to consider the ideas in Beethoven's earlier music. I divide Beethoven's music into two main groups. In the first I put all the music composed up to the age of forty-two. In the second I put all the product of that last outburst of creative energy, the fruit of the last six or seven years of his life, from the age of about forty-eight to fifty-six. When Beethoven practically stopped composing for a period of nearly seven years he was still a comparatively young man of a little more than forty. At the age of forty-two Wagner was beginning the composition of the music to the "Ring." A creative artist should be in the fresh plenitude of his powers in the early forties, it is the age of "maximum de pouvoir et maximum de confiance." But during the best seven years of his life Beethoven remained comparatively dumb before the magnificent pile of his own works, the fruit of the

previous decade. Year after year passed and he added nothing to his eight symphonies, his five pianoforte concertos, his one violin concerto, his twelve quartets, his thirty-two pianoforte sonatas, his seven overtures, his one opera and his one mass. At the age of forty-two all these were completed. How his time was filled between the ages of forty and fifty we have seen in an earlier chapter. What his inner life was during that period is only slightly indicated there. But, whatever it may have been, the fruit of it came later, after a quiescence that is, as far as I know, without parallel in the life of any other artist.

It is usual to divide Beethoven's music into three periods, early, middle and late. But between the early and the middle there is less change than between the middle and the late, and my division of his music into only two groups has this justification, that the early Beethoven is not Beethoven at all but merely youthful musical genius imitating the works of Haydn, Mozart and his other predecessors. After Beethoven had found himself and could speak with his own voice (and his own voice stammers through here and there in some of his earliest works) he developed but did not change until the break in his life. From the First symphony (1800) to the Eighth (1812) it is essentially the same Beethoven. But the Beethoven of the Mass in D, of the Ninth symphony, and of the last four pianoforte sonatas (Op. 106 to 111) and of the last five quartets is another man. One proof of this is that his own pupil Czerny and many other ardent admirers of his music could not understand the music of his last period and tried to explain it away by ascribing it to his deafness. Czerny says :

Beethoven's third style dates from the time when he became gradually completely deaf. Thence comes the uncomfortable pianism of his latest sonatas. Thence comes the dissimilarity of style in his last three sonatas (Op. 109, 110 and 111) where in the A flat and C minor the first part obviously was composed (or at least sketched) before the last part. Thence many harmonic roughnesses. . . . .

But Czerny contradicts himself, because he declares the Diabelli variations to be one of Beethoven's masterpieces, although it was also written when the composer was quite deaf, so that his argument falls to the ground.

Even contemporaries such as Schindler realized that it was nonsense to ascribe Beethoven's "third" style to his deafness. His deafness, however, may have helped Beethoven to detach himself more easily from conventional forms by isolating him from that insidious power of suggestion which is always dragging down the original artist to the level of what is being practised on all sides around him. On the other hand Beethoven could have read the scores of other musicians if they had been available, although this is not the same thing as hearing them, and also few scores would be accessible to him. But no one with any musical understanding can fail to perceive that the music of Beethoven's last period differs essentially in character from his earlier music and that, so far from being less successful in expression, or having less perfect form Beethoven displays, on the contrary, a higher degree of sheer virtuosity than ever before. What part his extreme isolation played in developing the character of his last works is difficult to assess. I will merely assert that his deafness was not wholly responsible for bringing about this isolation. Deafness alone could never have brought about a detachment so complete and profound as Beethoven's. The study of his life brings us to this conclusion and we shall see that the study of his music reinforces it.

## XII

Accepting the division of Beethoven's music into these two parts, what are the principal qualities of the music of the first period? *Conscious, even aggressive, assertion of the will to live in face of recognised difficulties and obstacles, and a challenging of all authority which would prescribe and pre-ordain the way of life to*

*the individual*. This was something quite new in music. There is no such conscious struggle (and struggle involves realization of obstacles, of *that* against which one struggles) in the music of Beethoven's four great predecessors Bach, Handel, Haydn and Mozart. Generally their music expresses mere spontaneous vitality organized by the intellect but having its source in simple sensation or emotion. The source of the finest of Bach's fugues is sheer *joie de vivre*, but a joy in living that is none the less sensational because it takes an intellectual form. A Bach fugue is even more like a successful high jump than like a solved chess problem, although no doubt a certain element of physical satisfaction enters into the latter—especially if the problem is a game played against a living opponent. But here we can see that what defines the character of the action is the obstacle or opponent. The high jumper has merely a physical obstacle to overcome; if he successfully leaps over it he obtains (and also the spectators vicariously obtain) a physical satisfaction. We must remember, in the course of this argument, that the words "physical," "intellectual," and "spiritual," when applied to acts are to be understood as approximate descriptions not as absolute definitions, since all human acts are complex. But if we remember that the act is characterised not by the mixed conduct of the human individual but by the essential character of the obstacle, that in other words, it is the obstacle which defines the act we shall not get confused. Now we might say truthfully of a man who delighted in high jumps, who organised his life for and spent it in high jumping, that delight in the use of certain bodily prowess was his active principle, his vital essence. We can truthfully describe his life as "physical" because the obstacles which he spent his life overcoming were physical and thus the principal vital relationship of his life, the *struggle* (and, therefore, the joy and sorrow) of his life is physical.



## XIII

The struggle of Bach's life was physical and intellectual. There are no psychical problems in Bach's music, he is not aware of spiritual obstacles. There is even no conflict of emotions; there is only physical exuberance and intellectual prowess. For him the problem is to write a fugue in three, four, five, or six parts of tremendous substance, complexity and size. He is the architect of music and his buildings are structures erected in time instead of in space; but the laws which he has to overcome are, like the architect's, physical laws. And his chief motive force is joy in his physical and intellectual prowess. But his intellectual prowess was not of the highest kind and the proof that Mozart had a finer intellect than Bach lies in the fact that Mozart in spite of his extraordinary virtuosity and unique musical intelligence, tired of merely intellectual problems and had less zest in solving them. It is the second-rate chess-player who never gets tired of playing. He is not a real master and so there is always something fresh, unexpected and even accidental in his solutions to lure him on. But where the intellect completely dominates the material the individual loses interest and looks for fresh problems. These can only spring from fresh sources. How these sources are found will be described in my chapter on "Ideals." Therefore when we say that a man is not a real master of any intellectual activity we also mean that his intellect is not governed by any deeper passion than delight in its exercise. The intellect is not the whole man it is only a servant and cannot do its best work except under the best guidance. Mere delight in itself is not the best possible guidance. In Mozart a superior principle operated and governed his intellect, namely a finer emotional sensibility than Bach's. Mozart was aware of more than Bach. *He was more sensitive to other people's feelings.* Human beings are physical obstacles to be knocked down or jumped over like a hurdle; they are

also sentient, and exist as living consciousness and awareness. The consciousness and awareness of every living human being is a reality, a difficulty, an obstacle, an object. Mozart was aware of these obstacles and struggled against them. This is a far more arduous, terrible and exhausting struggle than the struggle against physical obstacles and demands far greater powers of body and intellect. First of all it requires a subtler, more highly organised and thus more sensitive but at the same time a stronger, a closer and compacter body. This superiority of bodily structure is inevitably allied with a superiority of intellectual structure. The mind needs to be more subtle, more penetrating and tougher. An opera such as "Figaro," "Don Juan," "Cosi fan tutte," or "The Magic Flute" is the work of a far more highly developed musical intellect than any Bach prelude and fugue. The intellect is here serving a more complex and subtler purpose and the content expressed, for example, in the scene in the Countess Almaviva's boudoir in "Figaro" has a richness of emotional sensibility, of psychological interaction and of lyrical outline to which the whole of Bach's music offers no parallel or rival. Mozart's humanity springs from a realisation of human individuals and their individual feelings, which are presented within his own mind in all their inevitable conflicts. He struggles to bring order and harmony among these objects whose life he shares. Indeed, the conflict goes on in his own imagination for it is his own conflict, and it is by virtue of his almost universal sympathy that he is so great an artist. And his musical genius is the servant of this sympathy.

## XIV

But Mozart's sensibility though more delicate and of greater range and intensity than Bach's was more physical than spiritual.\* His was a more erotic, more feminine tempera-

\*It is now becoming possible to use this word "spiritual" again. I use it to designate a superior organization of matter, not something other than or opposed to

ment than Beethoven's and although of finer, more fire-proofed clay than Wagner he partly shared the latter's susceptibility and excessive abandonment to physical sensation. This, I believe, to be due to a spiritual weakness and by spiritual weakness I mean something exactly similar to what one would mean if one were to speak of the intellectual weakness of some good, but stupid athlete. There is a disharmony, a want of proportion, and the disproportion is not so much due to the strength of some qualities as to the absence or deficiency of others. The disproportion and disharmony is far greater in Wagner than in Mozart, since Wagner's sensibility was much more limited in kind than Mozart's. For instance Wagner had only a fraction of Mozart's psychological sentiment. Wagner was never even fully conscious of his true self and of what he was really doing. He was just like a blind primitive eroticism functioning unconsciously. Mozart was much more introspective and analytical. Wagner's intellectuality is mere verbiage, it is an endless gyration of the tongue—like the twisting half-conscious self-manipulation of plants as revealed to us on the cinematographic film, with their moments of unconscious beautiful self-expression.

In "The Magic Flute," both in the overture and the opera, and occasionally elsewhere, Mozart shows more than a human psychological consciousness, he shows a spiritual consciousness, an awareness of spiritual impulses and feelings as well as of erotic and physical sensations and the more ordinary human emotions. It is as if he entered a new world of objects, to move among which demanded new senses, a new power of realisation, causing inevitably a new series of conflicts demanding organisation and harmonization. It is not surprising that Beethoven preferred "The Magic Flute" to all Mozart's other operas. This preference may astonish some musicians, for "The Magic Flute" is perhaps not the most perfect of Mo-

matter. For example, the "personality" of Shakespeare as shown in "Hamlet" as contrasted with that shown in the poem "Venus and Adonis"—the former is the more "spiritual."

zart's great operas. But what attracted Beethoven to it was that new spiritual consciousness, of which you will seek in vain for a sign through the whole of Wagner's music. You have only to hear the three solemn chords on which the overture begins to be aware of it. They have a comparable quality, a comparable *meaning* to that of the chords which interrupt the flow of the "Coriolanus" and the "Egmont" overtures, and I am certain that if a person highly susceptible to music, familiar with the work of Beethoven but ignorant of the work of Mozart were to hear the "Figaro," "Don Juan," "Cosi fan tutte" overtures and then "The Magic Flute" overture he would immediately declare that the first three were by one man not Beethoven while the last was perhaps by Beethoven.

What then is this new "spiritual" quality? Well, those three solemn chords are part of it and what they reveal is a consciousness of some passion beyond the human will, let us call it *fate*. Suddenly amid the wealth of human feeling which is in Mozart's music, among the human voices singing their joys and griefs, amidst all that human activity there is heard another non-human voice that does not sound any of the common passions but is the voice of an inexorable unknown destiny which once heard can never be forgotten or ignored and ultimately must be obeyed.

Wagner never heard this voice and Bach had a ready-made response to exorcise it if it had ever penetrated the armour-plate of his orthodoxy and conventionality. The ox in the field considers neither whence it came nor where it goes. There is a stage beyond this where questions *are* asked, but in a general and not in an individual form; and they are given a general, a stereotyped answer. Bach was one of the world's prize men (just like a prize ox) upon this plane; and one might say of him that he was a fine musician (and a good orthodox Lutheran) as one might speak of a fine Shorthorn bull. The St. Matthew Passion and the B Minor Mass\* reveal no indi-

\*See the detailed comparison, page 276.



vidual spiritual struggle but only a fine sense of physical and emotional drama more active and virile but in other ways comparable to that shown by Wagner in the "Ring." Bach accepted Jesus and the Crucifixion exactly as Wagner accepted Wotan and the Twilight of the Gods and each filled the drama with his own life-blood.

It was characteristic of both Bach and Wagner as "men of the world"\* that they should find the sacrifice of someone other than themselves adequate and satisfying. Bach and Wagner believed in their own redemption through the medium of another. Beethoven perhaps would have liked to have believed it but could not. He found that in the end he had to offer up himself as a sacrifice.† No scapegoat was possible. Even the bare thought that this might be necessary never even occurred to Bach or Wagner, who stopped far short of the reality reached by Beethoven. And Beethoven did not sacrifice part of himself but kept together the whole man and delivered that up to Fate.

In his first period Beethoven was more frankly naïve and indulged in the simpler self-assertion of lesser men like Bach and Wagner. The heroic attracted him, although his heroes were never quite like Wagner's. They were not mere ordinary men magnified ten times. Wagner's simple idea, that a great man was a man who could pull a sword out of a tree, would have always appeared comic to Beethoven—from whom the "Ring" would probably have drawn much derisive sarcasm. And it is useless to explain that the sword means "necessity" and wrap up Siegmund and his action in obscure symbology. No amount of philosophic jargon can disguise the essential quality of feeling as revealed directly by the artist in his work; and the feeling of Siegmund revealed

\*I mean this in no cynical depreciatory sense but in an historical sense; their minds were more limited, less far-reaching, than Beethoven's; they belonged more to the present and less to the past and future—which is the virtue of the "man of the world."

†Not self-sacrifice which in a term meaning sacrifice of a part—and always the least important part—of oneself, but the sacrifice of the whole self.

in Wagner's music is the feeling of a big man who pulls a sword out of a tree and runs off with another man's wife. There is nothing contemptible about this. It is a fine heroic action. I am quite serious. Not everybody can pull a sword out of a tree, or desire and capture a beautiful woman. My point merely is that such is the real substance of Wagner's hero. And to the end of his life Wagner's idea of the heroic never got beyond gratifying or renouncing the gratification of the sensual appetite ; and his idea of a conflict was a fight over a woman or gold, and his obstacles were others likewise desiring possession.

In a letter to Zmeskall Beethoven used the word " power " — " power is the morality of men who stand out from the rest and it is also mine." These words, written at the early age of twenty-nine, are significant. Beethoven had from the first however a different kind of desire and a different conception of power to Wagner's. Beethoven's hero, as early as his Third symphony, the " Eroica "—composed when he was about thirty two—was a hero who wanted to give rather than to get. Put thus, this may seem, no doubt, merely an extremer form of egoism ; but it was not that kind of giving which draws attention to itself—a subtler and more effective species of self-advertisement and self-glorification ! It was a genuine delight in doing, in making good things, a true self-forgetfulness. Beethoven saw in Bonaparte a fellow-artist, a creator in another sphere of action, the creator of a good world ; " good " because more beautiful, more free, richer in individuality and yet more harmonious in structure. Beethoven's " favourite theme," we are told, was politics ; but it was not the politics of the politician intriguing for party, place and power to aggrandize self and friends ; it was " politics " as the art of creating society, a society that will express a richer and fuller life. We have only to put it this way to see the flaw in the belief that a single individual reformer, a Mussolini or a Lenin, a Napoleon or a Cæsar, can create a

society as a musician creates music to express a richer and fuller life, since the musician has to express only his own life. But, to Beethoven, Bonaparte at first was a creator, a man who devoted his life to re-making society. We can thus imagine the shock of disillusion when Napoleon seemed to show himself to be the same self-aggrandizing megalomaniac as Wagner whose "creation" was similarly a mere blind or nearly blind activity, almost comparable to that of a volcano or an earthquake. No wonder Beethoven tore up the title page dedicating his symphony to Bonaparte and said, "I see he is just an ordinary man (*ein gewöhnlicher mensch*)."

The fact that a man's making himself Emperor was to Beethoven proof of his commonplaceness indicates immediately Beethoven's quite rare and extraordinary sense of values, for Beethoven was never at any time of his life a doctrinaire revolutionary.\* He had none of Wagner's mania for reforming people and things by physical or legal force, or Wagner's simple belief in change. Beethoven merely detested tyranny, oppression, injustice and social disharmony. He was entirely devoid of that jealousy which provides the emotional fuel necessary to all "political" revolutions. This makes him a greater man but a less perfect, theoretical, political revolutionary than Wagner. Yet Beethoven who assumed as a matter of course his equality with princes and archdukes and made himself universally respected and accepted even by their limited intelligences by dint of sheer independence and integrity did far more to alter society's sense of values than Wagner, whose alternate bullying and flattering was neither new, surprising nor disconcerting. Later in his life Beethoven, without altering his values, felt more to'erantly towards Napoleon the man and looked upon him as an instrument in the hands of fate. Here again we see Beethoven's superiority and exceptional breadth of vision.

\*He was a strong republican because he knew what royalties and courts were. But he would not have admired the republics of America and France.

## XV

In the "Eroica" and the C minor symphonies Beethoven gives us the non self-seeking hero, the passionate idealist battling against the inclemencies and hostilities of nature and the passions of his fellow-men and struggling to harmonise his own desires with those of the rest of mankind. His hero is combative, self-willed, immensely strong in the passionate love of his fellows (his love unlike that of most philanthropists is not a desire that his fellow-men should serve him but that they should be themselves) and confident in his own intellectual, moral and spiritual forces. Nevertheless he suffers defeat. The will-to-power so magnificently expressed in the first movement of the "Eroica" symphony is succeeded by the funeral hymn of the hero's death and defeat. But this disaster is not brought about by an external accident, it is inevitable within the hero.\* Beethoven is conscious of this fact and his awareness of it is omnipresent in his music, even in its most triumphant movements. In every musical embodiment of the heroic will-to-power composed by Beethoven we hear that sudden interruption of this awareness. In "Egmont, in "Coriolanus," in the Third, Fifth, Seventh, Ninth, and even the Eighth symphony you find Beethoven at the very moments of his most delirious, most ecstatic exultation in his triumphant strength—and we must always remember that Beethoven like Galahad had the strength of ten because his heart was pure of all self-seeking†—suddenly interrupting himself with a question. It is as if the voice of an inner censor had spoken and pulled him up. He hesitates, the dominating will re-asserts itself and presses forward to a higher peak of triumph. Again the censor speaks and the will,

\*It arises from his point of incompatibility with the world about him and this point in all true tragic heroes is where their cardinal virtue lies.

†The power of self-forgetfulness in concentration on an object is what Tennyson and the Victorians really meant by the word "pure," although they thought they meant the exact opposite—that self-sufficiency of the moral monster who allows no object (no idol) to occupy his mind but remains entirely subjective and literally *inane*.



under criticism, struggles intensely to purify itself and rise again. Once more the censor speaks. The will shudders, sheds still more of its dross and lifts what remains of itself with an effort that is anguish to the listeners, and ascends still further. Again the censor speaks. . . . This struggle becomes so frightful in Beethoven's last works—due to his power of both self-forgetfulness and self-recovery—that we are not always fit to listen to them.

In his first period the combatants have not got to grips as they do later. The censor speaks, the grave note of warning is there ; but there is so much to delight and console upon the way that the hero does not keep to the main road leading to his destiny, but meanders off among delightful side-tracks and by-paths in the enjoyment of their beauty. Beethoven is always conscious of the main road and the awaiting destiny, he never forgets it and he never allows his hero to lie down in any Venusberg and abandon himself to pleasure, using all his vitality in painting these voluptuous orgies. Here is his great superiority to Wagner who had only a conventional set of values and to his Venusberg opposed the conventional Hymn of Renunciation, getting as much pleasure out of the hymns of the pilgrims as out of the flutes and violins of Venus. It was all mere "drama" and gorgeous play-acting to Wagner. Renunciation was one gesture, embracing Venus was another, and there was something to be said for each of them.

But to Beethoven Venusberg and the Pilgrim's Hymn had no meaning whatever. Their opposition would have seemed to him childish. In fact such an idea never entered his mind and exists nowhere in his music. Nowhere do we get in Beethoven's music the expression of a dilemma, of a choice posited between good and evil. This is very remarkable. What is still more remarkable, the very idea of self-sacrifice seems to have been foreign to Beethoven. This is the most incontestable proof of his extraordinary integrity. For him moral

problems did not exist in those intellectual forms which are the pastime of saints and sinners—the Hymn and the Venusberg, Lazarus and the Rich Man, the Pharisee and the Publican, etc., etc. For Beethoven the course of the hero's life was inevitable; he might wander down delightful and wonderful valleys to the right or to the left but sooner or later up he had to climb on to the highway again and face what lay before him. And he did this not because duty called, or from any moral or ethical theory but merely because it was his nature to do so. He had to bring all his delights into one harmony, he could not leave them in opposition and indulge in the lazy oscillation between sin and repentance. No partial wonders and pleasures could hold him and he never returned, as lesser men do, to what he had once left.

It may astonish the scientist, the philosopher and the poet to find a musician with so unclouded a vision, such piercing insight and such a passionate desire for reality ; but music is merely a phenomenon, a sort of *sound-shadow* cast by the personality and, like other phenomena such as mathematics and poetry, an expression of the life within and a map of its course.

## XVI

What was the nature of the life of the Beethoven hero ? To what did inner necessity lead him ? What was the nature of this inner necessity ? Those are the questions which must now be asked even if they are unanswerable. The true answers, or rather the revelation of these things is to be found in Beethoven's music of his last period. It would be pitiable to attempt to paraphrase in words the content of this music. Those who have ears let them hear. Nevertheless it is impossible to understand this music without becoming aware that it portrays an appalling struggle, in the course of which is wrought an extraordinary harmony of opposites. Again and

again we feel as if some supreme power (an unconscious Unity) not to be denied is sending out of itself (objectifying itself into consciousness as individuals) ideas and emotions which are driven as far from the centre as possible—as far as expression can reach, and that there is a constant tendency for these to return to the centre, to re-unite and lose identity, sinking back into unconsciousness but only to be driven out again under the stern commandment to go further and further and further and yet further. Also, that these identities each time go beyond the boundaries of the known universe\* and are actually making the universe and are in a sense themselves its limits ; and that their journeys are an agony and a joy, as perhaps all true experience is. No one can miss that agony in Beethoven's music. At times it is almost unendurable, because it takes us further than we are prepared to go.

Ordinary exploration upon this planet results in many concrete discoveries. Our senses discover themselves in fresh climates, strange weathers, new configurations of land and water, unknown trees, plants and flowers—the hibiscus, the potato, the maple, the tobacco. In the very names *Mississippi*, *Missouri*, *Massachusetts*, *California*, *Cordilleras*, *Saskatchewan*, *Andes* men live new lives. But these new things are only apprehended by being related to the old. The new world without the old world is not new. Entering into that strange landscape we have to bring with us the old landscape from which we have departed or we would not be aware of the place where we were standing. This effort of co-ordination, this scheme thrust upon sensation is partly the creation of the human body and its senses ; but there is also a complementary scheme, the creation of the human personality and its desires. That which it mirrors and *is*. For there are other new worlds than the Americas, there are the *Americas* of the spiritual imagination.

The psychological and emotional world made by a Beet-

\*Let us call it "the universe of emotional experience."

hoven is the result of that quite different super-physical exploration, the fruit of a rarer, more difficult and in a sense farther journey. And just as the co-ordination of the new and the old world in the human mind is not complete, just as there are conflicts and discrepancies, objects which stand out and will not be brought into harmony—thus giving one the sense of discords, frustration and pain—so in the spiritual world of Beethoven's music there are refractory, discordant, unassimilated elements which cannot be overcome and wrought into a general harmony. But in my opinion there has never been before or since in the history of art so tremendous and so sustained an effort to go so far, to discover so much, and to impose so comprehensive an order upon all that was found in that journey, nor so grim a determination not to surrender a single object.

Some sort of order can always be achieved by sacrifice, and to most artists, as to most human beings, the time comes sooner or later when to obtain the tranquility and repose of order, even of any sort, they will surrender the obstinate and recalcitrant elements which are not to be fitted in. And they sacrifice what is least important to them, thus revealing the nature and the dimensions of their personality. Others, and I think they are in the majority, manage to deceive themselves by a vicarious sacrifice. That is to say they harmonize neither all nor part but, like Wagner, indulge in a make-believe to which they devote all their powers. It is Beethoven's supreme quality that not only did he refuse to cheat himself with a pretentious and insincere ritual (such as *Parsifal*) pretending that he himself had made a sacrifice by a show, a spectacle of sacrifice—there being no real victim; but more than that, he actually sacrificed less than anybody\* and up to his last day persisted in his refusal to give up one jot of his human experience or in any way to agree with himself to limit it. This extraordinary performance is so impressive that it

\*This is the supreme moral duty of the artist not to sacrifice life to form.



reduces all technical considerations to their proper proportion as being merely an examination of the details of a mechanism, whose principle is beyond explanation and can best be left with the label of a single word *courage*.

## XVII

But I want to avoid any suggestion of vagueness or sham mysticism. What are these *Americas* of the spirit and what precisely was this world of Beethoven's creation? These are legitimate questions. To attempt to answer them directly would be presumptuous. I repeat, those who have ears to hear let them hear! But I will try to suggest the kind of content this new world may have.

The human personality imposes a structure upon its sensations and this structure has beauty. The human body with its lovely assemblage of curves and contours is a form imposed upon matter and under the urge of what we describe as sexual selection this body *seems* to become more and more subtly harmonious and beautiful. The mere sensations of heat and cold, of light and dark, of soft and hard—even when developed to the degree of variety and refinement possessed by animals and thus organised into their most perfect forms—will not produce more than jaguars and tigers, butterflies and birds of paradise. Sensations of greater complexity and delicacy, sensations of a new kind—which we may roughly describe as human emotions—are organized into structures superimposed as it were upon the others. In a sense the human face is such an organisation of finer sensations superimposed upon that cruder organization of less complex sensation, the ape's face. Among human beings themselves there are, as we often acknowledge, still finer types. These are superimposed structures of a finer organization of feeling. Who has not seen passing in the street or in a carriage or in an assembly of people a face or a figure that looked for a moment as if it came from another and a more beautiful world?

In this assembly this dark nimbus cloud  
A shaft of honey sunlight like a glass  
Revealed thy lovely profile ah ! but alas !  
Like some snow peak wrapped in day's dying shroud !

And it was not an illusion, it was real, it was a hint of the beauty that is to come. These are not vague mystic things but real concrete things. They are the carvings, the physical structures wrought by more delicate more intense more exquisite passions than those common among us. The music of Beethoven's last period is full of such passions, such abstruse, delicate, subtle flowerings. That is why the music of those posthumous quartets is so strange, so tentative, so haunting in its elusive mystery. Beethoven, having found nothing on earth to satisfy his desire, imagined for himself the loveliness which he desired and left these relics of it among us.

But there is another element in the music of his last period which needs, not explaining—for that is impossible—but comment. There is in the *Grosse Fuge*, in the fugues in the sonatas Op. 106 and Op. 110, in fact in the last three great sonatas an astounding violence, a violence of extraordinary desperation. This I believe was the rage of impotence. Not sexual impotence in the ordinary sense—for Beethoven we know was exceptionally virile and potent—but impotence in the sense that he had outgrown the beauty of the world and—to take a small example of that—there was at last no woman in the universe to whom he could have given himself. This extraordinary enforced continence, this misery of the ideal is something which the ordinary man will find hardly imaginable. To be chaste, to remain chaste, not out of lack of desire, or inhibition from moral or social scruples or fears, but out of intensity and quality of desire *that* is almost incomprehensible. But it is sublime and it is the beginning of the search for reality.

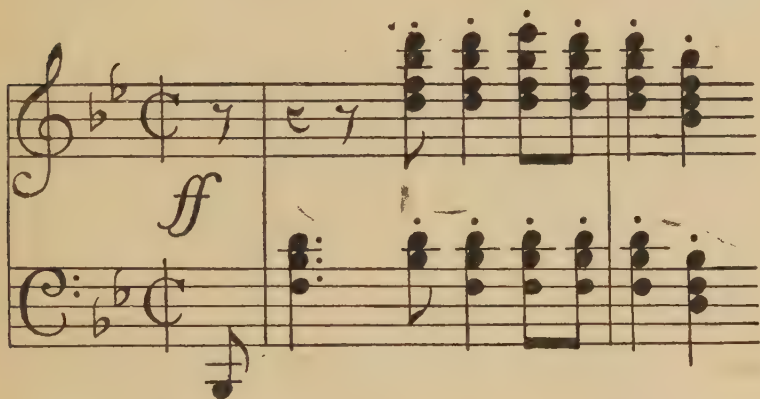
## THE MUSIC OF BEETHOVEN

### *Chapter II*

#### I

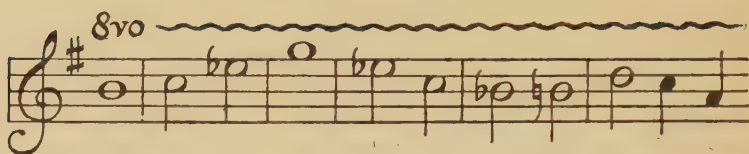
I SHALL now try to show in greater detail a few of the qualities which give Beethoven's music its unique character. Those who think that Beethoven was not a master of fugue should study the *Missa Solemnis*, and the majority of Beethoven's last works, where the fugue form is constantly being used and always as the servant of the idea and not its master. Beethoven remarked to Holz towards the end of his life, "To make a fugue requires no particular skill—in my student days I made dozens of them. But imagination asserts its rights and, to-day, a new and truly poetic element must be introduced into the old traditional form." On another occasion, referring to one of his early works, he said, "There is plenty of feeling there but little *art*." In 1817, at the age of forty-seven, when that long period of reflection during which he composed nothing but a few small pieces and conceived no new great works (his last having been conceived about 1810 and finished in 1812), was drawing to an end, he said to Cipriani Potter, "Now, I know how to compose." The first proof of this new knowledge was the Hammerklavier sonata in B flat Op. 106 (1818-9). This great work provides a wonderful demonstration of the truth of Beethoven's statement. In it the possibilities of the pianoforte are exploited to their utmost limits. Grammatical analysis is not within the purpose of this book and is provided by plenty of technical manuals. But I have a few comments to make on this sonata which is on the whole the greatest work ever written for pianoforte—admitting that the A flat

Op. 110 and the C minor Op. 111 sonata, each in its way is a supreme masterpiece. The intellectual power revealed in the Hammerklavier sonata is something far beyond what went to the making of Bach's Chromatic fantasia and fugue, or even the Chaconne and the St. Anne fugue; for Beethoven here not only reduces to shape a far greater mass and variety of material than Bach uses in any of his famous preludes and fugues, but this greater richness of ideas and this wonderful inevitable ordering of them is additional to their unparalleled individual beauty. And who can gauge the æsthetic value of the superb, reckless courage with which Beethoven hurls into the emptiness of silence the opening theme of the Hammerklavier :

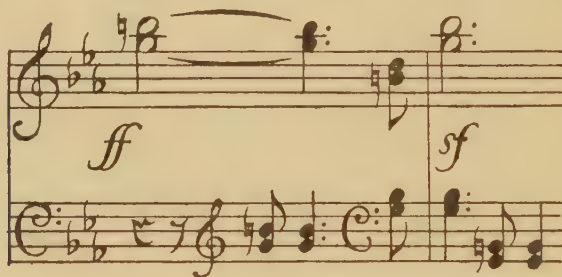


then, after repetition, immediately breaks off into what may seem a totally different theme, which he seems quite casually to abandon after a few bars, returning to his opening sentence and beginning a series of developments which, however, lead inevitably into the theme which was apparently dropped so irrelevantly into the sixth bar. Then he introduces a new theme, returns to No. 1, leaps about in a quite amazing manner, quietsens down, then introduces the second subject, then another new theme and then the following beautiful theme *cantabile*, beginning :

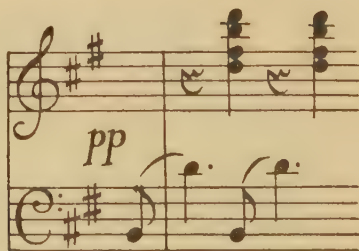




By this time he has got six different subjects all subtly related, but he still proceeds to add to them, letting all these ideas grow with a wonderful richness, but always obedient to some inner law which reveals the most unexpected relationships and affinities between them, while the most extraordinary beauties of shape and colour come up to the surface, from time to time, exploding into bloom like flowers, but all falling into their place in the general design. What are we to say of such passages as this beginning :



and this beginning :



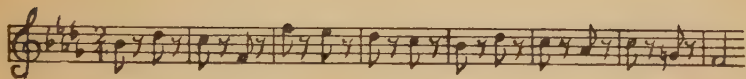
except that they are pure magical invention and not to be explained by analysis.

The *scherzo* starts with a beautiful new idea which in the most subtle way is related to the opening theme of the first movement. In fact there is a curious affinity between all the four movements of this sonata hidden in the themes themselves.

Here the unique constructive genius of the composer shows itself in a way that is far too subtle for any formal dissection and we have passionate musical thought inventing what could not possibly be planned by the intellect alone.

I believe that the greatest works of art always surprise by their excess, and no matter how intimately one comes to know them and whatever wealth of other beauty and meaning one finds in them, this beauty of excess remains as surprising and wonderful as ever. There is no musical composition where this beauty of excess is more surprising than in the Hammerklavier sonata. Who can ever fail to be thrilled by the wonderful theme of the trio when it first enters? And then the ever-new shock of still another theme of the most explosive violence\* given out in octaves :

*Presto :*



\*The more so for being marked *piano*.

This proceeds to what one would think was the limit of vitality, when suddenly there bursts out a terrific *prestissimo* through seven octaves of the pianoforte, and then a wild whirring figure that is demoniacal in its energy, and something so strange that it lies quite outside the imagination of any other great musician in the world's history. And after this we have a quiet return to the first *scherzo* theme that takes our breath away by its sheer expressiveness.

The third movement *adagio sostenuto*, is one of the most solemn and profound in music but it is part of the general design of the sonata. It is perhaps the most surprising quality of this great work that, although it is almost deliriously strange and bewildering in its contrasts, yet it is ordered down to the last semiquaver. There is no chaos here but order. It is, however, the order of a world, not of an urban borough. The *adagio* is thematically related, but in the most delicate way (here we get "composition" as a great painter would understand it) to the *scherzo* and to the first movement. It is astonishingly closely knit and only a Shakespeare or a Dante could express in words its emotional content. Twenty-two bars before the close, after a tremendous outburst of passion, occurs a transition to the opening theme that is perhaps the gentlest but most poignant expression of resignation ever uttered.

But Shakespeare himself has left us nothing to show that he could have expressed the content of the last movement. Here we find many things. First of all we find Beethoven using the fugue form so that this last movement of the sonata is of a piece with the other three movements, not merely a fine fugue tacked on to the end of them to make a finale that has merely a thematic affinity to other movements of the sonata in order to give a specious unity to the whole. No! not for nothing had Beethoven the greatest genius for *form* of all musicians who have ever lived! Let the amateur musician study all the fugues that were written before 1817. Let him play over all Bach's and Mozart's finest fugues and let him put himself

historically in Beethoven's place by a great effort of the imagination and ask himself how it would be possible to compose a fugue as the last movement to this gigantic sonata-triptych that would not be as irrelevant as a bowler hat upon Michael Angelo's "David"! *Only a musical imagination of the very highest order could have solved this problem.* And how Beethoven did it will remain a source of study for many generations of musicians.

But let us consider the expression of this last movement with its extraordinary introduction. It begins with a series of threatening chords to which it is impossible to listen without a shudder. Then follows immediately a fantastic running figure and then a series of deep, mysterious searchings for key, and at last there breaks out in the key of B flat, the fugue theme, *allegro risoluto* after a series of trills whose presence, though disturbing, gives little warning of the astounding part they are going to play in the great drama that is about to unroll before us. Long before this stupendous movement comes to an end we shall be praying for those remorseless trills to stop, for we shall have come almost to the end of our endurance. And yet we shall not dare to let them stop for by this time we shall have the feeling that more than our life, our immortal destiny hangs in the balance. No Greek tragedy, nothing in all art gives such a sense of the inevitable, irresistible force of destiny and the equally irresistible determination of the human will as this truly terrible conflict, which has a sublime grandeur that is purifying and comforting, although, at the end, we are left neither with hope nor in despair. And I must not omit to draw attention to that wonderful pause of one bar which occurs after the fugue has been worked up to such a climax that when the pause comes we are left silent as if under some spell and utterly incapable of conceiving what can possibly come next. Then there enters *dolce cantabile*, a pure celestial theme, so calm and mild that we think at last eternal consolation is to be found. But as it sinks to a *pianis-*



*simo* that warning trill enters remorselessly and soon the conflict is raging more violently than ever. The re-entrance of this trill is, I think, one of the most exciting moments in all music.

## II

I will now make a short comparison of Beethoven's Mass in D with what is considered by many musicians to-day to be the greatest work of this kind in musical history, Bach's B minor Mass. Whoever said "comparisons are odious" betrayed himself as having a petty envious mind. One compares Milton with Shakespeare, not with the stupid malicious intention of belittling Milton and flattering one's self, but because the presence of one object helps to make another object properly discernible; and it is only when we have seen and understood all the qualities of Milton that we are able to look upon Shakespeare and find there something more—and something that we shall find nowhere in Milton. Mr. Walter de la Mare once said to me, "Shakespeare could put Milton in his hat." He said this with the gusto of a man relishing the greatness of Shakespeare, not with the meanness of man contemptuous or unappreciative of Milton. And if I make a similar claim for Beethoven with regard to Bach I do so because I believe that a world in which Bach's music was enjoyed more than Beethoven's would be a world of a lower order of human development. The oscillation of fashion is both healthy and necessary, and I do not for a moment object to Bach being more popular than Beethoven in any one generation. But it is the concern of the critic to uphold the highest possible standards, and to recall each generation to its inheritance and to summon before the critical tribunal the artistic masterpieces of the past—not, I repeat, in order that the tribunal may flatter itself as a bad judge might flatter himself

in assuming an innate right to deliver judgment on the citizen who is—so frequently—measurably his superior, but modestly, as one whose duty it is to administer the law.

And this law or canon of art consists in what men, generation after generation, have found in the works of art produced among them. It is not a question of ascribing merit to the men—Beethoven or Bach, for example—who are long since dead and whose existence, such as it was, is in any case incomprehensible and in no final sense attributable to themselves; but of discerning what must be discerned, and of apprehending what must be apprehended owing to some inexplicable demand within man's heart for revelation of his own nature. And it is because there is a greater revelation of man's nature in the music of Beethoven than in the music of any other composer that it is important that in every generation attention should once again be drawn to this fact.

What do we find in Bach's B minor Mass? In a note, written more than six years ago, I said of the opening *Kyrie*, "The mere volume of the voices moving in a steady and remorseless counterpoint together with the orchestra, and the underlying organ *continuo*, produces an effect of massive power which is most exhilarating; but intrinsically its æsthetic value is about on the same level as that of the sight of a company of the Guards marching past the colours with an almost absolute regularity and rhythmic perfection."

Repeated hearing of the Mass has only confirmed this opinion. There is in this movement the intellectual power, not of impassioned rhetoric but of the master craftsman who has made an excellent piece of furniture on an accepted model. This *Kyrie* and this *Gloria* (with the exception of the final five-part chorus) have no meaning. They are not Bach himself but merely out of Bach's workshop—of the school of Bach!

Among the masses of contrapuntal structures in Bach's cataract of cantatas and choral works this section of the B

minor Mass has no more individuality than one company of the Guards has among others. It is one of my chief criticisms of Bach that he minted thousands of coins for every one fresh design and that he never wrote a single work on the scale of Beethoven's great works in which, because the form was new and the content was new and the form expressed the content and derived from it, form and content were one. Bach composed the greater part of his music to pattern, and so his music, like the art of the carpet designer, is largely decorative and its variety is obtained by slight minor deviations from standard ; not, as a rule, from essential difference in structure due to the necessity of expressing a new imaginative experience.

How different is Beethoven's *Kyrie* and *Gloria* ! Here we have something original, fresh, masterly in structure with a sensitiveness of texture that make the music alive in every bar as contrasted with the somnambulistic mechanism of Bach's movements.

Next comes the *Credo*—*credo in unum Deum*. Bach was a pious protestant who, presumably, believed in these words. But you would never know it from this *Credo* which is not felt but contrived. There is no belief there, not the slightest ; no, nor any imagination either. For a musical conception of the religious idea of God and for spiritual sublimity we shall have to go to the Beethoven Mass. What is there in Bach's *Credo* to equal the marvellous changes in Beethoven's at the words *Qui propter nos homines*, when from the wonderful expression of more abstract ideas Beethoven turns to concrete human life on earth ? Nothing ! And what is there to put against Beethoven's quartet and chorus, *Et incarnatus est*, with its lovely changing harmonies and the beautiful flute against voice passage on the words *ex Maria Virgine*, expressed with that tenderness characteristic of Beethoven ? Again nothing ! And then the Beethoven tenor solo, *Et homo factus*, with its almost super-Shakespearean humanity. Bach never touched

this. How much richer is the variety of the "*Missa Solemnis*" up to this point!

Now we come to the *Crucifixus*. Here we get Bach being really creative, and although I don't think that musically his *Crucifixus* has anything to equal the close of the Beethoven *Crucifixus* on the words *passus et Sepultus est*, I note this fact not because Bach's *Crucifixus* deserves anything but unqualified admiration, as all truly great art does, but because I think that Bach's inability to create new forms prevented his ever being able to achieve, even at his best, quite such far-reaching imaginative conceptions as Beethoven's. But Bach was able to give us such delightful inventions as the beautiful bass aria with *oboi d'amore obbligati*. And this is where his genius for smooth counterpoint enabled him to score the sort of triumph we do not find in Beethoven. This, however, cannot seriously be considered as comparable with Beethoven's marvellous fugue in B flat, on the words *Et vitam venturi seculi*. This stupendous conception is to my mind, in character, utterly beyond the more prosaic imagination of Bach and no matter if the sopranos get no tone at all struggling on their B flats the effect of this wonderful movement on all musical minds is indescribable.

Bach's *Sanctus* is the second finest thing in his Mass. I have not a word to say against so great a piece of music. It is perfect, and Bach at his very best. But in its quite different way Beethoven's wonderful quartet opening before the chorus is at least as good intellectually and has deeper feeling. After this, we have another creative leap of the imagination on the part of Beethoven which leaves Bach earthbound—the *Preludium* and the *Benedictus*. No human voices have yet done justice to Beethoven's *Benedictus*. The ethereal quality of angelic beings is wanted here.\* This imaginative sense of tone is unknown to Bach. And then we have the culminating

\*But such beings will some day exist. Occasionally here and there one even now finds the hint of such voices—ethereal, crystalline in tone. It is for them Beethoven wrote such passages as these in the Mass and in the Ninth symphony.



*Dona nobis pacem.* Will anyone in the whole world be found who will seriously maintain that Bach ever wrote anything to equal this? We may paraphrase some famous words and say, "Not all those who cry for peace know what peace means." But Beethoven knew.

It has been objected by some critics that this *Dona nobis pacem* (on the score of which Beethoven wrote the words "a prayer for inward and outward peace") with its sombre rolling of drums, menacing clangour of trumpets, wild cries for peace lifted now by single voices, now by multitudes, is far too military in its terrors and violence to have a place in any liturgy. Well, it may be so, but so much the worse for the liturgy which has no place for so tremendous a conflict. This *Agnus Dei* in sublimity of conception and in the power and complexity of its intellectual structure has no parallel in the whole realm of music.

### III

Taking Beethoven's last works in their order of composition we come to the Ninth symphony. Reams and reams of paper have been covered in the past and will be covered in the future by writers on the subject of this symphony. I will confine myself to a few words hoping that they will be as pregnant as they are brief.

The form of the Ninth symphony, with its setting to Schiller's "Ode to Joy," has troubled many musicians and even to-day the musical world is divided between those who, like Wagner, think it is right and those who, like the German critic, Paul Bekker, think it is wrong. Wagner, speaking of the choral section, which is of course the contentious element, says :

Not only criticism but unbiassed feeling has always taken offence at seeing the master as it were drop from out of his music, step forth from the magic circle he had

drawn, and thus appeal of a sudden to a mode of conception quite other than the musical. This unheard-of artistic event does in truth resemble the precipitous awakening from a dream ; but at the same time we feel its beneficent action after the uttermost fright of the dream ; for never before had a musician led us to realise the appalling torments of the world. . . . But the master had not lost his way. . . . We see him still remaining in the realms of music as the *idea* of the world ; for in truth it is not the sense of the words that takes hold of us when the human voice enters, but the tone of the human voice itself. Nor do the thoughts expressed in Schiller's verses occupy us henceforth.

Against this we have Bekker who says :

Of the two possibilities—the choral or the instrumental finale—the chorus was the easier for the audience to understand ; but it destroyed to some extent the unity of the work. The very words which linked up the thought of the composer with the understanding of the common man dragged down these high concepts from the region of instrumental expression to the lowest sphere of actualities. Beethoven here accepts a process of materialisation in order to explain his ideas.

I may add that Bekker contradicts himself, for elsewhere speaking of the “ Joy ” melody, which is the principal theme of the last movement, he says :

One species of tone alone is lacking, and that the most significant, the one for which the melody was originally designed—the human voice. Little by little the orchestral instruments seem to lose the sense of secure peace in yearning for the human voice. . . . At last come the long-awaited words with a dithyrambic swing. . . .

“ O, brothers, not these cheerless tones, rather let us more delightful ones be singing, fuller of happiness.”\*

\*These words are Beethoven's, not Schiller's.

On human lips the melody at last attains its true significance. . . . .

In my opinion this latter conception of Bekker's was the right one, and for once I agree with Wagner who—whatever one may think of his frequently verbose and empty “philosophizing”—was, nevertheless, a great musician and had flashes of insight. In the paragraph I have quoted Wagner has given the true reason for the vocal finale. Beethoven in the first three movements of the Ninth symphony has got far away from the human world into a universal world where fate plays the same part in the drama of existence as it does (at a more simple heroic level) in his earlier E flat and C minor symphonies in human life. The first movement of the Ninth with its ghostly reiterated dominant and tonic (“the phantom fifth”) in the key of D is perhaps the most mysterious thing in music. In it we hear the doom, not of a man (as in the last movement of the “Eroica”) but of worlds. In the scherzo we have re-creation after extinction and the startling vitality of this music expresses an ecstatic realisation of the infinite power of re-creation.\* The slow movement withdraws to a more personal sorrow—the unassuageable grief caused by the transience of the individual life. In the final choral section Beethoven returns from his excursions into the world of imagination back to the human. It is the expression of a faith in human destiny of the profoundest and most touching simplicity. Simplicity is the keynote of the last movement of the Ninth symphony, and those who think it inferior music to the other sections have not understood the beauty and significance of this simplicity.

We are accustomed to the description “metaphysical”

\*There are two interesting stories of the genesis of this scherzo. Holz told Jahn that Beethoven, seated in the Forest of Schönbrunn at dusk one evening, suddenly fancied he saw all around him a multitude of gnomes popping in and out of their hiding places, and this suggested the theme. The other story says that the theme flashed into Beethoven's mind with a sudden outbursting glitter of lights after he had been long seated in the dark.

as applied to certain poets. Professor Grierson, in his admirable essay on the Metaphysical Poets ;\* says of the poets—classified by Samuel Johnson as “metaphysical”—Donne, Cowley, etc :

None is metaphysical as Lucretius and Dante are, but Donne and his followers were metaphysical in the more intellectual and less verbal character of their wit, compared with the conceits of the Elizabethans ; the finer psychology . . . the argumentative subtle evolution of their lyrics ; above all, the peculiar blend of passion and thought, feeling and ratiocination which is their greatest achievement.

Elsewhere Professor Grierson says :

. . . . . with the Augustans and the Georgians poetry became sentimental, but great poetry is always metaphysical, born of man's passionate thinking about life, and love and death ; the poetry of what we call the romantic revival was again to be in the work of its greater spirits, “Tout traversé de frissons métaphysiques.”

No one could describe the early Beethoven as a metaphysical artist in this sense ; rather was he simple and fiery ; but what gives Beethoven his extraordinary and unique character as an artist is that he developed from being an active passionate idealist with the sensuous susceptibility to nature of a Keats or a Shakespeare—more direct and less contemplative than Wordsworth's—into the greatest of metaphysical musicians. In their peculiar blend of passion and thought Beethoven's Mass in D, his Ninth symphony, his last sonatas and quartets are the greatest pieces of metaphysical music in existence. What is the secret of this development ?

Beethoven began with a musical sensibility of a particularly high order, comparable to the sensibility to words of a

\**The Background of English Literature*, by H. J. Grierson.



Shakespeare or a Keats. What distinguishes him from Shakespeare as a young man is the intense and peculiar nature of his idealism ; for to some extent Shakespeare, like Mozart, appears to have taken the world as it came, perhaps through an excess of curiosity, of what we call "intelligence." Both seem in their latest works "The Tempest" and "The Magic Flute" to have found a certain tranquility ; but through an extension, not through a decay, of vitality. To us, who have his letters, Keats may seem to have had more idealism (what once would have been described as "a greater love of God" but which we in this century find ourselves unable to name) than Shakespeare. However this may be, it is clear that this idealistic passion overbalanced other qualities in the early Beethoven to a greater extent than it did in either Shakespeare or Keats. Those who dislike—and in these days they are many—the music of Beethoven's first period (according to my division) dislike it for this reason. Beethoven's active outgoing force was too great for his means of expression—in other words it was too great for his sensibility, and experience had not yet developed his sensibility sufficiently to give the machinery for adequate expression of so great a force. This is what we mean by an undeveloped technique, and what Beethoven himself meant when he said that his early work lacked art. It is too crude. There is too rich a mixture for the machine to work with the smoothness of a Mozart or a Haydn, and we may say that the Beethoven of this period is an artist over-engined. But this richness was a real and not an apparent richness. It was not due to poverty in other directions but to an extraordinary surplus, a vitality of the highest order. Keats, in spite of his accelerated development due to the disease of consumption, took a long time even to begin to control his fine excess of sensuous sensibility. It was also a long journey from the Shakespeare of "Venus and Adonis" and the early plays to the Shakespeare of "Hamlet," "Othello" and "King Lear," for Shakespeare also had to struggle not to

be engulfed in his sensibilities. This was never Beethoven's danger, but he had perhaps an even more difficult task. He had to develop his sensibility, to give expression to more vitality, more sheer horse-power of energy than any musician who has ever lived; and his danger lay in the direction of simplicity and violence rather than voluptuousness and softness. It was not until Beethoven had been isolated by his deafness and thrown back upon himself by continuous sufferings and by his thwarted sexual life\* that this man, naturally of an extreme extroverted character—violent, talkative, explosive, gesticulatory and expressive—became as extremely introverted. Yet Beethoven had always possessed the characteristics of both types. It would be difficult to find any other artist with Beethoven's extraordinary combination of naivety and subtlety, of passionate simplicity of heart with profound and intricate intellectuality. A shrewd observer of the early Beethoven might well have wondered what that vein of irony, sarcasm and unusual mental flexibility in a character of such passionate innocence was going to lead to. Well, it led to the composer of the Ninth symphony and the profound meditations of the last quartets.

#### IV

I intend to say very little about Beethoven's last five quartets. The most significant are the A minor Op. 132, the B flat Op. 130, the C sharp minor Op. 131, and the Grosse Fuge in B flat now known as Op. 133. Except upon minds unusually gifted musically these quartets make little, or a bewildering, impression upon their first or second hearing. They are an acquired taste, but once acquired, the taste lasts, and they have the property of making all works which at

\*But let it be quite clear that this thwarting was no accident due to outside circumstances, but inevitable, the inner fate of Beethoven.

first hearing seem much more attractive and beautiful—such for example as Brahms pianoforte quintet in F minor Op. 34, or any of Schumann's or Brahms' quartets—sound comparatively feeble and empty. The opening fugue movement of the C sharp minor quartet is a miracle of art. One need but compare this, or the first movement of the A minor quartet, with any of Beethoven's Rasoumowsky or earlier quartets to realise the enormous advance Beethoven had made in his art. Excepting the Grosse Fuge,\* in the last quartets we breathe a much more rarified, tranquil, super-terrestrial atmosphere than anywhere else in Beethoven's music :

The æsthetic idea of the Sublime is alone applicable here : for the effect of serenity passes at once far beyond the satisfaction to be derived from mere beauty.

That I think is the best thing that has ever been said about this music, and it was said, strangely enough, by Wagner in one of those moments which, in Beethoven, we would call natural, but which in Wagner must be described as "inspired." Attention must be drawn to the character of the *melos* of Beethoven's later works, which is shown most clearly in these last quartets. Not only is this music far more melodic than Beethoven's earlier music but its *melos* is also far more expressive, more supple and intricate, more beautiful in its linear complexity of contour than any others. It attains here for the first time a combination of the one and the many in a unity which is of a far higher organization than has hitherto been achieved by any musician. Even the finest polyphonic music of Palestrina and Vittoria though intellectually and emotionally so highly rationalized in structure as to be of great beauty and value is not so personal and highly developed an individual organism as Beethoven's. A Palestrina motet or a Bach cantata which may appear superficially to have a greater com-

\*A chapter could be written on this work with its inscription: "*tantôt libre, tantôt recherché*"—words which might serve as the motto of Beethoven's whole life.

plexity or rather quantity of structure—just as any tribal society or church or community may appear to be a greater or more complex organism than a Plato or a Confucius—is nevertheless an organization of a far simpler and more primitive type than such a work as the C sharp minor quartet. And the character of the *melos* itself, whose unity is more than the sum of its notes, is of a higher order.

Nobody can say finally what these later melodies of Beethoven mean; but that they express ideas that exist nowhere else is undeniable. Such movements as the variations *andante* of the C sharp minor quartet give us a sense of naked life, of a profound inexhaustible spring spouting up limpidly without a crack or a bubble from the deepest fountain of being. We have here a revelation of the purest and most unsullied beauty as yet conceived by the mind of man in concrete form. It is in this music that Beethoven is metaphysical in the supreme sense, for this beauty is beyond all desiring. Dante—who ranks in our European literature as a metaphysical poet of the highest order—spoke of that love which moves the sun and all the stars. Here in Beethoven's quartets we have that love made manifest in the forms of earthly sound.

The difference between the art of the "Eroica" and the C minor symphonies and the far more elaborate art of the Ninth symphony, and the other works of Beethoven's second period might be given a lengthy technical analysis; but I think it can be best described in an elaborate simile. The spectacle of the Niagara, the Victoria-Zambezi, or any other great waterfall in its grandeur and simplicity makes a sublime impression upon the sensitive observer by its sheer natural power. Such is the impression made by the works of Beethoven's first period. But let us imagine this natural torrent harnessed and controlled and set flowing through a complex system of channels from terrace to terrace, breaking into myriad streams of melody through miles of gardens, setting into motion innumerable water wheels, fountains, miniature cascades, and



all kinds of intricate and beautiful devices, carolling out of the barren soil a landscape whose teeming profusion of trees and bushes foams up again into the air with the multitudinous noise of invisible breakers, where the nightingales sit silent among the branches until the liquid transparency of evening is jarred with their discords

Such is the *manner* of Beethoven's later works.

*BOOK III*

IDEALS AND THE ARTIST



## IDEALS AND THE ARTIST

### I

IN his memoirs, which have been translated under the title, *My Early Life*, the German Ex-Kaiser, in a eulogy on the Kaiserin Augusta for her admirable power of saying the right and tactful thing to everybody, however insignificant, with whom her social and public duties brought her into contact, says that she owed this gift to her magnificent early training. "When she was quite a child"—he relates, with gusto—"she would be brought into a vast reception room empty except for seven or fourteen wooden chairs and standing there would be compelled to address to each chair in turn interesting and appropriate remarks, imparting as much variety into her conversation as possible."

He describes this training without the least doubt as to the excellence of the results achieved; the same satisfaction is evident when expatiating upon the thoroughness and efficiency of his military instructor. He concludes somewhat as follows: "To this magnificent specimen of the military mind I owe all I know of the important science of warfare."

The fact that the late German Emperor would still think it pure impertinence if anyone asked him if what he knew of military science was worth knowing gives the measure of his self-illusionment. It is a self-illusionment whose depth, height and width are boundless. If a philosopher should seek the infinite here it is.

But we are all doomed to the same experience. The education of the Kaiser and of the Kaiserin Augusta was unique in details but not in principle.



The theory of education rests upon the assumption that knowledge is the knowledge of what is already known and that conduct is based on knowledge, being the imitation of what has already been done. The sign of the man who knows is that when confronted with something new he always says : "it is not done." An Empress is provided with fourteen different conversations and, although she may have to meet more than fourteen persons in an evening, if a strict sequence is observed the semblance, if not the reality of liveliness, is preserved ; and her mentors are surely justified in thinking that her repertory is adequate, her education complete. But the assumption that the persons, like the chairs, are dead is a large one and therefore may only be assumed as a matter of etiquette.

Death is a necessary axiom in the Euclidean world of standardised behaviour. Etiquette, like Euclid, is a convention, the one is an economy of time the other an economy of space. But both deal with abstractions, with what I have called elsewhere "death-shapes."\* An economy of time and space must be made—that is the art of living—and the problem is how to have one's own economy instead of adopting or imitating the economy of others. This problem is that which presses upon the artist most urgently.

To idealize is to divide reality, it is to take a part from the whole, to present it only and to blot out the rest, that is why invariably all great artists reject the ideals which they find set before them. It is the essence of their greatness to do so. These ideals were the economies of other great men, the movements of their minds, the trajectories of their being. A musical melody may be likened to the path of a comet as it passes through the atmosphere of the earth, it is a movement through the composer's mind. It reveals the mind as the comet reveals the atmosphere. Where the movement begins, where it ends and what it is apart from its appearance are unknown ; but the terrestrial atmosphere and the mind of Mozart become thus

\*See "Orpheus," or the Music of the Future.

objectified to us by the image—divided from reality the infinite and unknown by spatially and temporarily being the finite and the known.

The process of education is everywhere the same. Photographs of these paths, these systems, these limited motions are taken and reproduced by mechanical process. When I walk into a bookshop and buy a copy of Shakespeare's sonnets, when I enter a music shop and buy a volume of Beethoven's sonatas I buy a volume of these photographs. Here are our ideals—as artists. Is there any virtue in them? We have something which is perhaps best described as a movement, a trajectory of Shakespeare's and of Beethoven's being; two graphs, one of Shakespeare and one of Beethoven, plotted in space and time. Put these graphs under the nose of a dog and they are meaningless and indistinguishable from the flight of the daily newspaper on its way to the gutter; put them under the eyes of the President of the Royal Society of Literature or the Royal Academy of Music and they will be immediately recognised as ordinary cheap editions of great classics. Give them to whom you will, their meaning and value will vary always. But these sonatas, these photographs of the graphs of Beethoven's being, are sadly imperfect. I do not mean they are incorrect copies of the graph plotted by Beethoven's own hand. In that respect they are fairly if not wholly correct. But what Beethoven heard in toneless sound within his own head was first present in him as a formless desire or state of being. That state fixed itself in form. In Beethoven's mind a musical thought crystallized, it was Beethoven projecting himself into an image. But of course we say "Beethoven" just as we say "sonata." These are abstractions in a rational process, parts of a logical chain. "Beethoven" at one end, a "sonata" at the other. How one came from the other, how they are connected is a mystery, the mystery of creation; and this mystery would remain incomprehensible if it were not solved by another act of creation which we ourselves must make.

## II

This act of creation differs wholly from the act of memory although memory underlies it. That remembering a tune is not the same thing as inventing it is universally admitted ; but what happens when we first hear a tune that someone else has invented ? It is obvious that there must be many differing kinds of hearing. To some the tune will be insignificant ; to others it will be beautiful ; to some commonplace ; to others ingenious ; to some hackneyed ; to others new. Will these varieties of effect depend upon the musical knowledge of the auditor wholly or only partly ? The degree of musical knowledge in the auditor will I think only partly account for the difference. Obviously, if we assume two auditors of equal musical knowledge we assume, so far, two auditors of equal capacity for knowing as well as for remembering. Knowing a new tune unheard before—by which I mean differing from all tunes already heard—involves something more than recognition of a repeated sensation, than *memory* ; it depends upon recognition of something which has never yet been met with outside, something, therefore, which must be within the auditor himself. In some utterly mysterious way he and the tune meet and of course all knowledge has its foundation on this experience. But when the auditor hears the tune a second time he does not necessarily have the same experience ; he now may merely remember what he has heard before. This is knowledge in the ordinary sense and it is the law of existence that all experience tends to dwindle into this kind of knowledge.

Let us now return to our two auditors equal in knowledge but—being unique individuals—differing in personality. We may suppose, sooner or later, a musical invention which at last separates them. It will be found within by the one but it will awaken no response, and therefore be rejected as obscure or meaningless by the other.

The one auditor will meet the tune, the other will not. This meeting, this recognition of something new, this response can only be described as an act of creation by the auditor who detects the tune within himself—an act of conception analogous surely to the composer's own conception of the tune. This particular kind of experience is what I want to differentiate clearly and finally from that knowledge which is the recognition by the memory of a previous experience repeated.

If we have a clear grasp of this distinction we can understand why men vary so vastly in wealth of experience and why education can do so little for us. Our highly elaborate system of education resembles very exactly the experiment of holding a number of objects before an ape and observing if he takes any notice of them. We may read of such educational efforts, described at length, in that amusing book, *The Mentality of Apes*. Now and then, the ape will make a grab at something held up which meets something within him and crystallizes into an idea—generally the idea that he is hungry. This is precisely how our own ideas are formed. There is a coincidence between an object outside and, shall we say, a feeling or a latent susceptibility inside; the result of this coincidence is an experience; if the experience develops within the consciousness and fixes itself into an intellectual form, crystallizes in the mind, it may become a tune, a poem, a picture, a mathematical formula, an idea—all these are images, images of experience.

### III

The mystery why such experiences crystallize mentally into such differing forms—according as the mind is the mind of a composer, a poet, a painter, a mathematician, a philosopher—is part of the mystery of individuality. Only part, because there is also the differing capacity for experience itself which is another part of the mystery of individuality. The greatness of



any artist depends at least upon these two powers or faculties, and history shows us that individuals do not necessarily possess them both in equal degree. The artist poor in experience or feeling and rich in the image making faculty is a common phenomenon. I would cite in passing Sullivan, Mendelssohn, Grieg, Rimsky-Korsakov, Scarlatti, Elgar, Richard Strauss, Debussy, Rossini, Cimarosa as being all more or less of this type.

Again, experience may not only be of different kinds but of differing intensities in the same kind ; but I suspect this is an apparent and not a real division. And just as the same fundamental matter-stuff appears extended in time or in space, according as we look at it, so the same fundamental feeling-stuff appears extended in depth (intensity) or width (range or variety) and as lust, love, hate, grief, pain, pleasure, etc., etc., according to our point of view.

Before pushing our way a little further we might consider what the difference is between the composer's conception of a new tune and the auditor's conception of a new tune. It seems indeed to be logically irrefutable (provided we assume that the auditor has completely experienced the tune) that the two are identical but that in the composer feeling came first and then crystallized into a mental idea while the mental idea came first to the auditor's mind and then diffused or spread again into feeling. In other words composer and auditor have the same experience but in a different order. It is as if a crystal of sugar dissolved into sweetness and then the sweetness crystallized back again into a crystal of sugar—the mind of composer and auditor being the same tumbler of water, the same *tertium quid*, which *seems* different according to the order of events. From the philosophical point of view a composer is "feeling crystallizing into music" an auditor is "music dissolving into feeling."

It is always a puzzle to commonsense how the music critic—whom the plain man sees sitting like an ordinary per-

son in a concert hall—who can't compose, can't sing, can't play and often can't write, how this miserable fellow can possibly understand the music of Beethoven. And this distrustfulness extends so far that we cannot help asking ourselves how is it, if Beethoven is such a very great man and rare genius, that all these thousands of people who are not great men and rare geniuses can comprehend and understand his music? The answer of course is that they don't. You cannot put the Atlantic Ocean into a teacup, but you can tell the difference between a spoonful of it and a spoonful of tea. It is obviously true that only a man as great as Beethoven can fully comprehend Beethoven, and although we may now think that full comprehension can occur without the auditor possessing the *image-making*, musical faculty of Beethoven yet the auditor must possess the musical, *image-receiving* faculty—if he is tone-deaf for example how can he ever understand Beethoven? And any defect in reception is equal to a defect in conception, so that musically as well as humanly the perfect auditor must be the equal of Beethoven.

The question now is how anything less than full comprehension is possible. If we consider Beethoven as an indivisible unity we can find no explanation. But this seems contrary to commonsense and hard to accept. People who cannot possibly fully comprehend Beethoven can distinguish him from other composers. We are driven back to our ideals for a solution of this difficulty. To idealize is to divide reality and with the help of ideals mankind will be able to understand and even perhaps totally to comprehend Beethoven without being one with him. This is the whole usefulness and the sole function of education. We may be given a spoonful of the Atlantic Ocean and we may be able to distinguish it from a spoonful of tea. And those who cannot recognize a spoon as an ideal will at least be able to see that it is an idea.\*

Returning to my original comparison of the musical tune

\*This joke will annoy a number of readers.

with the comet's track of light it is clear that any piece of music by Beethoven consists of a multitude of images and that although these make up a trajectory or flight, nevertheless the whole flight may not be observed by us but only sections and fragments of that flight—which we may or may not completely piece together even if, at different times, we observe them all. But in order to make that flight *our own* we have to do something more than observe all the parts of it, we have to fly the course ourselves. This is an act of a totally different kind from the piecing together of the observed bits like a jig-saw puzzle. When all the bits have been pieced together in the memory there still remains the act of interior recognition which makes them into a whole. This act of imagination—of experiencing in our imagination what Beethoven experiences—is only possible however, if we can observe, remember and fit together the bits. Each of these bits was in itself, as we have already seen, originally an imaginative recognition, a coincidence of without and within before it became a mere repeated sensation and the process of education is the process of making as many of these coincidences as possible because it is out of these fragments of experience that we piece together and suddenly achieve larger and completer experience. Without external objects, without images held up before us we should never experience anything, for our whole sentient, intellectual and emotional life consists in that conception which is the coalescing of the coincidence of an image with a feeling.

#### IV

But the word "ideal" signifies to-day something more than mere idea or image. In our current speech ideal and idol are not the same thing, in spite of their both coming from the one Greek root meaning "form." Is there any difference between the ideals worshipped by the modern man and the

idols worshipped by his primitive ancestor? We put mankind's idols into cases in the British Museum, and we put mankind's ideals into the shelves of the Museum Library. In time the ideals get as dusty as the idols.

Nevertheless for us here and now there is a difference which we may point to by declaring that idols are dead ideals—ideals that we no longer believe in, ideals that no longer work, in the sense that now they never coincide with a feeling in any mind.

It ought to be quite clear at this stage in my argument why we worship our ideals or idols. They are images of the life within us. In conceiving them we live. Our music, our poetry, our sculpture, our painting, our mathematics, our science, our theology, our philosophy, are all images of our experiences and, as images, necessarily—like the comet's track through the atmosphere—mere fragments of our life's course.

Let us imagine ourselves at a given moment in possession of a complete and exhaustive set of ideals. This would mean that all experience had been ours and we could only repeat it. Under such conditions life would only be possible if memory began to fail us and we were able to live afresh in the discovery of new images. Otherwise our condition would be that static and incomprehensible condition of omniscience and omnipresence which has been attributed to an inconceivable God. Thus it is clear that ideals are only valuable in so far as we have the power to depart from them, after having recognised them. The mistake educationists make, the mistake all idealists make is in thinking that an ideal is an ultimate goal instead of a point of departure. For mankind there are no ultimate goals in the shape of images because, as we have seen, an image is a part of the whole and to set up a part of being as the goal of being is to make idols and to make idols is merely to idealize, and to idealize is to realize imperfectly.



## V

But there is a reason for the selection of certain images rather than others as idols or ideals. The selection changes from generation to generation and from age to age and in part the change is due to the need of a point of departure, a jumping off ground. This need explains why each generation repudiates the ideals of its predecessor where it has understood them; where they have not been understood they remain unregarded, and so we have ideals persisting from age to age because they have never been realised by the majority of mankind. And it may appear paradoxical but it is apparently true that to realize an ideal is to abandon it and that those who stick to the ideals which their education presents to them are those who have never lived them, those for whom they remain wholly exterior objects—like pictorial designs or mathematical problems held up before gorillas.

But naturally in keeping my argument clearly logical, by sticking to the highway and ignoring all the multifarious divagations, by-paths and loop-ways I run the risk of seeming to take up a very superior attitude and of condemning the majority of mankind to outer darkness. It is essential therefore to make clear at this point, what a moment's reflexion should make obvious, that since the ideals of men are infinite, and since the essence of living is the realization of ideas, all men who live are, in so far as they live, realizing ideas. That a particular group of ideas is pushed into such prominence in different societies and at different times as to be given a special social value—which we suggest by slightly changing the word "idea" into "ideal"—does not necessarily give these social ideals priority over individual ideals—to which society as a whole is apt to refer contemptuously as "ideas," as is revealed in the common phrase: "He has very strange ideas."

It should now be obvious that society must also depart from its ideals or die, but that it is impossible to depart from

them until they are realised, because until they are realised by society they don't exist except as the ideas of individuals. The interaction between the individual and society is complicated beyond all explanation ; but simplifying for the sake of clarity we may say that every idea is first conceived by an individual, is realised by an individual, is realised by numbers of individuals—thus modifying society and bringing about a change of emphasis and selection among the mass of ideas. There should therefore be a constant struggle between the individual and society since that individual who is merely realising the ideals of society is contributing nothing to change society, for ideas that become social ideals must already be the ideas of the majority. If there are ideals which seem at first to be specifically and exclusively social ideals we shall on analysis find that they always resolve into individual ideals. It is only the selection and the emphasis which is social and this selection and emphasis is the reflection of the life of the mass of individuals that make up society.

## VI

In studying a particular group of ideals, musical ideals, we find that we can push our analysis further and clarify much that may still remain obscure. Not only did Beethoven's contemporaries find much of his music novel, odd, strange and baffling, but to us to-day Beethoven's music differs as completely from what preceded it as a railway engine differs from a coach, or an aeroplane from a taxi-cab. It was not merely that music had been more formal in shape, more restricted in content, but that nobody before Beethoven had lived in his music, had imaged forth his life so fully in music. Earlier composers, Monteverde, Palestrina, Bach, Handel and Mozart no doubt lived to some extent in their music. But we do not get from it the same impression of personality. Bach, Handel and Mozart seem to me to have disregarded a great

deal of their own inner experience. I am not judging this from a direct comparison of their music with Beethoven's. I am judging it from what I find in their music. There was much within them which was never imaged forth in the conscious mind. The music of Mozart, particularly, I feel abounds in suggestion, in hints, in the opening of wings for flights which are never made, in the few steps that should lead to a run, but which die away into a standstill. Bach, I feel, put more of himself into his music, but there was less of himself. There are none of the tentative beginnings, the hesitating uncertainties of Mozart, but what a simple integrity the life of Bach has, and yet how inadequate it seems to us ! The music of Bach like the books of Euclid is excellent as far as it goes ; but its brilliance and completeness of form, like the brilliance and completeness of Euclid, are due to its poverty of ideas. If we ask for an explanation of this poverty of ideas we are led back again to the inner awareness of the individual personality. Bach is an example of the fact that the individual's image-making faculty is not necessarily commensurate with his richness and variety of inner feeling. If it were there would be on the one hand no such thing as musical, poetic, mathematical, pictorial or philosophic genius, and on the other hand no power of realising the images of others, for we should all be able to image for ourselves the whole life that was within us, our entire experience. We should be self-contained and changeless units never finding any part of ourselves outside ourselves.

Most of us to-day have feelings which are not imaged in Bach's music and as we find there no trace of them, no tentative, blurred or partial images of them we are conscious of a certain lack of life in Bach. Yet the brilliant sharpness and magnificence of the images he gives us is abstracted by our intelligence as an ideal of brilliance and sharpness and clear-cut definition by which we can judge the definition of images not in Bach but presented to us by other composers. In

exactly the same way the clearness and precision of Euclid's geometry can be abstracted as an ideal from which we can judge the degree of clarity and exactness in the images of non-Euclidean geometry, a geometry in which our inner being struggles to image forth that more extensive and complicated flight or motion of which Euclid is only a broken fragment. But it is questionable whether this sharpness and brilliance is not part of the ideas of Bach and a non-detachable quality. We are again, I feel, making an ideal or an idol that cannot correspond to the real but is only part of it, and a non-transferable part. When we idealise Bach or Euclid, by which I mean when we dwell exclusively upon the images they present to us, we may magnify these fractions until we distort them into error. Being so occupied with these images we are unable to receive or accept others and our life dries up within us; we are, as it were, pre-occupied, closed down and sealed. This is the common fate. Not only do individuals ossify—and perhaps, with certain rare exceptions, all individuals sooner or later in their lifetime ossify and become automatons—but there are periods of ossification and sterility in the arts and sciences.

It is always in such periods that artistic ideals are most clearly perceived and most persistently held aloft for admiration and imitation.

## VII

The very essence of life is struggle and as music, like the other arts, is the imaging forth of man's life, is indeed life itself—for I have already made clear that we cannot put the experience before the image or the image before the experience since the one is constantly becoming the other, and life consists in that "becoming"—then it is obvious that true art can never consist in the imitation of models.

The young Beethoven hears a melody by Mozart, the image,



sinking into his mind, fixes or coincides with a feeling and thus defines and intensifies it so that what was unconscious or subconscious becomes conscious, filling him with a delight similar to that of the observer of a transparent but saturated solution when a crystal suddenly appears in it. His teacher or the world of non-creative musical minds about him may very well say to him : "*There is your model, follow it.*" This is indeed what they say at all schools and colleges of the arts. But the advice is not so very difficult to follow if you have got the right sort of memory, conscious or subconscious. By the time that the young pupil has heard a large number of melodies by Mozart he can take them to pieces in his memory and put them together again differently. This is a pure piece of intellectual jugglery ; there is no imagination in this, no embodying forth of experience. Sometimes it is done deliberately and consciously, and sometimes it is a trick which the sub-conscious mind plays upon the conscious, and the musician believes that he is writing original music. But it is a queer fact that this manufactured patch-work will sound like a manufactured patch-work to the perceptive auditor and not at all like the genuine Mozart, although it is in the same idiom. The reason is that, not being the image of a genuine experience, not being the crystallization of a feeling, it cannot, when dropped into the auditor's mind, coincide with and give form to any feeling latent within him. In other words, it is barren. The academies throughout the world turn out cartloads of this barren music annually, and it is completely and utterly worthless ; although we may observe its composers receiving praise, publicity and honours from a careless and undiscerning society. Yet the public is not permanently deceived. Such music inevitably ceases to be heard sooner or later, however widely it is advertised and broadcast, simply because it brings life to no one.

An interesting parallel to this phenomenon occurs in what we call the executive, as contrasted with the creative branch

of music. If the pianist who plays a sonata is to give the auditor the sonata as the composer experienced it *he has to live it over again*. Wherever he fails to do so the work will be dead and will fail in its effect on the auditor. It is therefore not surprising that great pianists are few. I once heard, in a single week, two of the most justly famous of living pianists play Beethoven's C minor sonata, Op. 111. Neither of them succeeded in re-creating this work. What they gave the audience was a pile of ruins with here and there a beautiful fragment intact. Then, later, each of these pianists played Debussy and Schumann perfectly. These, as they were more common experiences, were not so difficult to live over again and each rendering had an individuality that did not interfere with the original—like the same object whose shadow is cast now in moonlight, now in sunlight.

It is understandable therefore that a great pianist may at one time successfully live over again, and therefore completely present to us a musical composition and at another time fail to do so. His genius consists in his capacity to comprehend the composer's musical image and represent it; but he is not a machine that can do this at all times equally well, for the simple reason that he is alive and changing. The musical image can only exist in a living consciousness because, as we have seen, it is the image of feeling, and when there is no feeling there can be no image. The composer shows a similar variability. Even the greatest of composers occasionally imitates himself or others, his conscious mind functioning as it were in a vacuum, having no connection with his inner life.

The more we consider this problem the more we are persuaded to believe that there exists between the conscious mind and the inmost living being a system of connections which is extraordinarily complicated and quite unlike those simple mechanical connections by which we can make gas explosions rotate the wheels of motor cars and carry us comfortably along. There is one analogy which may help us to visualize

this complexity of living man. If we consider the musical image as a stone thrown into the mind's pool, sending out a series of waves through consciousness ; then if we think that instead of one plane of consciousness there is perhaps an infinite depth of consciousness layer after layer one under the other or one within the other, and that the intensity and richness of the image depend upon how many layers it penetrates and sets reverberating then I think we get a picture which helps us a good deal. Nor is there anything in it contrary to such psychological knowledge as we have. We are accustomed to think of the sub-conscious as a layer beneath the conscious and the habit of talking of " depth " of feeling is as old as man. The value then of a musical image will depend on how deep it can go ; and I am certain that it can go just as far as the depth from which it came and no further.\*

Here we have a criterion of value to apply to our artist and his work. Art is a revelation, an imaging forth of life and in the greatest art there is the greatest life.

But from this aspect it might seem that absolute ideals were possible. You cannot go deeper than the bottom and when you have touched bottom there you can and must stop. Then you can hang up a chart of your course in the schoolroom and teach the young how to follow it. I have already exposed the fallacy in this materialized Euclidean geometry of life. You can plumb the Atlantic ocean because you are taking only one direction ; but in the life of man the directions are what we call infinite and we are not dealing with known and measured dimensions at all. In order to have absolute ideals we require an absolute ideal man, the one postulates the other and that we have not got.

So to the young Beethoven the musical images of Mozart are not musical ideals simply because he is Beethoven and not Mozart. To a contemporary mind that could conceive

\*" From the heart—may it find its way to the heart again " Beethoven writes above the Kyrie of the great Mass in D.

nothing beyond Mozart they would be absolute musical ideals and it would be heresy and sacrilege to create others. This explains why, so soon as Beethoven began to image forth the life within him, he was roundly abused by conventional musicians and critics. It is the inevitable reception that awaits and always will await the living artist. His images, being new, disturb the minds that have grown accustomed to other images, which they no longer experience but merely recognise in the memory. It is the shock of life which stirs life, and life means change, and change is difficult and disconcerting and leads to the unknown which we all fear.

### VIII

It is important that we should frankly recognise the partiality of all ideals. We are so constituted that our energy naturally tends to conserve itself in matter, and ideals and ideas are only the matter of thought. Many musicians who might so far agree will argue that it is possible to abstract certain very general laws from the practice of past artists and set them up as permanently valid ideals—idols or gods that do not change. But I contend that in order to obtain a perfectly valid and eternal ideal it is necessary first of all to empty such an ideal of all content and that the only eternal and changeless ideal, idol or God, is something which means nothing or, what is its equivalent, anything. The only ideal for musicians is music—not Beethoven or Bach or Mozart or Wagner or Strauss or Debussy or Stravinsky. And, since we know that what is music to one generation is an incomprehensible and hideous noise to another, music may mean anything. And if we think that the idea “music” is itself a general idea, fixed and valid for all time and all minds, we are again sadly in error. The “music” of the sea, the “music” of the spheres, the “music” of poetry, painting and of mathematics—all



these widen and enlarge what seem at first to be music's boundaries. And when we consider that in the mind of Beethoven music soundless and unheard by any ear, even his own, silently happened and was at times *written* down we ought to realize suddenly that we don't in the least know what music is.

It is clear that every generation in so far as it images forth its own life will turn away from the music of its immediate predecessors, the music in which it has grown up. That is the reason why we go back into the past for images other than those our education makes us familiar with ; in so doing we discover ourselves to ourselves. But there are fertile, active, restless spirits who when they have done this dig within themselves and struggle to image forth what they have never met with outside. Those are the people we term creative.

If, as I contend, we have to abandon all absolute ideals it remains to be decided what the function of education should be. Can it do anything more than offer its collection of images to us and, without discrimination, say : " Here is all that has been thought and done, study it." To study it not in the sense of copying it—for it is now clear that to copy the acts and follow the rules is valueless in art just as it is in conduct—but study it in the sense of discovering yourself in these images, of *living in the imagination*. There can be no doubt that the primary and most important function of education is just this assembling of the images or ideals. But the individual is as likely to be choked by the abundance of these images as he is to be starved by the lack of them and an intensive system of education even when mitigated by a sense of humour would nearly always be fatal were it not that human nature rebels and at last refuses to take any further notice of the objects brought before it. Every man has to live his own life, and only his own instinct can guide him as to how far he may live in the perception and comprehension of the images of others. In other words it is natural to all men to create, to image forth

their own experience ; and there should be a balance between perception and conception. Educationists have therefore begun for many years now to encourage expression, the pupil is no longer thought of as so much wax upon which ideas and ideals are to be indiscriminately stamped. But society as a whole still stamps its ideals ruthlessly upon the individual and those smaller societies, the circles within circles such as the musical societies, the official academies, schools, professors and teachers and the unofficial institutions—orchestras, impresarios, critics, journals and the general musical public opinion of the day all strive to impress their standards upon the new music that is struggling to birth in the minds of the few powerful and richly creative spirits who appear—but surely not by accident—generation after generation here and there in the world.

There is no doubt in my mind that—while admitting the necessity for forms, conventions and ideals as points of departure and not as models to copy—there is no genius however great who has not been hampered as much as he has been assisted by these forms. And if this is true of genius, if even the most vital and powerful of spirits dwindles and shrinks into the acceptance of inadequate forms and ideals, how much more does the average feebler spirit suffer ! In him it is likely that all individuality will die, unable to struggle through to its expression. He will find ready-made forms and ideals on all sides of him like vessels into which he may empty himself, and what won't go in will just be lost.

If we consider the music of Mozart or of Beethoven we find again and again that the form has been too strong for the spirit. These great musicians were engaged all their lives in an unending struggle with the traditional musical forms. We have a traditional expression for the lapse into convention on the part of a great composer which, like all traditional expressions, ends by concealing what it originally was made to reveal. We say of a composer at points where the form

governs his matter that his "inspiration flags." When we ordinarily use this phrase we do not realise what it means. It means that the effort of creating a new image was too great and that the composer's spirit took the path of least resistance and flowed into a ready-made vessel. And even this requires further elucidation, for all analogies mislead, even when they help, the understanding.

We are not to think of musical forms or images as so many vessels into which the composer's feeling may automatically run when, as it were, the tap is turned on. These forms *are* his feelings, these images *are* his life and he simply lives them over again when he once more composes a melody, a sonata, a symphony in which there is nothing new, in which nothing more of himself has come to light. And this is the creative artist's hardest task ; he has to be a new man in each new work, and to be a new man involves a new birth : "Unless ye be born again ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven." Words more true than these were never uttered ! It is the genius of the great creative artist that in each new work he *is* born again, for it is thus that he is creative. But this demands an effort which we can justly describe as super-human because it transcends the norm of human endeavour and human power. The history of Beethoven's life is a record of struggles, a fraction of which would have exhausted and emptied an ordinary man. The composition of music was to him a ceaseless labour, the unending task of Sisyphus. For no sooner was the stone image of inspiration rolled up hill and placed upon its pedestal than it fell down again. And what do I mean when I say it fell down again ? I mean it was an ideal that no longer satisfied Beethoven, an idol on which he had to turn his back. And no matter how many images he laboured to conceive and toiled to erect firmly and distinctly so that they might last for ever, he had always to turn his back upon them and begin again. He could never lie down and rest in the shadow of these gods he had made, and, like a

primitive man, for the remainder of his days worship them, and eat and sleep and be merry.\*

Lesser men can do this and, if roused from their lethargy, can point around with pride at the images they have created and then sink down again upon the ground, safe and comfortable in the protection of their gods. But the history of Beethoven is a history of life lived to the end. It is certain that, if he had lived to compose a tenth symphony, it would have been a new work, a fresh creation, an image of inner experience—an experience, however, destined to remain hidden from us.

## IX

Art is a form of life which is no more merely man's creation than man is himself his own creation, and what is true of art is true, I believe, of conduct. Art is the conduct of the soul, it is indeed the highest, free-est and most developed form of action, and in art man discovers himself. There never was a more partial and limited conception of art than the notion that art is a comparatively insignificant amusement or that it is a self-contained world shut off from all other reality. But just as conduct can be trivial and insignificant, or vital and beautiful, so art can vary from the bauble of a moment that images and awakens a fugitive and shallow pleasure to the creation of genius which images and awakens emotions that fertilise and increase man's life for generations.

So much is generally admitted by writers on æsthetics to-day ; but there follow conclusions which I do not see drawn, in spite of their overwhelming significance. If art does not consist in the copying of artistic ideals ; if on the contrary to copy these ideals is a sign of death and the absence of life ;

\*A story is told of Beethoven entertaining some friends at an inn. The conversation had got well under way when it was interrupted by a loud snore. It came from a coachman who was taking his nap in a corner of the room. Beethoven gazed at the snorer a few moments attentively and then said : " I wish I were as stupid as that fellow."



if the function of these images is to melt again into feeling—penetrating as far down into the observer's soul as the depth from which they arose in their creator's, and in so doing to release fresh life which may in its turn be imaged forth to the world to be a source of further fruition; if all value lies in this fresh imagining which means fresh feeling—in other words life and not automatism—then what applies to art applies also to the rest of conduct. Automatism is the prison that awaits all life and in it perhaps lie already entombed large areas of vital activity—such as the societies of bees and of insects.

I ask the reader to pursue this conception into the region of all individual behaviour. Action to have more than ordinary value must be original and not conventional, there must be a struggle to re-embody feelings in conduct and these feelings must be ever undergoing modification and change and then be re-imaged forth into conduct. To content ourselves with copying the precepts and ideals that we find presented to us from the past is to give up the ghost—to use a most exactly expressive idiom! This, of course, means unremitting struggle, for it is much easier to follow the rules that someone else invented. It is much more comfortable and perhaps more profitable to be a Royal Academician of life and of art, to accept the current standards and conventions, in other words to be an idealist and swallow like so many pills the ideals, the idols of our time.

But those who act thus—and all, even the greatest and most virile do so occasionally—are betraying themselves and forfeiting their birthright. For is anything more certain than this that each individual is either unique or else he is without value and his existence is meaningless. If then he is unique—as we must believe—he sacrifices his whole reason for being if he does not embody forth that which is himself and exists nowhere else. He is foolish to always copy the actions of others. To do so is to ignore himself. It is true that we may struggle and not seem able to live differently from our neigh-

bours. No man has got every kind of genius and if, for example, a mathematical genius started composing music he might never get beyond imitations of Bach, Mozart and Beethoven, however violently and persistently he struggled. So in every branch of life, in every kind of conduct there are limits to our originality ; but the fact remains that man is truly living only where and when he is original, and if men are to be any better than automatons they must be original somewhere. And, naturally, it is only in their originality that they have value for other men. In music as in every other form of life the great men are the men who, after having realized them, turn away from the ideals of their fathers.



BOOK IV

BEETHOVEN AND THE FUTURE





## BOOK IV

### BEETHOVEN AND THE FUTURE

#### I

It is now necessary to refer the reader to a question which was left open in Chapter I of Book II when it was suggested that, in the attainment of the extraordinary beauty and unique character of the works of Beethoven's second period, something was lost. Beethoven's last works, in spite of their outbursts of passionate strength, leave an impression of tragedy and not of joy. There is no doubt in my mind that Beethoven himself was conscious of this and that his setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" as the culminating part of his last symphony was an attempt to recapture joy by the assertion of his belief in it, and at the same time a confession that joy must be found in life. It is difficult to resist the conviction that this was Beethoven's fundamental moral belief. But what sets his character apart from the world's main group of artists and spiritual leaders, such as Buddha and Jesus, is his persistent refusal to accept joy through renunciation. Beethoven comes nearer to Nietschze's Zarathustra ideal, which opposes the teaching and the spirit of christianity in so far as it tends to produce a slave morality.

It is difficult not to recognise the superiority of Beethoven's attitude ; but nevertheless, the fact is that Beethoven did not find joy, whereas many who accept the christian, or similar moralities, and throw the burden off their own shoulders on to some mediator, whether a church or an individual—or what is still more common, resign themselves to the satisfaction which comes from being a unit in the social machine,

fulfilling a social function without friction—do thereby indubitably attain to a permanent peace of mind.

## II

But it is likely that more and more men and women in the future will be less and less satisfied with such a rôle and with such a peace. To them Beethoven will always remain one of the most inspiring figures in history. Yet they may not be content to accept the tragic view of life, and in so far as they are not content to do this Beethoven will not satisfy them, until perhaps one by one they are finally brought to the same necessity as he was. For no one can prophecy that this problem will be solved. On the other hand, the problem may become entirely changed, and an indication that this will happen may be discovered in modern music as in other modern art. For it is interesting to note that since Beethoven's death no musician has grappled with these fundamental metaphysical problems of love, life and death. Since Beethoven, music has been entirely sensuous, sensational and amusing—in the wide sense of that misunderstood word. There can be no question that in this music is reflected the spirit of the times. There has been an increase in consciousness in many directions unsuspected by Beethoven and his contemporaries. It is probable that Beethoven would have been puzzled by much of the music of Stravinsky, Prokofiev and Erik Satie. And although Beethoven wrote many waltzes and country dances for the Viennese, I think he would have been perplexed by the better and more subtle jazz music of to-day, just as the décor of the Diaghilev Russian ballet would have perplexed Michaelangelo, and the verse of many of our younger living English writers would have perplexed Shakespeare.

Mr. Jean Cocteau has the following very significant paragraph in one of his books :

In the music of "Noces" I discern a very important feature; in it Stravinsky de-ridiculizes the sublime; just as in "Les Biches" Francis Poulenc de-ridiculizes grace.

There is an important truth in this statement; but if the sublime has become ridiculous—and one has only to talk for a few minutes with any intelligent young woman to discover that it has—for there are no Bettinas now-a-days—it is because the individual has become of less importance, and social values are at the moment in the ascendancy. A knowledge of history makes it difficult to believe that this change of values can possibly be permanent; but it is even more difficult to believe on other grounds. There can be no social values which do not depend ultimately upon the individual, and it is impossible to conceive of any human society worth living in where the highest criterion of an individual's value is the degree to which he contributes to the amusement and the general amenities of that society. Sooner or later the rebel must be born again and the rebel, like Beethoven, must reach the sublime or he is worthless. Nevertheless, the sublimity of the future may be of a new order; but if it is to have any truth, any real value it must be founded on and include Beethoven. Just as what was graceful in 1827 although no longer graceful in 1927, nor returning to grace again in 2027, is yet included in future gracefulness, so there is a sense in which Beethoven is both finished and unfinished; and although it is more right and more hopeful that the present generation should prefer Stravinsky and Prokofiev to imitations of Beethoven, yet they must turn to Beethoven to discover what these composers lack. One of the falsest platitudes in existence is that history repeats itself. It quite obviously does not; but it is inconceivable that the future should produce nothing superior to Stravinsky or Prokofiev, and if we are strong enough not to become slaves to tradition we shall be able to recognise without danger Beethoven's immense superiority and he will stand as



witness of how great it is possible to be, and how far living artists have to grow before they are even visible by the side of him.

### III

Schopenhauer in his *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung* (*The World as Will and Idea*), published in 1818, nine years before Beethoven's death, has an interesting section on music from which I take the following :

In the deepest tones of harmony, in the fundamental bass-notes, I recognise the lowest degrees of the objectivation of the will, inorganic nature, the mass of the planet. All the higher tones, easily moving and expiring more quickly, are to be regarded, as is well known, as the accessory vibrations of the deep fundamental tone, at the sound of which they are always to be heard softly vibrating, and it is a rule of harmony that only those high notes shall meet upon a bass-note which actually sound with it as accessory vibrations (its *sons harmoniques*). This again is analogous to the view which requires that all bodies and organisations of nature shall be taken as arising in course of gradual evolution from the mass of the planet : this development is their support as well as their source : and the same relation holds good between the higher notes and the fundamental bass. There is a limit as to depth beyond which no tone is audible : this corresponds to the fact, that no matter is perceptible without form and quality, i.e., without showing a power that cannot be further explained, in which an idea expresses itself ; in more general terms, that no part of matter can be entirely without will ; accordingly, as a certain degree of height is inseparable from a tone, so every part of matter in a certain degree shows will.

Thus the ground bass is to us in harmony, as inorganic nature is in the world, the rudest mass, upon which everything rests and from which everything arises and

is developed. And further in the complex of *ripieno* parts that produce the harmony, between the bass and the leading melody-singing part, I would recognise the entire gradation of the ideas in which the will objectivates itself. Those that stand nearer to the bass being the lower of those gradations, inorganic bodies still, yet expressing themselves in manifold ways: those that lie higher represent to me the world of plants and animals. The fixed intervals of the scale are parallel to the distinct grades of the objectivation of the will, the distinct species in nature. The deviations from an arithmetical correctness of the intervals, by means of any sort of "temperament," or brought about by the key chosen, are analogous to the deviations of individuals from the type of the species. . . .

. . . This delicate relation in which music stands to the true nature of all things, will also explain the fact that if suitable music be heard to any scene, action, event, environment, it will seem to reveal the most secret sense of all these, and act as the most correct and clearest comment upon them; similarly, it explains how one who gives his mind entirely to the impressions of a symphony, will deem all possible events of life and the world to be passing before him; still, on reflection, he cannot point out any likeness between the play of tones and the things that hovered before his fancy. For, as has already been said, music differs from all other arts in this: that it is not an image of phenomena, or more correctly, of the adequate objectivity of the will, but an immediate image of the will itself, and represents accordingly the metaphysics of all that is physical in the world, the thing *per se*, which lies behind all appearance. Accordingly one might call the world embodied music, as well as embodied will: which explains why music at once enhances the significance of every picture, indeed of every scene of actual life; the more so, of course, the closer the analogy of its melody comes to the inner spirit of the given phenomena. The fact that a poem can be sung, or a pantomimic representation can be adapted to music or

both united in an opera, rests on this. The connection of such single and separate pictures of human life set to the general language of music, is never a thoroughly necessary, or an adequate one; they stand to it rather in the relation of an example chosen at random to a general concept; they represent, with the distinctness of actuality, that which music expresses in the generality of mere form. For in a certain measure, melodies are, like general concepts, an abstract of actuality—i.e., actuality, the world of separate things, furnishes the perceptible, the particular and individual, the single case, for the generality of concepts, as well as the generality of melodies; which two generalities, however, are in a certain degree opposed to one another; for concepts contain only the forms just abstracted from perceptions, as it were the husk of things, and are therefore abstracts in the full sense; whereas music gives the inmost kernel of things, that precedes all formation, the very heart of things. This relation might quite well be expressed in the language of the scholiasts, if one were to say: Concepts are *universalia post rem*, whereas music gives *universalia ante rem*, and actuality *universalia in re*. . .

If we look at merely instrumental music, we shall see, in one of Beethoven's symphonies, the greatest confusion, at the bottom of which nevertheless there is the most perfect order, the most violent strife that in the next moment grows into loveliest concord: it is *rerum concordia discors*, a true and complete image of the essential nature of the world, that rolls on in the immeasurable complication of countless shapes, and supports itself by constant destruction. At the same time all human passions and emotions speak from this symphony: joy, sorrow, love, hate, fright, hope, etc., in countless gradations, all however, as it were, in the abstract only, and without any particularity; it is mere form, without materials, a mere spirit world without matter. It is true, however, that we are inclined to realise it while listening, to clothe it in our fancy with flesh and bone, and to see all manner of scenes of life and nature in it. Yet on the

whole, this neither facilitates its comprehension, nor enhances its delight, giving rather a heterogeneous and arbitrary alloy : it is therefore better to receive it directly and in its purity.

#### IV

It seems to me that Schopenhauer is astonishingly sound in his understanding of music, and his reference to Beethoven's symphonies has especial interest seeing that Schopenhauer's remarks were made while Beethoven was still living and before he had composed the Ninth symphony. But I differ wholly from Schopenhauer on one point, and that is where he says that music differs from all the other arts in that it is not an image of phenomena. It is extraordinary how the apparent dissimilarity of music from the other arts has misled so many acute minds, especially critics and philosophers who have not been practical musicians. But this fallacy may be detected in Schopenhauer's own words where he says that music is not an image of phenomena or, " more correctly, of the adequate objectivity of the will, but an immediate image of the will itself." There is no distinction between an image of the " objectivity of the will " and an " image of the will," other than that between an image and the reflection of an image. Every objectivation of the will is an image of the will, and every image of the will is an objectivation of the will. The word " immediate " gives us a clue to Schopenhauer's meaning. Like most philosophers and writers on æsthetics, it seemed to him that there was far more representation in the other arts than in music. This is more apparently than really true, and Schopenhauer is forced by his assumption that music in itself is a direct image of the will and not an image of phenomena, to dismiss such works as Haydn's " Seasons " and Haydn's " Creation " as " imitative " and " quite reprehensible." Since Schopenhauer's day there has been an enormous increase of this " reprehensible " music, which is reason



enough to make the pure Schopenhauerian uneasy. But what makes this position of Schopenhauer quite untenable is the fact that logically he must, to be consistent, deny that this is music at all. This position is of course absurd, and so we are forced back to admit that music does not differ in this respect from any of the other arts—that is to say there are all kinds of music and in every art it is possible to represent phenomena. These phenomena are not only those material objects which exist as ready-made objectivations of the will but also ready-made ideas and feelings.

The objects or phenomena which the painter imitates on his canvas and the poet describes in words and the musician in tones are not the real content of the work of art any more than the bass notes which Schopenhauer recognises to be “the lowest degrees of the objectivation of the will; inorganic art, the mass of the planet” are the real content of a piece of music, or the words the real content of a poem. No doubt these phenomena are all, as Schopenhauer says, objectivations of the will, but they do not contain the whole will, and it is by building up with these phenomena, in a subtle system of relations, other phenomena which express an as yet unrevealed content of the will that the work of art in music or in any other medium has value. We may compare this artistic structure, this more subtle and complex objectivation of the will, to a human being who is built up of cells which are a lower, less complex, objectivation of the will, and are themselves the more complex structures superimposed upon the salts (objectivations of the will) of a still grosser inorganic nature.

## V

A question of great interest still remains to be considered. When Cocteau says that Stravinsky in “*Les Noces*” has ridiculized the sublime, i.e., has given us a new and more acceptable conception of the sublime than that given in the

music of the past, it is necessary to ask ourselves what this new conception is, whether it exists, and what its value may be. Personally I would include Stravinsky's other work "*Le Sacre du Printemps*" with "*Les Noces*" and admit that I understand what Mr. Cocteau means and that to some extent I agree with it. It is a curious fact, however, that the subject matter of both these ballets is an ancient ritual—in the one case the primitive rites of an agricultural people celebrating the mystery of sown corn rising from the earth again in the spring (which is embodied in the Greek myths of "*Persephone*" and "*Adonis*"); in the other case—"Les Noces"—the marriage rite as celebrated in a primitive society. Now what is interesting about these two works is that in each Stravinsky should have found it necessary to go back to the primitive myth. It is understandable that this should have been necessary in presenting the death and resurrection of the ear of corn. There seems to be no mystery in agriculture to-day. Those extremely inorganic objectivations of the will—the American harvesting machine, and the Dominion of Canada's offices in Trafalgar Square—shut out from ordinary men's eyes the strangeness of what is happening behind them. But it might have been thought that a modern wedding was still sufficient of a mystery to have served Stravinsky's purpose. It would be an illusion to think so; for here again the banality and triviality of the outward appearance is not only obvious, but too frequently is in actuality a complete objectivation of all the will that is contained in these events. To discover anything sublime in the Canadian Government offices, or in a marriage at St. George's, Hanover Square, would seem an impossible task for a genuine artist. Only second-rate novelists and dramatists deal with such things. Stravinsky, being a real artist and therefore having some imaginative conception of the profound and extraordinary nature of the reality underlying these appearances, was forced to go back to the primitive forms in order to recover the sublimity which rightly belongs

to them. I shall never forget the first time I saw "Le Sacre du Printemps." It was a great experience ; but I must confess that when I heard "Les Noces," although I perceived Stravinsky's intention, I remained somewhat aloof and unmoved. Nevertheless I think Cocteau's claim that Stravinsky has de-ridiculized the sublime is to some extent justified.

## VI

Every now and then in the history of art, as in the conduct of the individual life, a return must be made to primary sensations.\* The reason for this is, I think, that the complexity of the abstract structure erected by the imagination becomes so great, and in its highest developments so far removed from the original emotional tap root, that it is like a gigantic tree into whose furthest branches and foliage the sap no longer reaches, with a consequence that in its topmost part it withers and decays. That extraordinary vitality possessed by Beethoven, which was sufficient to give life to his highest and most abstract conceptions, is not the possession of everybody. Even at far lower levels and with far less complex emotional and intellectual conceptions of life to maintain, the average person finds it difficult not to become empty, pedantic, and a man of formulas and principles (a good party politician, or partisan of some sort!), rather than a live, sentient, integrated human being with an individual sense of values which is his own touch-stone to life. Stravinsky has performed great service in contemporary music by sending a current of blood pulsing through the musical skeletons of the age ; but to be alive is only the beginning of wisdom, and it would be ridiculous to think that because Stravinsky has done this he is in any way comparable with Beethoven. Neither Stravinsky nor any other modern musician has attempted to grapple with the great problems which still await the artist, nor have modern musicians begun even to realise that the function of

\* e.g. from this a new individual is born capable of carrying the abstract development still further.

the artist is imaginatively to create that more complex and finer conduct which living man seeks—not only because it is his destiny, but in order to increase his happiness. All that these jazz composers—and I call Stravinsky a jazz composer, but in no specially belittling sense—have done is to hit large numbers of dreary business men in the capitals of Europe hard on the head, punch them in the stomach, and make them drink cocktails, dance the “Charleston,” and go week-ending, instead of sitting solemnly in their houses and oppressing their wives and families under the monstrous illusion that their commercial activities were important. The modern artist has pricked once and for all the big nineteenth century bubble of business, and exposed it for what it is—a hollow and gigantic sham.

## VII

But the problem of what to do with life still remains. Nobody can believe that we can for ever remain in the cocktail and Charleston stage, or that happiness is to be found there. But if we turn to Beethoven, in spite of the fact that he said “Whoever understands my music will henceforth be free of the misery of the world,” we discover that this freedom is only obtained by the recognition that life is a tragedy to be played out to the last drop of blood. It may be true that if we properly understood this tragedy we would not change our tragic destiny for any other, and since it is Beethoven more than any other artist who has revealed this destiny to us, his claim to have set us free is to some extent justified. But we have the will to demand in art and in life a creation of concrete happiness and delight. It is from this aspect only that Beethoven is open to criticism, for he has not given us, as an artist, all the concrete joy for which we long. He has indeed revealed to us a New World, but it is a tragic world, a world whose beauty breaks the heart that perceives it.

And it may be necessary for every man to pass through this world.





*APPENDIX*

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF BEETHOVEN'S  
COMPOSITIONS



## APPENDIX I

### CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE OF BEETHOVEN'S COMPOSITIONS

- 1780-81 Unpublished Fugue.
- 1781 Variations for Pianoforte on a March by Dressler.  
Three Sonatas for Pianoforte, E Flat Major, F Minor, D Major.
- 1783 Three Quartets for Pianoforte, Violin, Viola and Violoncello.
- 1784 Rondo for Pianoforte, A Major.  
Song : " An Einen Säugling,"
- 1785 March for Pianoforte, E flat Major (published 1805).
- 1787 Prelude for Pianoforte, F Minor (published 1805).  
Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, E flat Major.
- 1789 Two Preludes for the Pianoforte Op. 39.
- 1790 Two Cantatas.  
Variations for Pianoforte (Venni amore).  
Song : " Der Freie Mann."
- 1792 Eight Songs Op. 52 (published 1805).  
Rondino for Wind Instruments, E Flat Major.  
Trio for Stringed Instruments Op. 3 (published 1796).
- 1792-93 14 Variations Op. 44, E Flat Major, for Pianoforte, Violin and 'Cello.  
Variations for Pianoforte and Violin on Mozart's "Se Vuol Ballare."
- 1794 Variations for Pianoforte (Es war Einmal).  
Variations for Pianoforte for Four Hands (Theme by Count Waldstein).  
Trio for two Oboes and Cor Anglais Op. 87 (published 1806).  
Rondo for Pianoforte and Violin G Major.
- 1795 Three Trios for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello Op. 1.  
Concerto for Pianoforte B Major Op. 19 (published 1801).  
Opferlied for Voice and Pianoforte.  
Song : " Adelaide " Op. 46.  
Song : " Seufzer eines Ungeliebten."  
Canon No. 1 " Im Arm der Liebe."  
Twelve Minuets for Orchestra.  
Twelve German Dances for Orchestra.  
Variations for Pianoforte (Quant' è più bello).  
Quartets Op. 18, 6 and 1.
- 1796 Three Sonatas for Pianoforte Op. 2.  
Quintet for Stringed Instruments Op. 4 (after Op. 103).  
Six Minuets, Variations for Pianoforte (Nel Cor piu Non mi sento).  
Variations for Pianoforte (Minuet à la Vigano).



- 1796 Two Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violoncello, Op. 5 (published 1797).  
 Concerto for Pianoforte C Major Op. 15 (published 1801).  
 Seven Country Dances (published 1799).  
 Variations for Pianoforte (Mich brennt).  
 Sextet for Wind Instruments Op. 71.  
 Octet for Wind Instruments Op. 103.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte C Major.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte G Major Op. 49, No. 2.  
 Song and Aria Op. 65.  
 Farewell Song to Vienna's Citizens.
- 1797 Sonata for Four Hands Op. 6.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte E Flat Major Op. 7.  
 Serenade for Stringed Instruments Op. 8.  
 Rondo for Pianoforte C Major Op. 51, No. 1.  
 Variations for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Judas Maccabeus).  
 Variations for Pianoforte (Russian Dance).  
 Quintet for Pianoforte and Wind Instruments Op. 16.  
 Triumph Song.
- 1798 Three Trios for Stringed Instruments Op. 9.  
 Three Sonatas for Pianoforte Op. 10.  
 Trio for Pianoforte, Clarinet and Violoncello Op. 11.  
 Variations for Pianoforte and Violoncello Op. 66.  
 Variations for Pianoforte (Swiss Song).  
 String Quartets Op. 18, Nos. 3-6.  
 Song: "Gretel's Warning."  
 Song: "The Parting."  
 Sonata Pathétique for Pianoforte Op. 13.
- 1799 Three Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin Op. 12.  
 Two Sonatas for Pianoforte Op. 14 (composed 1795).  
 Variations for Pianoforte (La Stessa).  
 Variations for Pianoforte (Kind, Willst du Ruhig Schlafen).  
 Variations for Pianoforte (Tändeln und Scherzen).  
 Sonata for Pianoforte G Minor Op. 49, 1.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte Op. 22 (published 1802).
- 1800 Six Septets for Stringed Instruments Op. 18 (published 1801).  
 Septet E Flat Major Op. 20.  
 Symphony No. 1 C Major Op. 21.  
 Christ on the Mount of Olives Op. 85 (completed 1803).  
 Sonata for Pianoforte and Horn Op. 17.  
 Concerto for Pianoforte No. 3 C Minor Op. 37.  
 Variations for Pianoforte for Four Hands (Ich denke Dein).  
 Variations for Pianoforte G. Major on an original theme.
- 1801 Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin Op. 23 (begun in 1799).  
 Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin Op. 24 (begun in 1799).  
 Prometheus Op. 43.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte Op. 28.

- 1801 Quintet for Stringed Instruments Op. 29.
- 1802 Sonata Op. 14 No. 1 as Quartet for Stringed Instruments.  
 Serenade for Flute, Violin and Viola, Op. 25.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte Op. 26.  
 Two Sonatas for Pianoforte Op. 27.  
 Rondo for Pianoforte G Major Op. 51, No. 2  
 Variations for Pianoforte and Violoncello (Bei Männern).  
 Six Country Dances.  
 Terzet Op. 116.  
 Three Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violin Op. 30.  
 Two Sonatas for Pianoforte G Major and D Minor Op. 31, Nos.  
 1 and 2.  
 Variations for Pianoforte F Major Op. 34.  
 Variations for Pianoforte E Flat Major Op. 35.  
 Twelve Country Dances.  
 Seven Bagatelles for Pianoforte Op. 33 (apparently begun in  
 1782).  
 Symphony No. 2 D Major Op. 36.
- 1803 Six Songs : by Gellert Op. 48.  
 Song : " Des Glück der Freundschaft Op. 88.  
 Song : " Zärtlicher liebe."  
 Rondo for Violin G Major Op. 40.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin Op. 47.
- 1804 Sonata for Pianoforte E Flat Major Op. 31, No. 3.  
 Three Marches for Pianoforte for Four Hands Op. 45.  
 Variations for Pianoforte (" God Save the King").  
 Variations for Pianoforte (" Rule Britannia").  
 Song : " Der Wachtelschlag " (possibly composed in 1799).  
 Symphony No. 3 in E Flat (" Eroica ") Op. 55.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte C. Major Op. 53 (published 1805).  
 Andante for Pianoforte F Major (published 1806).  
 Concerto for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello, Op. 56 (pub-  
 lished 1807).  
 Sonata for Pianoforte F Minor Op. 57 (published 1807).
- 1805 Song : " An die Hoffnung " Op. 32.  
 Trio (for Op. 20) Op. 38 (begun in 1802).  
 Romance for Violin F Major Op. 50.  
 Concerto No. 4 for Pianoforte G Major Op. 58.  
 Leonore (later called " Fidelio ") Opera first version Op. 72<sup>a</sup>
- 1806 Trio after the Second Symphony Op. 36.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte F Major Op. 54.  
 Symphony No. 4 in B Major Op. 60.  
 Concerto for Violin Op. 61.  
 " Leonore " Opera, Second Version, Op. 72<sup>a</sup>
- 1807 Three Quartets for Stringed Instruments Op. 59.  
 Op. 61 arranged as Pianoforte Concerto.  
 Overture to " Coriolanus " Op. 62.

- 1807 Symphony No. 5 C Minor Op. 67 (begun in 1805).  
 Sonata for Pianoforte and Violoncello, Op. 69 (published 1809).  
 Symphony No. 6 in F Op. 68 Pastoral.  
 Mass in C Major Op. 86.  
 Overture C Major Op. 138.  
 Thirty-two Variations for Pianoforte in C Minor (begun 1806).  
 Arietta (In Questa Tomba.)
- 1808 Two Trios for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello Op. 70.  
 Sonatina for Pianoforte Op. 79 (published 1810).  
 Fantasia for Pianoforte, Chorus and Orchestra Op. 80.
- 1809 Song : Als die Geliebte sich trennen Wollte (composed possibly in 1806).  
 Military March F Major.  
 Concerto for Pianoforte No. 5 in E Flat Major Op. 73 (begun 1808).  
 Quartet for Stringed Instruments E Flat Major Op. 34.  
 Variations for Pianoforte Op. 76.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte F Sharp Major Op. 74.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte E Flat Major Op. 81<sup>a</sup>  
 Fantasia for Pianoforte Op. 77 (published 1810).  
 Song : " Aus der Ferne." "  
 Song : " Die laute Klage. "
- 1810 Six Songs Op. 75 (No. 1 composed 1810 ; No. 4 composed in 1798 ; 5 and 6 composed in 1809).  
 Sextet E Flat Major Op. 81<sup>b</sup>  
 Song : Andenken (Ich Denke Dein).  
 Sehnsucht (by Goethe). Composed for the fourth time (the first was published in 1808).  
 Song : " Der liebende." "  
 Song : " Der Jüngling in der Fremde." "  
 Music to Goethe's " Egmont " Op. 84.  
 Quartet for Stringed Instruments F Minor Op. 95.  
 Three Songs Op. 83.  
 Irish Folk Songs.
- 1811 Four Ariettas and One Duet Op. 82 (No. 4 composed in 1809).  
 Trio for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello B Major Op. 97.  
 The Ruins of Athens Op. 113.  
 King Stephen Op. 117.  
 Song : " An die Geliebte " (first version).
1812. Canon No. 2 (Mälzel).  
 Symphony No. 7 A Major Op. 92.  
 Trio in one movement for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello B Major.  
 Symphony No. 8 F Major Op. 93.  
 Equali for Four Trombones.  
 Sonata for Pianoforte and Violin G Major Op. 96.  
 Song : " An die Geliebte " (Second Version).

- 1812 Wallisische Folk Songs.
- 1813 Triumphal March for "Tarpeja."  
Song: "Der Bardengist."  
Battle Piece "Wellington's Victory" Op. 91.  
Canon No. 3 F Minor.
- 1814 Six German Dances.  
Twenty-five Irish Songs, Nos. 1 to 25.  
Irish Songs, Nos. 1 to 4.  
Twelve Irish Songs.  
Song: "Germanias Wiedergeburt."  
Cantata: "Die Stunde Schlägt."  
"Fidelio": Third Version of the Opera "Leonore" Op. 72<sup>b</sup>  
Sonata for Pianoforte E Minor Op. 90.  
Elegy Op. 118.  
Quartet C Major Op. 115.  
Cantata: "Der Glorreiche Augenblick."  
Song: "The Warrior's Farewell."  
Polonaise for Pianoforte Op. 89.  
Song: "Merkenstein Op. 100.  
Scotch Folk Songs.
- 1815 Three Duets for Clarinet and Bassoon.  
Canon No. 4 F Major.  
Song: "Es ist Vollbracht."  
Song: "Das Geheimnis."  
Two Sonatas for Pianoforte and Violoncello Op. 102.  
Two Canons Nos. 5 and 6.  
Song: Sehnsucht (V. Reissig).  
"A Calm Sea and a Prosperous Voyage," Op. 112.  
Twenty Irish Songs.  
Twelve Various Folk Songs.  
Twenty-six Wallisische Songs.  
Scotch Songs Op. 108.
- 1816 Song: "An die Hoffnung" Op. 94 (composed possibly in 1813).  
Twenty Irish Songs.  
Twelve Irish Songs.  
Canon No. 17 E Flat Major.  
Sonata for Pianoforte A Major Op. 101 (begun in 1815).  
Scotch Songs Op. 108, Nos. 11 to 14.  
Song Cycle Op. 98 (begun 1815).  
Song: "Der Mann Ein Wort" Op. 99.  
Military March D Major.  
Song: "Ruf vom berge."
- 1817 Twenty-six Wallisische Songs, Nos. 1 to 26, (begun about 1812).  
Song: "So oder so."  
Song: "The Market."  
Quintet Op. 104 (after the Trio Op. 1 No. 3).  
Fugue for Five Stringed Instruments Op. 137.



- 1817 Song: "Resignation."  
Sonata for the Hammerclavier Op. 106 (November 1817 until March 1819).
- 1818 Pianoforte Piece B Major.
- 1819 Six varied Themes for Pianoforte Op. 105.  
Canon No. 7 F Major.
- 1820 Ten Varied Themes for Pianoforte Op. 107.  
Canon No. 8 for the Archduke Rudolf.  
Evening Song.  
Bagatelles for Pianoforte Op. 119 No. 7 to 11.  
Canon No. 9 Hoffman.
- 1821 Twenty-five Scotch Songs Op. 108.  
Sonata for Pianoforte E Major Op. 109 (partly composed 1819-20).  
Canon No. 10 O Tobias.  
Sonata for Pianoforte A Flat Major Op. 110 (begun 1819).
- 1822 Sonata for Pianoforte in C Minor Op. 111 (begun in 1819).  
Overture: Die Weihe des Hauses, Op. 124.  
March with Chorus Op. 114.  
Minuet (Allegretto) for Orchestra.  
Bagatelles for Pianoforte Op. 119 Nos. 1 to 6 (Nos. 2 and 4 sketched about the year 1800, No. 5 sketched about the year 1802).  
Arietta: "The Kiss," Op. 128.
- 1823 Opferlied Op. 121<sup>b</sup>  
Canon No. 11.  
Twelve Scotch Songs.  
Mass in D Op. 123 (begun in 1818).  
Symphony No. 9 in D Minor Op. 125 (sketches begun in 1817).  
Thirty-three Variations ("Diabelli") for Pianoforte Op. 120.  
Canon: Bundeslied Op. 122.  
Six Bagatelles for Pianoforte Op. 126.
- 1824 Variations for Pianoforte, Violin and Violoncello Op. 121<sup>a</sup>  
Quartet for Stringed Instruments E Flat Major Op. 127.  
Canon No. 12.
- 1825 Quartet for Stringed Instruments in A Minor Op. 132.  
Canon No. 17.  
Canon No. 18.  
Quartet for Stringed Instruments B Major Op. 130 (the new finale composed in 1826).  
Fugue for Four Stringed Instruments in B Major Op. 133 (original finale to the quartet Op. 130).
- 1826 Quartet for Stringed Instruments C Sharp Minor, Op. 131.  
Quartet for Stringed Instruments F Major Op. 135.  
Finale to the Quartet Op. 130.  
Movement for Five Stringed Instruments.  
Rondo Op. 129.

## INDEX



# INDEX

## A

- Adelaide*, 45  
*Albrechtsberger*, 33, 34, 35, 38  
*Allg. Musik. Zeitung*, 49, 53, 80, 88, 140  
*Amenda*, 59

## B

- Bach*, John Sebastian, 22, 57, 59, 181, 208, 245, 256, 276  
*Beethoven*, Ludwig van, 17 (birth), 20 (first lessons), 21 (first appearance in public), 22 (first compositions), 23 (musical education), 23 (musical talent), 23 (organist), 23 (cembalist), 24 (first journey to Vienna), 24 (visits Mozart), 25 (early friends), 26 (early compositions), 27 (slow development), 27 (adolescent love affairs), 27, 28 (relations with women), 28 (hears Abbé Sterkel play), 28 (pianoforte playing), 28 (early journeys), 28, 29 (qualities as virtuoso), 30 (second journey to Vienna), 31 (becomes Haydn's pupil), 32 (pupil of Schenk), 33 (pupil of Albrechtsberger), 34, 35 (early studies in Vienna), 34 (pupil of Salieri), 35 (at Princess Lichnowsky's), 35 (nicknamed "the Spaniard"), 35 (pock-marked), 35 (personal appearance), 36 (on the character of the Viennese), 36 (quarrels with friends), 37 (plays before Haydn), 37 (first production in Vienna), 38 (ceases to take lessons from Albrechtsberger), 38 (pianoforte playing in Vienna), 38 (the Viennese aristocracy), 39 (independence of character), 39 (early belief in his greatness), 40 (first public appearance in Vienna), 40 (plays Mozart's D minor concerto), 40 (writes cadenzas for Mozart's D minor concerto), 40 (relations with Prince Lichnowsky), 40 (unable to conform to a regular routine), 41 (frequent change of lodgings), 41 (indecision), 42 (proposes marriage to Magdalene

Willmann), 43 (described as "ugly and half-crazy"), 43 (plays in Berlin before King Friedrich Wilhelm II), 43 (sarcastic because an audience weeps), 44 (a great sight-reader), 44 (plays without grimaces), 44 (use of pedal when playing), 44 (no regular hours of working), 44 (power of rapid judgment), 44 (severe and uncompromising in his opinions), 44 (stimulated by reading and by visual scenes), 44 (studies opera with Salieri), 45 (receives present of a house), 45 (absent-mindedness), 45 (modesty), 46 (quotes Schiller), 46 (numerous pupils among Viennese aristocracy), 46 (friendship with Zmeskall), 47 (meets Bernadotte), 48, 50 (criticism of his playing), 48 (his opinion of Mozart), 49 (competition with rival virtuoso), 50 (tendency to gloom and mystery), 50 (opinions of a famous pianist), 50 (improvisation), 51 (delight at double-bass player's virtuosity), 51 (does not foresee mechanical improvements), 52 (performance of his first symphony), 52 (criticism of his first symphony), 52 (encounter with rival virtuoso), 54 (ungracious behaviour), 54 (disregard of social etiquette), 54 (relations with the Archduke Rudolph), 55 (early elegance in dress), 55 (careless of his appearance when composing), 55 (disregard of time), 55 (respected by the aristocracy), 55 (isolation), 55 (general bearing with strangers and intimates), 55 (lively and talkative), 55 (his compositions not popular with pianists), 56 (dislike of interruption when working), 56 (attitude to the French), 57 (quarrel with Prince Lichnowsky), 57 (critical severity), 58 (comments on critics), 59 (advice to critics), 59 (deafness), 60 (allowance from Prince Lichnowsky), 62 (intermittance of deafness), 63 (cause of deafness), 65 (cause of death), 66 (in love with



Giulia Guicciardi), 67 (letters to the "Immortal Beloved"), 69 (relations with Giulia Guicciardi and Therese von Brunswick), 71 (conversation about Giulia Guicciardi), 73 (receives portrait from Therese von Brunswick), 74 (possesses two oil portraits), 74 (relations with Therese von Brunswick), 74 (offers of marriage), 74 (letters to Amalie Sebald), 75 (confession of love-affair), 76 (as a teacher), 77 (liking for women's society), 77 (fickleness in love), 77 (incident with a strange young woman), 78 (opinions on marriage), 79 (on pianoforte arrangements), 80 (Heilgnstadt testament), 80 (mistakes his own age), 83 (denunciation of publishers), 85 (bargaining with publishers), 88 (performance and criticism of the "Eroica" Symphony), 89 (quarrel with Stephan von Breuning), 90 (gives Breuning his portrait), 91 (composition of "Fidelio"), 91 (comment on his pianoforte music), 92 (method of composition), 93 (anger with Prince Lobkowitz), 95 (on the art of war), 100 (recommends reading of Goethe and Shakespeare), 103 (on his virtue), 103 (refusal to attend lectures on Kant), 103 (favourite authors), 103 (interest in Oriental literature), 105 (his religious views), 106 (conducts performances of 5th and 6th symphonies), 106 (friends make him an allowance), 107 (financial situation), 110 (request for scores and books), 110 (borrows a looking-glass), 111 (in love again), 111 (attention to dress), 112 (a proposal of marriage), 113 (meets Bettina Brentano), 113 ("artists do not weep"), 117 (on Berlin society), 117 (refers to poem of Schiller), 117 (refers to poems of Goethe), 117 (on the value of poets), 118 (on great men), 118 (criticism of Goethe's lack of dignity), 118 (attitude to royalty), 118 ("minds can love"), 118 (how to listen to his music), 118 (the place of emotion), 119 (the world not unjust), 119 (criticism of fashionable crazes), 115-119 (correspondence with Bettina Brentano), 121-125 (description of, by Bettina Brentano), 126 (Goethe asks for songs by), 127 (meets Goethe), 128 (use of technical terms), 130 (sends his composition to Amalie Sebald), 131 (description of, by Goethe), 131 (criti-

cism of Goethe), 131 (takes the "cure" at Teplitz and Carlsbad), 131 (on duties of poets), 132 (writes to Goethe), 133 (directs his look "earthwards"), 133 (respect for Goethe), 134 (relations with Amalie Sebald), 134 (entry in Beethoven's journal), 134-5 ("may no longer be a man"), 135 (abandons hope of marriage), 135 (lawsuits), 136 ("to be wealthy no happiness"), 136 (interest in mechanical inventions), 137 (popularity with the Viennese), 138 (description of his conducting), 138 (violence of movements), 139 (description of his conducting), 139 (revision of "Fidelio"), 141-143 (methods of composition), 142 (trouble with copyists), 143 (ashamed of incongruity), 143 (liking for self-reliance), 144 (physique), 144 (sensitive nerves), 145 (on "work-house" composers), 145 (on fickleness of Viennese), 145 (opinion of Meyerbeer), 147 (on pianoforte playing), 147 (on criticism), 148 (on monarchs and monarchies), 149 (love of nature), 149 (republican creed), 150 (relations with Englishmen), 153 (illness), 154 (living expenses), 155-159 (troubles with rewards), 155 (relations with nephew), 160 (criticises publishers), 162, 163 (use of "Hammerklavier"), 163 (praise of what is difficult), 163 (domestic troubles), 165 (ill-health), 164 (on living alone), 164 (on "love"), 164 (on his loneliness), 165 (on sensual enjoyment), 164 (on his destiny), 166 (on his poverty), 167 (on his symphonies), 167 (proposed journey to England), 168 (habit of playing on words), 170-172 (domestic trouble), 172 (resents receipt of a present), 173 (on dead and living composers), 173 (cannot get good librettos), 174 (a new woman friend), 174 (on love), 174 (reference in journey to T—), 175 (reference to an unknown "C" or "L" in journal), 175 (treatment of his Broadwood pianoforte), 176 (physical appearance), 176 (disgust with his conditions), 176 (opinion of Viennese), 177 (appearance described by the painter Klöber), 177 (greatest of his sonatas), 178 (adds a bar to the "Hammerklavier" sonata), 179 (conditions under which the "Hammerklavier" sonata was composed), 179 (writing for bread), 179 (complains of copyists),

179 (proposed visit to London),  
 179 (lawsuit), 180 (on church music),  
 180 (need to sacrifice social life),  
 180 (quotes Homer), 180 (prayer),  
 181 (on "ancient" composers), 181  
 (on art-union), 181 (difficulty of using  
 library), 181 (ill-health), 182 (description  
 of, when composing Mass in D),  
 183 (years of work on Mass in D),  
 183 (described as a lunatic), 183 (por-  
 trait painted by Schimon), 183 (absent-  
 mindedness), 184 (money troubles),  
 184 (portraits by Höfel and Stieler),  
 185 (arrested as a tramp), 185 (brain-  
 owner), 186 (habits of speech), 186  
 (quickness of movement), 187 (deaf-  
 ness), 188 (sadness of expression),  
 188 (quality of voice), 189 (unable to  
 conduct "Fidelio"), 190 (ill-health),  
 190 (insulted by request to compose  
 in his earlier style), 191 (obtains sub-  
 scribers for Mass in D), 192 (seeks  
 help of "sub-terrestrial" powers),  
 192 (favourite authors), 192 (seeks  
 libretto for opera), 192 (visited by  
 Liszt), 192 (dislike of child-prodigies),  
 193 (snow-white teeth), 193 (method  
 of composition), 193 (his memory),  
 194 (dislike of attention), 194 (eye-  
 trouble), 195 (criticises his brother  
 Johann), 195 (an unpopular tenant),  
 195 (habits), 196 (meeting with Weber  
 and Benedict), 197 (physical appear-  
 ance), 196, 197 (criticism of Schindler),  
 200 (habit of seclusion when com-  
 posing), 200, 201 (composition of the  
 Ninth symphony), 201 (unwillingness  
 to give concert), 201-2 (receives  
 memorial from eminent Viennese),  
 204 (vacillation), 205 (attacks his  
 friends), 205 (conducts performance of  
 parts of the Mass in D and of the  
 Ninth symphony), 205 (refusal to  
 alter music to suit singers), 206 (un-  
 aware of audience's applause), 206  
 (quarrels with his friends), 206 (re-  
 lations with Schindler), 208 (liking for  
 fish), 208 (criticises his brother Johann),  
 209 (on printing of Mass in D), 211,  
 212 (trouble with copyists), 213  
 (habit of playing on words), 213 (des-  
 cribes publishers as "hell-hounds"),  
 213 (ill-health), 214 (physical appear-  
 ance), 214 (gives *tempi* of Ninth  
 symphony), 215 (begins last quartet),  
 215 (projects a Tenth symphony),  
 216-221 (relations with Karl), 219  
 (knowledge of human nature), 221

(effect of Karl's attempted suicide),  
 221 (makes Karl his heir), 221  
 (disregard for conventional ideas),  
 222 (lack of confidence in doctors),  
 223 (optimism during last illness),  
 224 (receives viaticum), 224 (*plaudite  
 amici*), 224 (disbelief in popular  
 opinion), 225 (last words)  
 — Johann van (Beethoven's father),  
 18, 19, 20, 21  
 — Johann Nikola van (Beethoven's  
 brother), 20, 42, 135, 167, 185, 186,  
 194, 208, 225  
 — Beethoven, Johanna van (mother  
 of Karl), 199  
 — Karl Kaspar (Beethoven's brother),  
 20, 42, 83, 95, 96  
 — Ludwig van (Beethoven's grand-  
 father), 17, 21, 74  
 — Margaret van (Beethoven's sister),  
 25  
 — Karl van (Beethoven's nephew),  
 87, 95, 96, 155, 156, 159, 164, 167,  
 168, 175, 196, 199, 213, 216-221  
 Bekker, Paul, 243, 281  
 Berlioz, 229, 230, 246  
 Bernadotte, General, 47  
 Bigot, Marie, 101  
 Bonaparte, Napoleon, 46, 93, 127, 261  
 Brahms, 245, 247  
 Breuning, Madame von, 25  
 — Eleonore von, 26, 30, 36  
 — Stephan von, 27, 89, 90, 221  
 Brentano, Bettina, 76, 113-121  
 Broadwood, John & Sons, 175  
 Brunswick, Therese von, 68, 69, 70, 71,  
 73, 74, 76, 175

## C

Castelli, 17  
 Cherubini, 136, 173  
 Clemens, August, Elector of Cologne, 17  
 Coriolanus, 243  
 Cocteau, Jean, 318, 325  
 Cramer, 22, 48, 50  
 Cramer's Magazine, 22  
 Czerny, 23, 29, 168, 177

## D

Debussy, 245  
 Diabelli, 190  
 Dressler, Ernst Christoph, 22

## E

Egmont, 243

## F

- Faust*, 186, 215  
*Fidelio*, 91-95, 139, 143, 188, 236, 242  
 Fischer, 20  
 Fischer, Cäcilia, 21  
 Förster, E. A., 38, 149

## G

- Gallenberg, Count, 71, 72  
 — Countess (see Giulia Guicciardi)  
 Goethe, 39, 100, 103, 110, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 125, 126, 127, 130, 131, 132, 134  
 Grillparzer, 192, 198  
*Grosse Fuge*, 216, 269, 285  
 Grove, Sir George, 216  
 Guicciardi, Giulia, 60, 69, 70, 71, 74, 76, 78

## H

- Handel, 23, 39, 173, 181, 208, 222  
 Haydn, 26, 27, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 37, 40, 52, 136, 212, 323  
 Heilgnstadt testament, 80  
 Hiller, 223  
 Hummel, 24, 29, 223  
 Holz, 213, 215, 220  
 Homer, 180

## I

- "Immortal Beloved," 66-69, 75, 113, 134

## J

- Jahn, 24, 92

## K

- Kant, 103, 105  
 Kewerich, Maria Magdalena (Beethoven's mother), 18, 20, 21, 25  
 Kinsky, Prince, 106-108, 135  
 Klopstock, 103  
*Kölnische Zeitung*, 21  
 Krumpholz, 29, 95

## L

- Lichnowsky, Prince, 36, 56, 57, 60, 82, 203, 205, 222  
 — Princess, 35  
 Liszt, 22, 29, 192  
 Lobkowitz, Prince, 39, 93, 106-108, 135

## M

- Macbeth*, 239  
 Mälzel, 136

- Malfatti, Therese von, 71, 99, 100, 111, 112  
 — Dr., 99, 223  
 Maria Theresia, Empress of Austria, 18  
 Marschner, 173  
*Mass in D*, 85, 180, 181, 182-185, 209, 270, 276  
 Max, Franz, Elector of Cologne, 18, 28, 31, 33  
 — Friedrich, Elector of Cologne, 17  
 Meyerbeer, 145-147  
 Moscheles, 136  
 Mozart, 22, 23, 24, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 48, 52, 79, 173, 208, 212, 231, 250, 257

## N

- Neefe, C. G., 22, 27  
 Nottebohm, 33, 34, 200, 215

## P

- Parsifal*, 267  
 Philharmonic Society (London), 149, 151, 152, 153, 154, 168, 189, 190, 223  
 Poll, Maria Josepha (Beethoven's grandmother), 18  
 Prokoviev, 318

## Q

- Quartets "Rasoumowsky" (Op. 59), 63, 95  
 Quartet in A minor (Op. 132), 214, 215, 285  
 — in B flat (Op. 130), 215, 285  
 — in C sharp minor (Op. 131), 215, 224, 285

## R

- Rasoumowsky, Prince, 149  
 Rudolph, Archduke, 106-109, 130, 135, 149, 169, 177, 181, 192  
 Reicha, 26  
 Ries, 24, 27, 34  
 Rio, Giannatasio del, 75  
 — Fanny del, 75, 78, 177  
 Rochlitz, F. von, 103, 186  
 Rossini, 187

## S

- Salieri, 34, 35  
 Satie, Erik, 318  
 Schenk, 32, 33  
 Schiller, 23, 103, 104, 110, 117, 192  
 Schindler, 26, 30, 149, 182, 185, 186, 195, 196, 198, 199, 203, 205, 206  
 Schubert, 193  
 Schopenhauer, 320

Schuppanzigh, 33, 137, 205  
 Sebal, Amalie, 74, 75, 130, 134  
 Seyfried, 27  
 Shakespeare, 23, 100, 247 et seq., 284  
 Smart, Sir George, 149, 150, 151, 214, 223  
*Sonata* C minor (Op. 13), *Pathétique*, 52  
 — C sharp minor (Op. 27 No. 2), 78  
 — G major (Op. 31), 83  
 — F minor (Op. 57), *Appassionata*, 57  
 — B flat (Op. 106), "Hammerklavier,"  
 177-179, 235, 269-276  
 — E flat (Op. 109), 185  
 — A flat (Op. 110), 185, 269  
 — C minor (Op. 111), 85, 185, 269  
 Spohr, 137, 139  
 Stumpff, 208, 222  
 Strauss, Richard, 296  
 Stravinsky, 245, 318, 325-327  
*Symphony* in C, 52  
 — in D, 83  
 — "Eroica," 87, 167, 263  
 — B flat, 95  
 — in C minor No. 5, 99, 106, 167, 263  
 — F, "Pastoral," 99, 106, 245  
 — A, 137, 140, 161  
 — F No. 8, 140, 161  
 — D minor, "Choral," 194, 198, 200,  
 201, 214

## T

Tchaikovsky, 245  
 Tenth Symphony, 215  
 Thayer, 17, 19, 23, 24, 26, 27, 32, 64, 119,  
 200  
 Thomas, San-Galli, Dr., 74  
 Tomaschek, 47  
 Treitschke, 139-143

## V

Vogler, 28

## W

Wagner, 27, 187, 240, 280  
 Waldstein, Count, 30, 31  
 Weber, Carl Maria von, 196, 197  
 Wegeler, 25, 28, 61, 65, 103  
 Weissenbach, Dr., 55, 63, 143  
 Willmann, Magdalene, 42

## Z

Zmeskall, Baron von, 47, 111, 155























